

April

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Cosmopolitan



Beginning
**SWIFT
LIGHTNING**

By James Oliver Curwood

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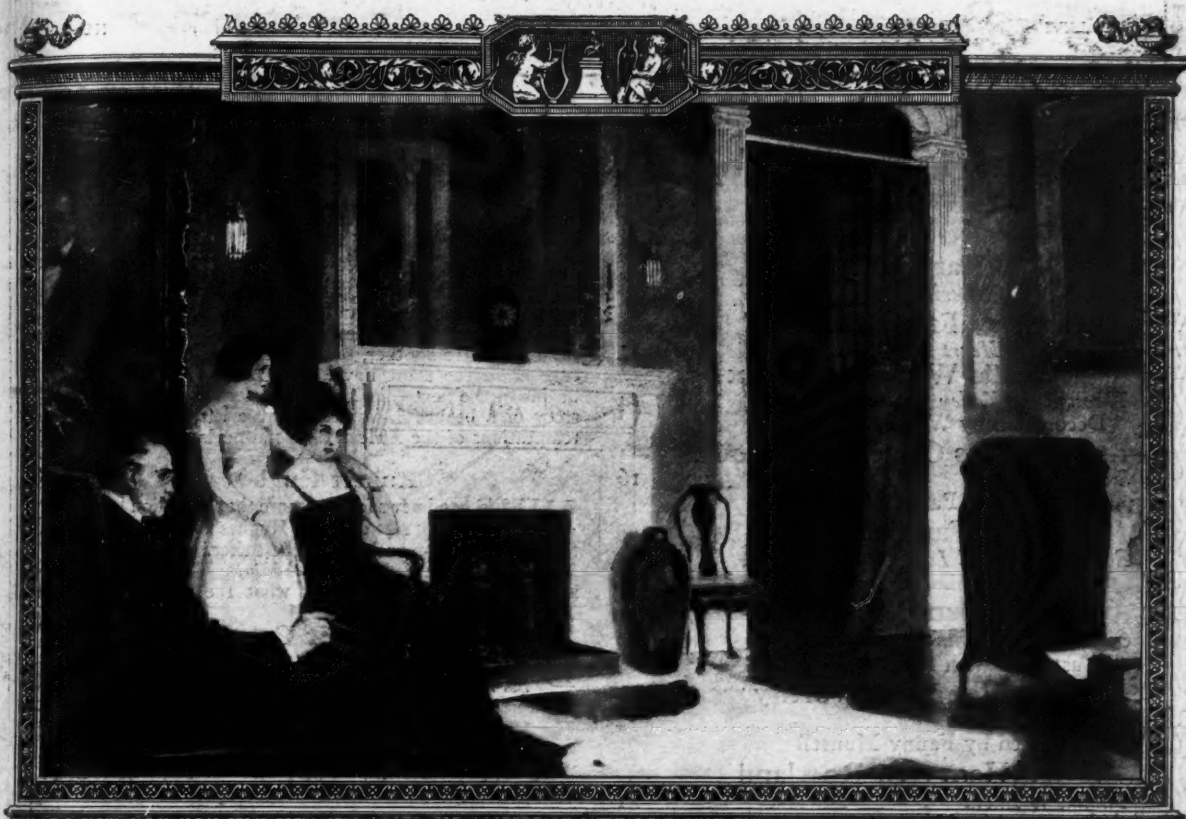
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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

This Month

Harrison Fisher

Cover: *A Ministering Angel*

Frank Crane

Largeness of Heart

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Through the Valley

Decoration by W. T. Benda

James Oliver Curwood

Swift Lightning

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

Fannie Hurst

Even as You and I

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Ben B. Lindsey

Our National Faith-Cure

Illustrated with Photographs

John Galsworthy

Saint's Progress

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

Henry C. Rowland

Thanks to Lucia

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

The Stage To-day

Photographs in Artgravure

E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Dissolute Brothers

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

Edith Wharton

The Intellectual Honesty of the French

Decoration by W. T. Benda

Robert W. Chambers

The Moonlit Way

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

Donn Byrne

Beulah Land

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

Clarence Budington Kelland

Strangers

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

Samuel Merwin

The Passionate Pilgrim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

George Randolph Chester

A Case of Nerves

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

Next Month

Cynthia Stockley

SOME writers understand politics, some know war, quite a few understand men; very, very few know women. Cynthia Stockley does. She has shown this in one story after another, but never to quite such advantage as in the short novel, *Lost Lorraine Lorse*, which begins in the next—the May—COSMOPOLITAN. It is the story of a beautiful, impulsive bride left alone in the temptations of the African diamond-fields.

Rupert Hughes

HERE'S good news for the more than a million buyers of COSMOPOLITAN: Rupert Hughes' short stories are to be a month-to-month feature hereafter. His first story for you, a story called *Read It Again*, comes in the May issue. You'll want to do just what the title suggests.

James Oliver Curwood

DON'T let any mischance cause you to miss reading his story, "Swift Lightning," in this issue. After you've read it, there'll be no need to urge you to read *The Hungry Horde* in the next—the May—issue. You'll be as impatient to get it as the thousands of Curwood "fans" throughout the country are for each new red-blooded story of the Great Outdoors from his pen.

A New Writer

COSMOPOLITAN doesn't introduce many new writers to its pages. We demand the best and will consider only the best. Which generally means the work of the famous in writing. But now and then the stories of a newcomer are so startlingly excellent as to warrant a place in America's Greatest Magazine. Remember this when you read *The Last Adventure* in the next—the May—issue. It is by Frank R. Adams, who used to write such attractive light operas as "The Time, The Place, and The Girl," and such popular songs as "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Mr. Adams—he's Lieutenant Adams, on duty in France these days—has gone in for fiction, and he has been a success from the start. His stories will be a feature of our future.

And Then Some

THESE are only a hint of the May COSMOPOLITAN. John Galsworthy, Donn Byrne, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Judge Lindsey, Samuel Merwin, George Randolph Chester, and others of distinction will be among those present as usual.

That "as usual" means a lot. COSMOPOLITAN doesn't have the best now and then; it has the best always. And that is the answer to—

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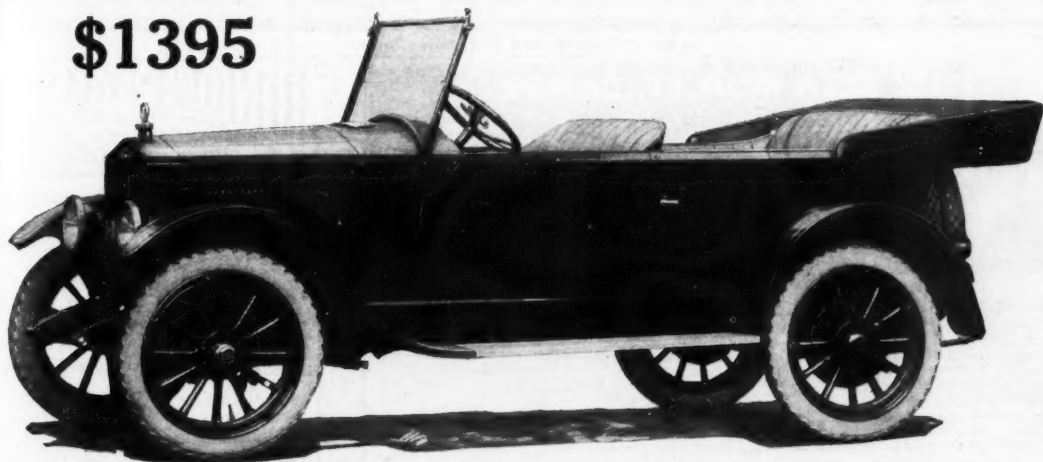
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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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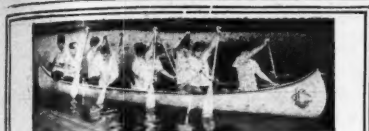
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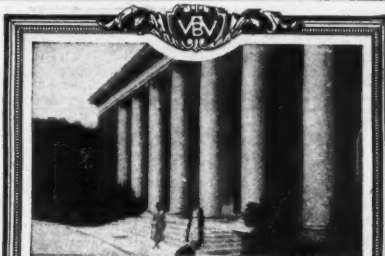
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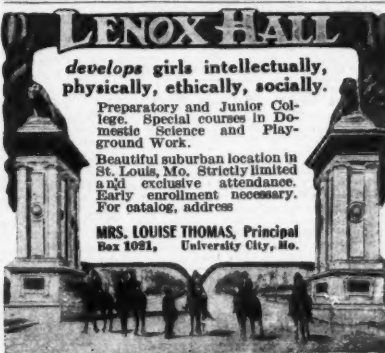
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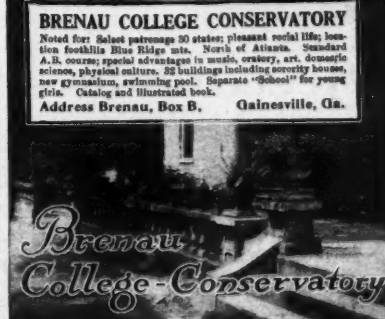


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COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

Continued on Page 144

Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE:—When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out what it was that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up

unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multi-graph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them

to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say:

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

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(Continued on page 145)

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything*?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him

point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "You remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.* I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst talker.*"

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms,' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking."

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson."

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time."

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders,

to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children."

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office."

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned *how to talk*. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions, as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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So confident is The Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

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On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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TRY THIS FAMOUS TREATMENT

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

BLACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Make the following treatment a

daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

This treatment has helped thousands

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today. A 25c cake

is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

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fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



COSMOPOLITAN

VOLLXVI

APRIL, 1919

NO. 5

Largeness of Heart

By Frank Crane

SOLOMON is reputed to be "the wisest man."
When the Lord asked him what he wanted most, he answered,
"Largeness of Heart."

The more we think that over, the more we are convinced that Solomon's reputation is not without foundation.

Largeness of Heart—is anything better?

It means power to love radiantly, to act nobly, to think deeply, to enjoy richly, to suffer divinely, to plan magnificently.

It means room in the heart for both lover, neighbor, and friend, for children and animals, for other nations than our own, for the poor and the rich, for nature, and for all things God has made.

It means hospitality for all opinions, appreciation for all faiths, response to all enthusiasms.

The Large of Heart have no enemies, for they have already understood them, and to understand is to forgive.

What ails most of us is our Narrowness of Heart.

We are overwhelmed with To-day, because the heart has no Tomorrow.

We are imprisoned in the cell of fear.

We are islanded in the foggy sea of doubt.

We are ringed about with the serpent-fire of suspicion.

We are walled up in pride.

We are bound hand and foot by the bands of undisciplined passion, unintelligent credulity, fatuous ignorance.

Narrowness of Heart makes war; Largeness of Heart makes peace. Narrowness brings tears; Largeness wipes them away.

Enlarge your Heart!

Why live in a hut when you should dwell in a palace?

Call in the workmen—Courage, Hope, Love, Wisdom, and Cheer—that they may tear down your mud walls and erect for you a king's palace.

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"*





THROUGH THE VALLEY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. J. Benda

AS I go through the valley all alone
(Though many walk beside me and before
And many follow, yet alone is each),
I hear low voices in an undertone,
Striving on wounded human hearts to pour
The balm and solace of Celestial speech.
So long it seemed a blurred, unmeaning sound,
But now I grasp its import—tense, profound—
As I go through the valley.

As I go through the valley, whose deep streams
Are fed by tears that flow from human eyes
(Those rivers without bridges to the past
Save as we build them of our fragile dreams),
I see an Arc of Triumph dimly rise,
Through which my shadowed path will wind at last.
The Voices whisper, "Just beyond that gate
The souls you hunger to behold await."
As I go through the valley.

As I go through the valley, life makes clear
Three radiant truths like torches for my mind:
The road to Knowledge is the road of prayer.
The tranquil heart creates the listening ear.
God tells his secrets but to souls resigned.
So, patiently upon my way I fare,
With emptied pitcher moving on my course,
Knowing that I shall fill it at the Source.
As I go through the valley.



DRAWN BY PAUL HANSON

He paid no attention to the young she wolf who ran at his side. She was a slim, beautiful little beast, and all the effort of her agile young body was to keep shoulder to shoulder with him. With the birthright of young motherhood a little ahead of her, there had risen in her an instinct even greater than the instinct to kill

(Swift Lightning)

A Writer Who Knows The Wilderness

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD's romances of the wilds are to be a feature of Cosmopolitan. They are at once the most fascinating and the most accurate stories of life in the frozen North, for Mr. Curwood uses the art of the skilled novelist to present the facts of the trained explorer.

Mr. Curwood has "hit" pretty nearly every trail in the North, from Hudson Bay to the Rockies—four times to Hudson Bay, four times to different parts of the Barren Lands, twice into the country of the Great Bear, twice to the Arctic, and three times through British Columbia and the Yukon region. He has traveled thousands of miles with pack-horse outfits, thousands of miles in canoe, and other thousands on snow-shoes and by dog-sledge.

In these stories he has taken a wolf for his central character—Swift Lightning, a magnificent pirate with a trace of dog in his veins. In following Swift Lightning's adventures, you will see many of the marvels of the North—one of them the driving of the caribou from the barrens by huge packs of the white arctic wolves. So great, at certain times, are these herds in migration that Inspector E. A. Pelletier, on his patrol from Fort Saskatchewan to Chesterfield Inlet and Hudson Bay, reported to the controller of police at Ottawa the passage of *forty thousand head in one day!* West of the Great Bear, Mr. Curwood himself saw a herd of twenty thousand.

The departure of the caribou from a region often means famine to the natives, and in these years of famine, monster packs of wolves roam the barrens. Mr. Curwood has seen packs a hundred strong, and Corporal M. Joyce, of "the Mounted," reported a pack *one thousand strong*.

This is the setting for the stories of Swift Lightning. We commend them as one of the most distinctive features of America's Greatest Magazine.



James Oliver Curwood

Swift Lightning

By James Oliver Curwood

STRANGE and mysterious whispers of the arctic night were in the air. It was twilight—early twilight—of the long gray months of sunless gloom that were descending swiftly upon the frozen-in world that caps the North American continent above the arctic circle. Underfoot there were less than a dozen inches of snow, hard and fine, each particle like a granule of sugar, and under it the ground was frozen four feet down. It was sixty degrees below zero.

Upon the bald crest of an ice hummock that overlooked the white sweep of Bathurst Inlet, Swift Lightning sat squatted upon his haunches, gazing forth upon his world. It was Swift Lightning's third winter—his third Long Night. And the twilight of its coming stirred him with a strange uneasiness. This twilight was not like the twilight of the South, but was a vast, gray, chaotic emptiness in which vision traveled far but saw nothing. Earth and sky and sea and plain mingled into one. There were no clouds, no sky, no horizon, no moon, no sun, no stars. It was worse than night. A little later there would be many of these things, and Swift Lightning's shadow would run with him in the chase.

Now his world was a pit. And that pit was filled with sound which he had never liked, and which at times filled him with a great yearning and a strange loneliness. There was no wind, but in the gray chaos that hung under the sky there traveled moanings and whisperings at which the little white foxes yapped incessantly. He hated these foxes. Above all other things he hated them. Their yapping filled him with a bit of their own ravening madness. He wanted to tear them into pieces. He wanted to still their voice; he wanted to rid the earth of them.

But they were elusive and hard to catch. Experience had taught him that.

On his crag of ice he drew his lips back until his milk-white fangs were bared. A snarl gathered in his throat, and from his squatted haunches he stood to his feet. He was a splendid beast. Not half a dozen wolves between Keewatin and the Great Bear could stand shoulder to shoulder with him in size. He did not stand altogether like a wolf. He was square-chested, and his great head held itself high. About him was little of the

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

sneaking and cautious alertness of his brethren. He looked forth openly and unafraid.

His back was straight, his hips free of the gray brush-rabbit. His head had about it a massiveness that was strange to the wolf breed; his eyes were wider apart, his jowl heavier. And his tail did not drag. For Swift Lightning was a throwback—a throwback of twenty wolf generations. That many years ago, his forefather had been a dog. And the dog was a great Dane. For twenty years his blood had run with the wolves, for twenty years it had bred with them, until, at the end of the fifth breeding-season, the strain of the great Dane was utterly submerged in the wild-wolf breed. And for fifteen years thereafter his ancestors had been wolves—hungry, meat-seeking white wolves of the great barrens, wolves with drooping backs and haunches, wolves with dragging tails and narrow eyes—wolves who did not hate the little white foxes as he hated them, and as the great Dane of twenty years ago had hated them.

But Swift Lightning, standing on his crag of ice, a throwback of twenty wolf generations, knew as little of the drop of "dog" that was in him as he did of the mysterious wailings and moanings high up in the gloom between him and the sky. He was wolf. As he stood there, the snarl in his throat, his long fangs bared to the yapping of the foxes, he was all wolf. But in his wild and savage soul, a soul hardened to its fight for existence, its ceaseless strife—hardened to battle, starvation, cold, and death—the voice of that great-Dane forefather of nearly a quarter of a century gone was trying to make itself understood.

And Swift Lightning, as he had more than once answered the call before, answered it now. Blindly, without reason, without understanding, a helpless instinct within him groping for the light, he went down from the crag of ice to the level of the sea.

The "sea" was Bathurst Inlet. As Coronation Gulf is a part of the Arctic Ocean, so Bathurst Inlet is a part of Coronation Gulf. Wide at the mouth but tapering down to the slimmest of a lady's finger, it reaches two hundred miles into Mackenzie Land, so that on its ice one may travel from the grassless and shrubless regions of the walrus and the white bear to the junipers, birches,

Swift Lightning



Out of it rose great white ghosts of snow-owls. Their huge wings purred over him

and cedars below the great barrens. It is the long and open trail that reaches from Prince Albert Land down into open timber—a whim and a freak of the Arctic, a road that points the way straight as a die from the Eskimo igloos of Melville Sound to the beginning of civilization at Old Fort Reliance, five hundred miles to the south.

It was southward that Swift Lightning turned his head and muzzled the air. The growl died away in his throat and ended in a whimpering whine. He forgot the little white foxes. He set off at a trot, and at the end of an eighth of a mile he was running. Swifter and swifter moved his great gray body. In his second year a Cree and a white man had seen him running across the neck of an open plain, and the Cree had said, "*Weya mekoe susku-wao*"—He is swift as the lightning. And Swift Lightning ran like that now. It was not work. It was his play—his joy in living. There was no prey ahead of him. He was not hungry. And yet a wild thrill possessed him, the thrill of swift movement, of splendid muscles, of a magnificent and tireless body that responded to his humor and his desires as a faultless mechanism responds to the electrical touch of a man's hands. In his savage way, Swift Lightning was conscious of this power within himself. Best of all, he loved to run under the moon and the stars, racing with his shadow, the one thing in all the Northland he could not beat in a straight-away across the barren. To-night, or to-day—for it was neither one nor the other now—the madness of speed was in his blood. For twenty minutes he ran his race with nothing—and then he stopped. His sides rose and fell in swift breathing, but he was not winded. His head was alert the instant his movement ceased; his eyes pierced restlessly the chaotic emptiness ahead of him, and he tested the air.

In that air was something which drew him at right angles to his trail, and into the thin scrub timber along the shore. This "timber" was a thing that revealed the mighty forces of the Arctic. It was a gnarled and twisted Tom Thumb of a forest into which Swift Lightning moved—a forest warped and contorted until it seemed to have been frozen lifeless while writhing in a tempest of agony. This forest, living for ages, had never grown above the protecting depth of the snow. It might have been a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years old, and its mightiest tree, as large around as a man's leg, rose no higher than Swift Lightning's shoulder. In places it was dense. And at times it was shelter. Big snow-hares popped in and out. A huge white owl floated over it. Twice Swift Lightning bared his fangs as he caught ghostly flashes of the little foxes.

But he made no sound. A bigger thing than his hatred of the white foxes was gripping at him now, and he moved on. The scent in the air grew stronger. Swift Lightning faced it squarely, and he did not slink or cringe as he advanced. Half a mile farther on he came to a narrow valley—a seam in the earth scratched there by a rough edge on some prehistoric glacier. It was narrow and deep and strange, more like a crevasse than a valley. In a dozen long leaps he could have spanned it. Yet was it half that deep. In the edge of the Long Night it was already a pit of somber gloom. In it was timber—real timber—for each winter the winds from the barrens swept it full of snow, and its trees were protected to a height of thirty or forty feet. Below him they lay dense and black. And Swift Lightning knew there was life there—if he cared to seek it.

He passed swiftly along the crest of this glacier-cut crevasse. He was no more than a gray shadow that was a part of the gloom. But there were many eyes in this pit that were born to darkness, and they watched him savagely. Out of it rose great white ghosts of snow-owls. Their huge wings purred over him. He heard the vicious snap of

their murderous beaks. He saw them, but he did not stop, and neither was he afraid. A fox would have scurried for safety. Even a wolf would have swung barrenward, snarling. But Swift Lightning troubled himself to do neither of these things. He was not afraid of owls. He was not afraid even of the great white bears. He knew that he could not kill Wapusk, the ice-monster, but that Wapusk could crush him with one sweep of his huge paw. Still, he was not afraid. In all his world, only one thing held him

in awe, and suddenly that rose up before him, a shadow in the gloom.

It was a cabin—a cabin built of saplings dragged from out of the darkness of the glacier-slash. Out of it rose a chimney, and from the chimney came smoke. Swift Lightning had smelled the smoke a mile away. For several minutes he stood without moving. Then he circled slowly until he came on that side of the cabin where there was a window.

Three times in twice as many months he had done this same thing, and had squatted himself on his haunches and had looked at that window. Twice he had come at night—this once in the winter gloom. Each time, the window had been aglow with light that was within the cabin. The window was aglow now. To Swift Lightning it was like a square patch of ruddy sun. From it poured a pale-yellow *something* out into the night. Swift Lightning knew fire—but until he found the cabin, he had never known fire like this, a fire without flame. It was as if the world had grown dark because of that cabin, for within the cabin the sun had hidden itself.

In his deep chest his heart beat fast, and his eyes glowed strangely as he faced the lighted window a hundred feet away. Back over twenty generations of wolves the drop of "dog" that was in him sped like a homing pigeon—back to the days of the great Dane, who had slept in the circle of the white man's fire and had felt the touch of the white man's hand, back to sun, and life, and warmth, and the love of a master's voice. It was the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane, that sat at his side as he looked at the yellow window. It was the spirit of Skagen that was in him. And it was the ghost of Skagen that had run with him through the gloom to seek the smell of the white man's smoke.

These things Swift Lightning did not know. Squatted on his haunches, he faced silently the cabin and the light, and into his savage heart came a great yearning and a great loneliness. But not understanding. For he was wolf. Through the bodies and the hearts and the blood of twenty generations of wolves he had come. Yet did the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane, persist at his side as he watched.

In the cabin at the edge of the glacier-slash, with his back to a stove red-hot with juniper, Corporal Pelletier, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was reading aloud to Constable Sandy O'Connor an appendage to his official report, which was starting by Eskimo sledge within a few days for Fort Churchill, seven hundred miles to the south. Pelletier's "last word" was addressed to Superintendent Starnes, commanding "M" Division at Churchill, and it read:

I beg to append the following regarding the caribou and the wolves as an emphasis to my report on the famine-conditions that are bound to grip the Northland this winter. The caribou are drifting in great herds to the south and west, and by midwinter they will be gone. It is not because of lack of feed. Lichens and moss are plentiful under a spare foot of snow. It is my conviction the wolves are driving them out. They are not hunting in scattered bands but are gathering in monster packs. Five times Constable O'Connor and I have seen packs numbering from fifty to three hundred. On one trail we counted the bones of two hundred caribou slain within a distance of seven miles. On another we counted more than a hundred in nine miles. It is common to find where thirty or forty have been killed in smaller pack-hunts. I am told by the older Eskimo that once in a generation the wolves go "blood-mad," gather in monster packs, and drive all game from the country, slaughtering what does not escape. In these years, the Eskimo believe their "devils" have triumphed over the good spirits of the land, and, because of this superstition, it is difficult to secure their cooperation in great wolf-hunts which we might otherwise organize. I have hope that the younger Eskimo may be convinced, and Constable O'Connor and I are working to that end.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANÇOIS PELLETIER,

Corporal of Patrol

Between Pelletier and O'Connor was a table of split saplings, and over them hung the tin oil lamps that lighted the window. For seven months they had stood their post at the top of the earth, and for them the razor was forgotten and civilization a thing far off. On the map of the world there was one other place where the Law was personified farther north, and that was over at Herschel Island. But Herschel Island, with its barracks and its comforts and its luxuries, was



Through Swift Lightning's great jaws the cry came, a mourning, far-reaching lament

Swift Lightning

not like this shack at the edge of the glacier-slash. And the two men, as they sat in the glow of the lamp, were a part of the savagery which they policed. O'Connor, with a giant's shoulders, red-headed, red-bearded, doubled his huge red fists in the middle of the table and grinned across at Pelletier, whose beard and hair were as black as O'Connor's were red. And Pelletier grinned back, a bit apologetically. Seven months of hell and the anticipation of five more ahead of them had not spoiled their sense of comradeship.

"It's fine," said O'Connor, admiration in his blue eyes. "If I could write like that, Pelly, I'd be south and not here—for Kathleen would have married me long ago. But you've forgotten something, Pelly. You didn't put in what I told you about the leaders—the leaders of the packs."

Pelletier shook his head.

"It doesn't sound good," he said. "It doesn't sound—reasonable."

O'Connor rose to his feet and stretched himself.

"Then damn the reason of it," he protested. "I say, is there reason in anything up here, Pelly? I tell you these Eskimo with their guinea-hen clack are right. If the devil himself ain't leading the packs, I'm black an' not white an' my name ain't O'Connor. I'd tell that to the super till I was black in the face, I would. If we could get the leaders—"

He stopped suddenly and faced the window. And Pelletier, stiffening where he sat, also listened.

Again it was Skagen—the spirit of Skagen, and not Swift Lightning—who howled at the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. Through Swift Lightning's great jaws the cry came, a mourning, far-reaching lament that pointed straight up into the gray mash of the sky—a call back through those twenty generations to masters who long ago had forgotten or were dead. No wolf among the great packs had a voice that rose from deeper in the chest or reached farther into the distance than Swift Lightning's. It began low, mourning, filled with a weird sadness, but steadily increasing in volume until, at last, inspiration seemed to fill the soul of the musician, and the world shivered and grew silent in the sovereignty of that cry. In that world, it was a message of life, and yet of death—a thing that traveled in wind and storm and darkness—the one thing of all others feared, awesome, inspiring, terrible. And the world shuddered and shrank from it, even while it opened wide its ears to listen.

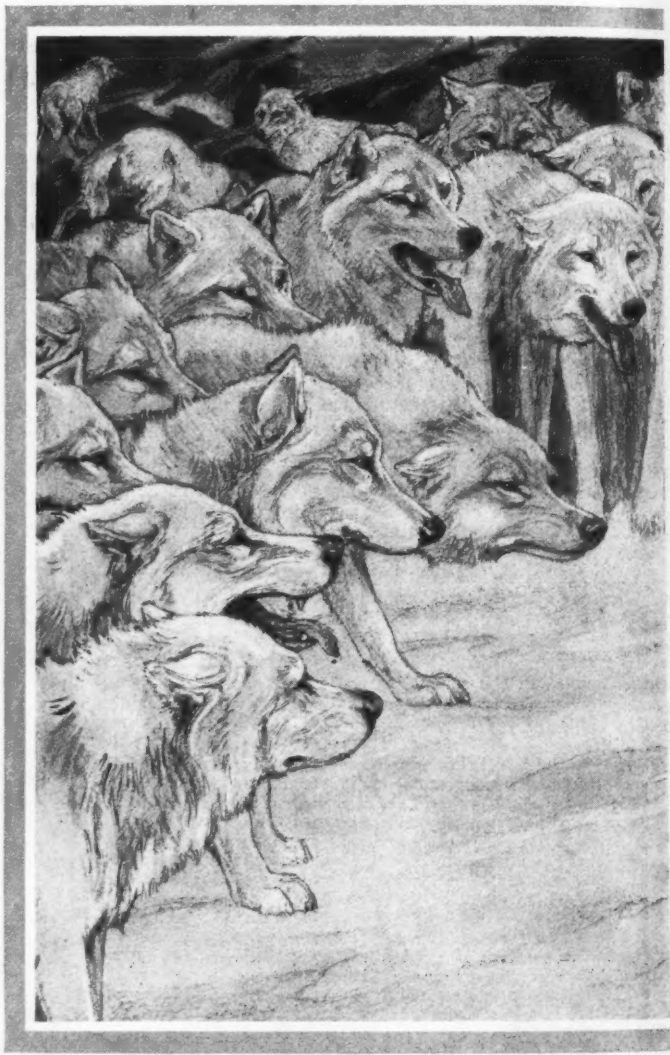
Thus Swift Lightning howled at the little cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. And before the echoes of his howl had died away over the wide barrens, the door of the cabin opened, and in its path of light stood a man. It was O'Connor. Into the grayness he stared, and his arms moved suddenly, bringing something to his shoulder. Twice before this hour Swift Lightning had seen the flash of fire and heard the crash of strange thunder that followed movements like O'Connor's. The second time, a thing like burning iron had seared a long furrow in his shoulder. Instinct told him it was death that hummed close over his head now. He turned, and the farther gloom swallowed him up. But he did not run. He was not frightened. Another thing than the fear of death struggled in the wild and blood-yearning soul of him. It was the spirit of Skagen, the great Dane, fighting for survival, overwhelmed at last.

And when again Swift Lightning reached out and sped like a shadow through the gloom, the ghost of Skagen no longer ran at his side.

II

The shot—that deadly humming in the air—and again the fierce red blood of the wolf sped like running fire through Swift Lightning's veins. Gone was the ghost of Skagen. Gone was the lure of man. Submerged, devoured, drowned in a flood of savagery was that drop of "dog" within him. A few hours had Swift Lightning lapsed from his clanship, but he had returned again. Once more was he the raw, magnificent, unafraid pirate of the barrens, a buccaneer of the great snows, Kakea Iskootao—a hell-driver among beasts. Swiftly O'Connor had wrought the change—O'Connor and his rifle.

Mile after mile of the white plain dropped behind Swift Lightning. An hour ago, his greatest desire had been to go to the white men's cabin, to drink the scent of its mystery in the air, to look at the window lighted with the glow of a yellow sun. Now that desire was as if it had never been. There was no process of reasoning within his brain, no thread of understanding. Only, he knew, from that greatest of all his instincts—the instinct of self-preservation—that the soft purring that had passed so closely over his head was a song of death. Yet he did not run because he was afraid. He loved death; he wrought death; because of death he lived—and never had he fled from its thrill.



Slowly, hardly more than an inch at a time, they began to in a red-eyed and watchful ring about them. Uchu-

Yet had his instincts seized unerringly upon the message of O'Connor's bullet. It was a death he could not cope with, a death which he could not fight and himself destroy, a thing treacherous and unfair. And treacherous things he hated. This hatred was another thing born in him without process of reason. For Skagen, the great Dane, had been fair to man and beast until his great heart died. With Swift Lightning it was a heritage.

A new pulse stirred him. The loneliness that had drawn him to the cabin and the call of a breed long dead were replaced by another and more thrilling desire—the desire to rejoin his pack. The spell was broken. Again he was wolf—all wolf.

Straight as a compass might have pointed, he streaked across the barren—five miles, six, seven, almost ten. Then he stopped, and, with his sharp ears thrown to the wind ahead, he listened.

Three times in the next three miles he stopped and listened. And the third time he heard faintly and far away the voice of Baloo giving the hunt-cry to the pack—Baloo the Slaughterer,

Baloo the Long-Winded, to whom size and swiftness and giant strength had given the leadership of packs. Swift Lightning sat back on his haunches and answered. He was not alone. From south, east, west, and north came echoes of the pack-cry. Baloo was the center of it. His note was longer, more frequent, more significant, and those of the white wolves who were hungry for new blood and fresh meat turned in its direction. In ones and twos and threes they trotted over the frozen barren. For seven days and nights, as hours were counted, there had been no big kill, and long fang and bloodshot eye were eager for the sight and the taste of game to-night.

His voice gave no response to its call. He adventured alone. He ran alone. Always alone—except that at these times the ghost of Skagen ran at his side. When he returned, Baloo looked at him with red and bloodshot eyes, and the fangs of his great jaws were unsheathed in jealous menace.

Swift Lightning, in the mastering youth of his three years, had no desire to fight his kind. He fought, but it was not the fighting of oppression—not the fighting of his own choice—and he did not kill the conquered, as Baloo would have killed them. Many a swift gash of resentment he had taken from smaller and weaker wolves without demanding the vengeance which lay within the power of his jaws. Yet in his heart ran at times red murder.

It was there now. Never had the desire to kill been stronger in him, and he thought little of Baloo as he ran close to the head of the pack.

As the arctic fight for existence weighs heavily in the lives of men, so it is with the wolves. Baloo and his pack did not run as the forest wolves run. Their excitement was repressed, and once it had set foot to the trail, the pack gave forth no sound. It was a weird and ghostly monster of a thing sweeping through the gloom like a Brobdignagian *loup-garou* moved by the pulse of a single heart. Its silence was the silence that comes with the Long Night. One standing a distance away would have heard its passing—the purring beat of a multitude of feet, its panting breath, the clicking of jaws, a low, terrible whining.

In Swift Lightning's throat was that whine. This was his game, this his reward for living. He paid no attention to the young she wolf who ran at his side. She was a slim, beautiful little beast, and all the effort of her agile young body was to keep shoulder to shoulder with him. Three times Swift Lightning heard her panting breath close to his neck, and once he

turned slightly so that his muzzle touched her back. With the birthright of young motherhood a little ahead of her, there had risen in her an instinct even greater than the instinct to kill. In Swift Lightning there was no responsive thrill. The day and the hour had not come. One passion possessed him now—the passion to overtake what was ahead of him, to tear and to rend, to bury his fangs in living flesh and hot, red blood.

Swift Lightning, first of all the pack, caught what a hundred white muzzles were seeking in the air—the scent of the caribou herd. Another quarter-mile, and it was coming up strong in the wind, and Baloo turned with his horde southwest. The speed of the pack increased, and slowly, very slowly, the monster shadow made up of a hundred racing bodies began to disintegrate, and the wolves to scatter. There had been no signal. Baloo, the leader, had made no sound. Yet it was as if a command had leaped from brain to brain, and each of a hundred wolves had responded to it. Open day would have revealed a mighty (Continued on page 110)



circle, and as they circled, those wolves that were near left their feasting and gathered *nipouin*—the death-ring—out of which only one of them would come alive

As it surged in the wildest of the wolves, so that desire surged through Swift Lightning. Many of the pack had gathered and were on the move when he joined them. They ran silently now, a white, close-shouldered, ghostly incarnation of savagery, a mighty force of jaw and fang and muscle bent on death. Perhaps there were fifty, and the number steadily increased—up to sixty, eighty, a hundred. At their head ran Baloo. In all the pack only one other wolf could compare with him in size and strength, and that was Swift Lightning. Wherefore Baloo hated him. Czar and overlord of all the others, he sensed in Swift Lightning a menace to his sovereignty. Yet they never had fought. This, again, was because of the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane. For Swift Lightning, unlike any wolf that ever was born, coveted no power of leadership. In his youth and his strength, his individual prowess, his power to kill, lived the joy and the thrill and the fulfillment of his life. For days and weeks at a time, he hunted alone, and held himself aloof from the pack. In those days and weeks

*A side-show
exhibit may
be just a freak
of nature to
you, but to himself—
and particularly to herself
—he is just as human, just
as subject to hate and pain
and desire and love—*

Even as You and I

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

THERE is an intensity about September noonday on Coney Island, aided and abetted by tin roofs, metallic façades, gilt domes, looking-glass fronts, jeweled spires, screaming peanut- and frankfurter-stands, which has not its peculiar kind of equal this side of opalescent Tangier. Here the sea air can become a sort of hot camphor-ice to the cheek, the sea itself a percolator, boiling up against a glass surface. Beneath the tin roofs of Surf Avenue, the indoor heat takes on the kind of intense density that is cotton in the mouth and ringing in the ears.

At one o'clock, the jibberwock exteriors of Surf Avenue begin fantastic signs of life. The House of Folly breaks out, over its entire façade, into a chicken-pox of red and green, blue and purple, yellow, violet, and gold electric bulbs. The Ocean Waves concession begins its side-splitting undulations. Maha Mahadra, India's foremost soothsayer (down in police, divorce, and night courts as Mamie Jones, May Costello, and Mabel Brown respectively) loops back her spangled portière. The Baby Incubators slides open its ticket-windows. Five carousels begin to whang. A row of hula-hula girls in paper necklaces appears outside of "Hawaii," gelatinously naughty and insinuating of hip. There begins a razzling of the razzle-dazzle. Shooting-galleries begin to snipe into the glittering noon, and the smell of hot spiced sausages and stale malt to lay on the air.

Before the Palace of Freaks, a barker slanted up his megaphone, baying to the sun:

"Y-e-a-o-u! Y-e-a-o-u! The greatest show on the Island! Ten cents to see the greatest freak congress in the world. Shapiro's freaks are gathered from every corner of the universe. Enter and shake hands with Baron de Ross, the children's delight, the world's smallest human being; age, forty-two years, eight months; height, twenty-eight inches; weight, fourteen and one-half pounds, certified scales! Enter and see the original and only authentic Siamese twins! The ossified man! You are cordially invited to stick pins into this mystery of the whole medical world. Jastrow, the world's most famous strong man and glass-

eater, will perform his world-startling feats. Show about to begin! Our glass-eater eats glass, not rock-candy—anyone doubting same can sample it first. We have on view within, and all included in your ten cents' admission, the famous Teenie, absolutely the heaviest woman in captivity. We guarantee Teenie to tip the certified scales at five hundred and fifty-five, a weight unsurpassed by any of the heavyweights in the history of the show business. Come in and fox-trot with Teenie, the world-wonder! Come in and fox-trot with her! Show begins immediately! Y-e-a-o-u! Y-e-a-o-u!"

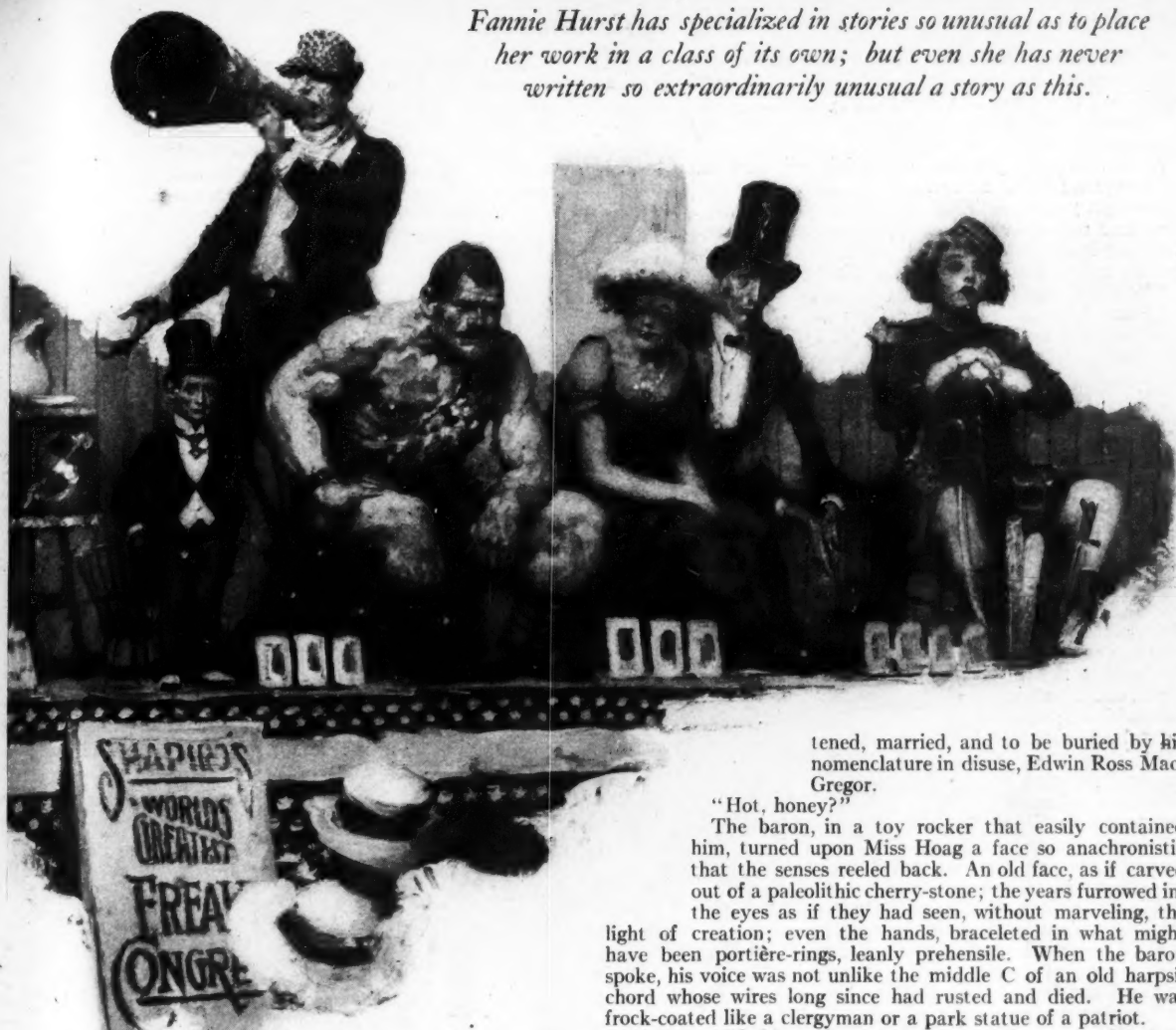
Within the Palace of Freaks, her platform elevated and railed in against the unduly curious, Miss Luella Hoag, all that she was so raucously purported to be, sat back in her chair, as much in the attitude of relaxing as her proportions would permit.

There is no way in which I can hope to save your offended estheticisms with any of Miss Hoag's better points. What matters it that her skin was not without the rich quality of cream too thick to pour, when her arms fairly dimpled and billowed of this creaminess, and, above her rather small ankles, her made-to-order red-satin shoes bulged over of it, the low-cut bosom of her red-and-sequin dress a terrific expanse of it, her hands small cushions of it, her throat quivery and her walk a waddle with it. All but her face—it was as if the suet-like inundation of the flesh had not dared here. The chin was only slightly doubled, the cheeks just a shade too plump. Neither was the eye heavy of lid or sunk down behind a ridge of cheek. Between her eyes and upper lip, Miss Hoag looked her just-turned twenty; beyond them, she was antediluvian, deluged, smothered beneath the creamy billows and billows of self.

And yet, sunk there like a flower-seed planted too deeply to push its way up to bloom, the twenty-year-old heart of Miss Hoag beat beneath its carbonaceous layer upon layer, even skipped a beat at spring's palpitating sweetness, dared to dream of love, weep of desire, ache of loneliness and loveliness.

Isolated thus by the flesh, the spirit, too, had been caught in nature's sebaceous trick upon Miss Hoag. Life had passed her

Fannie Hurst has specialized in stories so unusual as to place her work in a class of its own; but even she has never written so extraordinarily unusual a story as this.



tened, married, and to be buried by his nomenclature in disuse, Edwin Ross MacGregor.

"Hot, honey?"

The baron, in a toy rocker that easily contained him, turned upon Miss Hoag a face so anachronistic that the senses reeled back. An old face, as if carved out of a paleolithic cherry-stone; the years furrowed in; the eyes as if they had seen, without marveling, the light of creation; even the hands, braceleted in what might have been portière-rings, leanly prehensile. When the baron spoke, his voice was not unlike the middle C of an old harpsichord whose wires long since had rusted and died. He was frock-coated like a clergyman or a park statue of a patriot.

Of face, a Chaldean sire; of dress, a miniature apotheosis of the tailor's art; of form, a paleolithic child.

"Blow me to a ice-cream cone? Gowann, Teenie, have a heart!"

Miss Hoag billowed into silent laughter.

"Little devil! That's six you've sponged off me this week, you little whippersnapper!"

The baron screwed up into the tightest of grimaces.

"Nice Teenie—nice old Teenie!"

She tossed him a coin from the small saucerful of them on the table beside her. He caught it with the simian agility of his tiny hands.

"Nice Teenie! Nice old Teenie!"

A first group had strolled up, indolent and insolent at the spectacle of them.

"Photographs! Photographs! Take the folks back home a signed photograph of Teenie—only ten cents, one dime! Give the kiddies a treat—signed photograph of little Teenie!"

She would solicit thus, canorous of phrase, a fan of her cardboard likenesses held out, invitational.

Occasionally there were sales, the coins rattling down into the china saucer beside her, oftener the mere bombardment of insolence and indolence, occasionally a question.

This day, from a motor-man, loitering in uniform between runs: "Say, Skinnay, whatcha weigh?"

Whatever of living tissue may have shrunk and quivered deep beneath the surface of Miss Hoag was further insulated by a certain professional pride—that of the champion middleweight for his cauliflower ear, of the beauty for the tiny mole where her neck is whitest, the ballerina for her double joints.

"Wanna come up and dance with me and find out?"

"O Lord!"—receding from the crowd and its trail of laughter. "O Lord! Ex-cuse me. Good-night!"

A CHILD: Missus, is all of you just one lady?

"Bless your heart, little pettie, they gimme a good measure, didn't they? Here's a chocolate drop for the little pettie."

by slimly. But Miss Hoag's redundancy was not all literal. A sixth and saving sense of humor lay like a coating of tallow protecting the surface of her. For nature's vagary, she was pensioned on life's pay-roll at eighteen dollars a week.

"Easy money, friends," Miss Hoag would *ad lib.* to the line-up outside her railing. "How would some of you like to sit back and draw your wages just for the color of your hair or the size of your shoes? You there, that sailor boy down there, how'd you like to have a fox-trot with Teenie? Something to tell the jackies about. Come on, Jack Tar; I'm light on my feet, but I won't guarantee what I'll be on yours. Step up and have a round."

Usually the crowd would turn sheepish and dissolve at this Terpsichorean threat. In fact, it was Miss Hoag's method of accomplishing just that.

In the August high noon of the Coney Island Freak Palace, which is the time and scene of my daring to introduce to you the only under-thirty-years and over-one-hundred-and-thirty-pounds heroine in the history of fiction, the megaphone's catch of the day's first dribble of humanity and inhumanity had not yet begun its staring, gaping invasion.

A curtain of heat that was almost tangible hung from the glass roof. The ossified man, sworn by clause of contract impervious alike to heat and cold, urged his reclining wheel-chair an imperceptible inch toward the neighboring sway of Miss Hoag's palm-leaf. She widened its arc subtly.

"Ain't it a fright?" she said.

"Sacred Mother of the Sacred Child!" said the ossified man, in a patois of very South Italy.

Then Miss Hoag turned to the right, a rail partitioning her from the highly popular spectacle of the Baron de Ross, chris-

"Come away! Don't take nothing from her!"

"I wouldn't hurt your little girl, lady. I wouldn't harm a pretty hair of her head. I love the kiddies."

"Good-by, missus."

"Good-by, little pettie."

A MAN: Say, was you born in captivity—in this line o' work? "Law, no, friend. I never seen the light of the show business up to eight year ago. There wasn't a member of my family, all dead and put away now, weighed more'n one-fifty. They say it of my mother, she was married at ninety pounds and died at a hundred and six."

"You don't say so!"

"I was born and raised on a farm out in Ohio. Bet not far from your part of the country, from the looks of you, friend. Buckeye?"

"Not a bad guess at that—Indiana's mine."

"Law, to my way of thinking there's no part of the Union got anything on the Middle States. Knock me around all you want, I always say, but let me be buried in the Buckeye State. Photographs? Signed photographs at ten cents each! Take one home to the wife, friend, out in Indiana. Come, friends; what's a dime? Ten cents!"

The crowd, treacle-slow and swinging its children shoulder-high, would shuffle on, pause next at the falsetto exhortations of the baron, then on to the collapsibilities of the boneless wonder, the flexuosities of the snake-charmer, the goose-fleshing, the terrible crunchings of Jastrow the Granite Jaw. A commotion, this last, no tunlike the steam-roller leveling of a rock road.

Miss Hoag retired then back to her chair, readjusting the photographs to their table-display, wielding her fan largely.

"Lord," she said, across the right railing, "wouldn't this weather fry you?"

The baron wilted to a mock swoon, his little legs stiffening at a hypotenuse.

"Ice-cream cone!" he cried. "Ice-cream cone, or I faint!"

"Poor Jastrow—just listen to him! Honest, that grinding goes right through me. He hadn't ought to be showing to-day, after the way they had to have the doctor in on him last night. He hadn't ought to be eating that nasty glass."

"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

"Yes; it's awful, Mabel! A fellow snagging up his insides like Jastrow. I never knew a glass-eating artist in my life that lived to old age. I was showing once with a pair of glass-eating sisters, the twins Delamar, as fine a pair of girls as ever—"

"Sure—the Delamars—I know 'em; they—"

"Remember the specialty they carried, stepping on a piece of plate glass and feeding each other the grounds—"

"Sure."

"Well, I sat up for three weeks running with one of them girls—the red-haired one—til she died off of sorosis of the liver—"

"Sure enough—Lizzie Delamar!"

"Lida, the other one, is still carrying the act on street-fair time, but it won't surprise me to hear of her next. That's what'll happen to Granite Jaw one of these days, too, if he—"

"Pretty soft on the Granite Jaw, ain't cha? M-m-m yum-yum—pretty soft!" When the baron mouthed, he became in expression Punchinello with his finger 'longside his nose, his face tightening and knotting into cunning. "Pretty soft on the Granite Jaw; yum—yum—yum!"

"Little devil! Little devil! I'll catch you and spank you to death."

"Yum! Yum!"

"It's better to have loved a short man,
Than never to have loved atall."

"Little peewee, you! Jastrow ain't short. Them thick, strong-necked kind never look their height. That boy is five feet two if he's an inch. Them stocky ones is the build that make the strong kind. Looka him lift up that cannon-ball with just his left hand. B-r-r-r—listen how it shakes the place when he lets it fall—looka—honest, it makes me sick—it's a wonder he don't kill himself!"

"Better to have loved a short man,
Than never to have loved atall."



"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, in your state—in your state, alcohol's poison—Mr. Jastrow—please—you mustn't!"

The day, sun-riddled, stare-riddled, sawdusty and white with glare, sloughed into the clanging, banging, electric-pianoed, electrifying Babylonia of a Coney Island Saturday night. The erupting lava of a pent-up work-a-week, odoriferous of strong foods and wilted clothing, poured hotly down that Boulevard of the Bourgeoise, Surf Avenue. The slow, thick blood of six days of pants-pressing and boiler-making, of cigarette-rolling and type-writing, of machine-operating and truck-driving, of third-floor-backs, congestion and indigestion, of depression and suppression, demanding the spurious kind of excitation that can whip the blood to foam. The terrific gyration of looping the loop, the

comet-tail plunge of shooting the chutes, the rocketing skyward, and the delicious madness at the pit of the stomach on the downward swoop. The bead on the apple juice, the dash of mustard to the frankfurter, the feather tickler in the eye, the barker to the ear, and the thick festival-flavored sawdust to the throat.

By eleven o'clock, the Freak Palace was a gelatinous congestion of the quickened of heart, of blood, of tongue, and of purse. The crowd stared, gaped, squirmed through itself, sweated.

By twelve o'clock, from her benchlike throne that had become a strait-jacket to the back, a heaviness had set in that seemed to thicken Miss Hoag's eyelids, the flush receding before doughiness.

A weary mountain of the cruelly enhancing red silk and melting sequin paste, the billowy arms inundated with the thumb-deep dimples lax out along the chair-sides, as preponderous and preposterous a heroine as ever fell the lot of scribe, she was nature's huge joke—a practical joke, too, at eighteen dollars a week, bank-books from three trust companies, and a china pig about ready to burst.

"Cheer up, Ossi! It might be worse," she said across the left rail, but her lids twitching involuntarily of tiredness.

"Sacred Mother of the Sacred Child!" said the ossified man, in Italian.

The sword-swallower, at the megaphone instance of the barker, wagged suddenly into motion, and, flouncing back her bushy knee-skirts and kissing to the four winds, threw back her head

The crowd had sifted out; all but one of the center aisle of grill arc-lights flickered out, leaving the Freak Palace to a spluttering kind of gloom. The snake-charmer of a thousand iridescencies wound the last of her devitalized cobras down into its painted chest. The Siamese twins wound out of their embrace and went each his way. The Princess Albino wove her cotton hair into a plait, finishing it with a rapidly wound bit of thread. An attendant trundled the ossified man through a rear door. Jastrow the Granite Jaw flopped on his derby slightly askew, and strolled over toward that same door, hands in pocket. He was thewed like an ox. Short and as squattily packed down as a Buddha, the great sinews of his strength bulged in his short neck and in the backs of the calves of his legs, even rippled beneath his coat. It was as if a compress had reduced him from great height down to his tightest compactness, concentrating the strength of him. Even in repose, the undershot jaw was plunged forward, the jowls bonily defined.

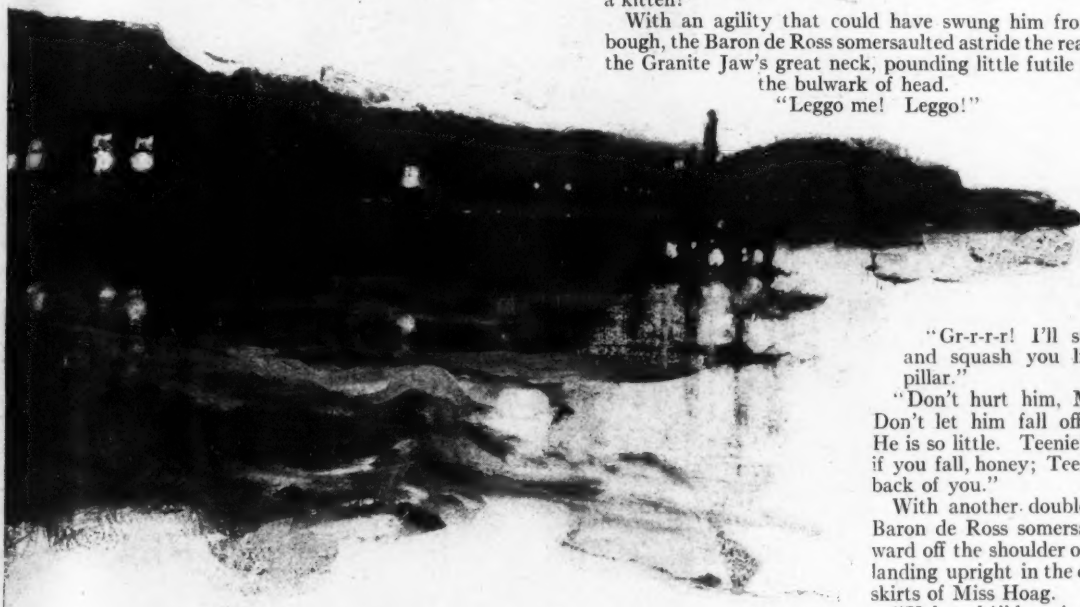
"Worth her weight in gold! Blow us to a ice-cream cone, eh, Jastrow? She's worth her weight in gold."

Passing within reach of where the Baron de Ross danced to his ditty of reiteration, Jastrow the Granite Jaw reached up and in through the rail, capturing one of the jiggling ankles, elevating the figure of the Baron de Ross to a high-flung torch.

"Lay off that noise," said Jastrow the Granite Jaw, threatening to dangle him head downward; "lay off, or I'll drown you like a kitten!"

With an agility that could have swung him from bough to bough, the Baron de Ross somersaulted astride the rear of Jastrow the Granite Jaw's great neck, pounding little futile fists against the bulwark of head.

"Leggo me! Leggo!"



"Gr-r-r! I'll step on you and squash you like a caterpillar."

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Jastrow! Don't let him fall off backward! He is so little. Teenie'll catch you if you fall, honey; Teenie's here in back of you."

With another double twist, the Baron de Ross somersaulted backward off the shoulder of his captor, landing upright in the outstretched skirts of Miss Hoag.

"Yah, yah!" he cried, dancing in the net of skirt and wagging his hands from his ears. "Yah, yah!"

The Granite Jaw smoothed down the outraged rear of his head, eyes rolling and smile terrible.

"Wow!" he said, making a false feint toward him.

The baron, shrill with hysteria, plunged into a fold of Miss Hoag's skirt.

"Don't hurt him, Jastrow; he's so awful little! Don't play rough."

THE BARON (*projecting his face round a fold of skirt*): Worth her weight in go-uld—go-uld!

"He's always guying me for my saving ways, Jastrow. I tell him I ain't got no little twenty-eight-inch wife out in San Francisco sending me pin-money. Neither am I the prize little grafter of the world. I tell him he's the littlest man and the biggest grafter in this show. Come out of there, you little devil! He thinks, because I got a few hundred dollars laid by, I'm a bigger freak than the one I get paid for being."

Jastrow the Granite Jaw flung the crook of his walking-stick against his hip, leaning into it, the flanges of his nostrils widening a bit, as if scenting.

"You old mountain-top," he said, screwing at the upcurving mustache, "who'd have thought you had that pretty a penny saved?"

"I don't look to see myself live and die in the show business, Mr. Jastrow."

"Now you said something, Big Tent."

and swallowed an eighteen-inch carpenter's saw to the hilt. The crowd flowed up and around her.

Miss Hoag felt on the undershelf of her table for a glass of water, draining it.

"Thank God," she said; "another day done!" And began getting together her photographs into a neat packet, tilting the contents of the saucer into a small biscuit-tin and snapping it around with a rubber band.

The Baron de Ross was counting, too, his small hands eager at the task.

"This island is getting as hard-boiled as an egg," he said.

"It is that," said Miss Hoag, making a pencil insert into a small memorandum-book.

"You!" cried the baron, the screw-lines out again, "you money-bag tied in the middle! I know a tattooed girl worked with you once on the St. Louis World's Fair Pike says you slept on a pillow stuffed with greenbacks."

"You're crazy with the heat," said Miss Hoag. "What I've got out of this business, I've sweated for."

Then the Baron de Ross executed a pirouette of tiny self.

"Worth your weight in gold! Worth your weight in gold!"

"If you don't behave yourself, you little peewee, I'll leave you to plow home through the sand alone. If it wasn't for me playing nurse-girl to you, you'd have to be hiring a keeper. You better behave."

"Worth your weight in gold! Blow us to a ice-cream cone, eh, Ossi?"

"There's a farm out near Xenia, Ohio, where I lay up in winter, that I'm going to own for myself one of these days. I've seen too many in this business die right in exhibition and the show have to chip in to bury 'em for me not to save up against a rainy day."

"Lay it on, Big Tent; I like your philosophy."

"That's me every time, Mr. Jastrow. I'm going to die in a little story-and-a-half frame house of my own with a cute little pointy roof, and one potato patch right up to my back steps, and my own white leghorns crossing my own country road to get to the other side. Why, I know a 'fat' in this business, Aggie Lamont—"

"Sure—me and the baroness played Mexico City Carnival with Aggie Lamont. Some heavy!"

"Well, that girl, in her day, was one of the biggest tips to the scale this business ever seen. What happens? All of a sudden, just like that—pneumonia! Gets up out of bed eight weeks later skin and bones—down to three hundred and sixty-five pounds and not a penny saved. I chipped in what I could to keep her going, but she just down and died one night. J. b gone. No weight. In the exhibit business, just like any other line, you got to have a long head. A 'fat's' got to look ahead for a thin day. A 'strong' for a weak day. That's why I wish, Mr. Jastrow, you'd cut out that glass-eating feature of yours."

"How much you got, Airy-Fairy? Lemme double your money for you."

"She's worth her weight in gold."

"Lemme double it."

"Like fun I will. A spendthrift like you!"

"Which way you going?"

"We always go home by the beach. Shapiro made it a rule that the 'bigs' and 'littles' can't ever show themselves on Surf Avenue."

"Come on, you little flea; I'll ride you up the beach on my shoulder."

"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, you—you going to walk home with me—and—Baron?"

"Come on, was what I said."

He mounted the Baron de Ross to his bulge of shoulder with veriest toss, Miss Hoag, in a multifold cape that was a merciful shroud to the bulk of her, descending from the platform. The place had emptied itself of its fantastic congress of nature's pranks, only the grotesque print of it remaining. The painted snake-chests, closed. The array of gustatory swords, each in flannel slip-cover. The wild man's cage, empty. The tiny velocipede of the Baron de Ross, upside down against rust. A hall of wonder here. A cave of distorted fancy. The Land of the Cow Jumped over the Moon and the Dish Ran Away with the Spoon.

Outside, a moon, something bridal in its whiteness, beat down upon a kicked-up stretch of beach, the banana-skins, the pop-corn boxes, the gambados of erstwhile revelers violently printed into its sands. A platinum-colored sea undulated in.

The leaping, bounding outline of Luna Park winked out even as they emerged, the whole violent contortion fading back into silver mist. There was a new breeze, spicily cool.

Miss Hoag breathed out,

"Ain't this something grand?"

"Giddy-ap!" cried the baron, slappity-slappity at the great boulder of the Granite Jaw's head. "Giddy-ap!"

They plowed forward, a group out of Phantasmagoria—as motley a threesome as ever strode this side of the Land of Anesthesia.

"How do you like it at Mrs. Bostum's boarding-house, Mr. Jastrow? I never stop anywheres else on the Island. 'Most of the Shapiro concession always stops there."

"Good as the next," said Mr. Jastrow, kicking onward.

"I was sorry to hear you was ailing so last night, Mr. Jastrow, and I was sorry there was nothing you would let me do for you. They always call me 'the doc' around exhibits. I say—but you just ought to heard yourself yell me out of the room when I come in to offer myself—"

"They had me crazy with pain."

"You wasn't so crazy with pain when the albino girl come down with the bottle of fire-water, was he, Baron? We seen him throwing goo-goos at Albino, didn't we, Baron?"

THE BARON (*impish in the moonlight*): He fell for a cotton-top. "He didn't yell the albino and her bottle out, did he, Baron?"

"It's this darn business," said Mr. Jastrow, creating a storm of sand spray with each stride. "I'm punctured up like a tire."

"I been saying to the baron, Mr. Jastrow, if you'd only cut out the glass-eating feature. You got as fine a appearance and as fine a strong act by itself as you could want. A short fellow like you with all your muscle-power is a novelty in himself."



In a dawn that came up pink as the palm of a babe, but flowed bulb dangling over the Granite Jaw's rumped, tumbled bed

Honest, Mr. Jastrow, it—it's a sin to see a fine-set-up fellow like you killing yourself this way. You ought to cut out the granite-jaw feature."

"Yeh—and cut down my act to half-pay. I'd be full of them tricks—wouldn't I? Show me another jaw-act measures up to mine. Show me the strong-arm number that ever pulled down the coin a jaw-act did. I'd be a sweet boob—wouldn't I?—to cut my pockabook in two. I need money, Airy-Fairy. My God, how I got the capacity for needing money!"

"What's money to health, Mr. Jastrow. It ain't human or freak nature to digest glass. Honest, every time I hear you crunching, I get the chills!"

Then Mr. Jastrow shot forward his lower jaw with a milling motion.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"She's sweet on you, Jastrow, like all the rest of 'em.

"Better to have loved a short man
Than never to have loved at all."

"Baron, I—I'll spank!"

"Worth her weight in gold!"

"Where you got all that money soaked, Big Tent?"

"'Leven hundred! Well, whatta you know about that? Say, Big Tent, better lemme double your money for you."

"Aw, you go on, Mr. Jastrow; ain't you the torment, too?"

"Say, gal, next time I get the misery, you can hold my hand as long as your little heart desires. 'Leven hundred to the good! Good-night! Get down off my shoulder, you little flea, you; I got to turn in here and take a drink on the strength of that. 'Leven hundred to the good! Good-night!"

"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, in your state—in your state, alcohol's poison—Mr. Jastrow—please—you mustn't!"

"Blow me, too, Jas! Aw, say—have a heart! Blow me to a bracer, too."

"No, no, Mr. Jastrow; don't take the baron. The little fellow can't stand alcohol. His baroness don't want it—anyways, it's against the rules—please—"

"You stay and take the lady home, flea. See the lady home like a gentleman. 'Leven hundred to the good—say, I'd see a lady as far as the devil on that! Good-night!"

At Mrs. Bostum's boarding house, one of a row of the stare-faced packing-cases of the summer city, bathing-suits drying and kicking over veranda rails, a late quiet had fallen, only one window showing yellowly in the peak of its top story. A white-net screen door was unhooked from without by inserting a hand through a slit in the fabric. An uncarpeted pocket of hall lay deep in absolute blackness. Miss Hoag fumbled for the switch, finally leaving the baron to the meager comfort of his first-floor back.

"Y'alright, honey? Can you reach what you want?"

The baron clambered to a chair and up to her. His face had unknotted, the turmoil of little lines scattering.

"Aw!" he said. "Good old tub Teenie! Good old Big Tent!"

A layer of tears sprang across Miss Hoag's glance, and suddenly gaining rush, ran down over her lashes. She dashed at them.

"I'm human, Baron—maybe you don't know it, but I'm human."

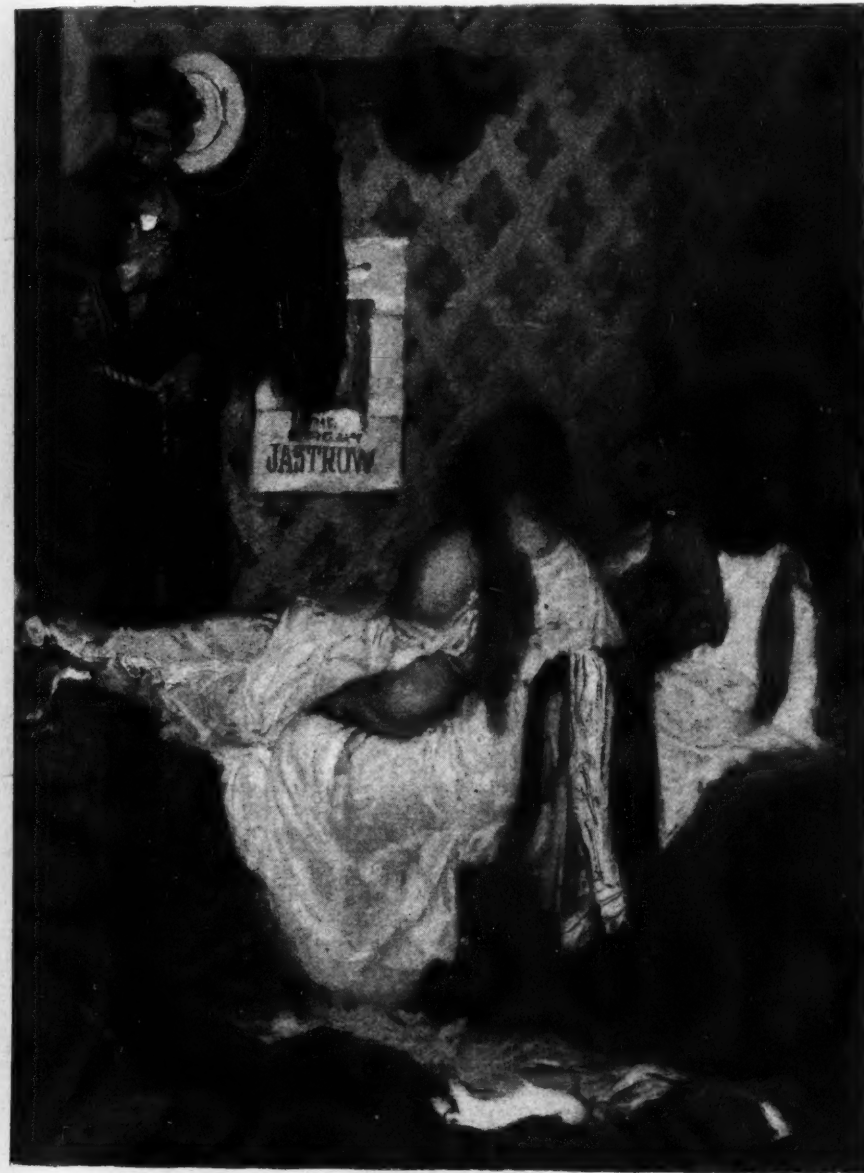
"Now, what did I do, Teenie?"

"It—it ain't you, Baron; it—it ain't anybody. It—it's—only I just wonder sometimes what God had in mind, anyways—making our kind. Where do we belong—"

"Aw, you're a great 'heavy,' Teenie—and it's the 'bigs' and the 'littles' got the cinch in this business. Looka the poor Siamese. How'd you like to be hitched up thataway all day. Looka Ossi. How'd you like to let 'em stick pins in you all for their ten cents' worth. Looka poor old Jas. Why, a girl is a fool to waste any heartache getting stuck on him! That old boy's going to wake up out of one of them spells dead some day. How'd you like to chew glass because it's big money and then drink it up so fast you'd got to borrow money off the albino girl for the doctor's prescription—"

The tears came now rivuleting down Miss Hoag's cheeks, bouncing off to the cape.

"O God!" she said, her hand closing over the baron's, pressing it. "With us freaks—even if we win, we lose. Take me—what's the good of ten million dollars to me—twenty millions—last night when I went in to offer him help—him in the same business and that ought to be used to me—right in the middle of being crazy



rather futilely against the tired, speckled eye of incandescent of pain, a gray-looking group stood in whispered conference

"Aw, Mr. Jastrow, the baron's only tormenting me."

"She sleeps on a pillow stuffed with greenbacks."

"Sure I got a few dollars saved, and I ain't ashamed of it. I've had steady work in this business eight years now, ever since the circus came to my town out in Ohio and made me the offer, but that's no sign I can be in it eight years longer. Sure I got a few dollars saved."

"Well, whatta you know—a Big Tent like you?"

"Ain't a Big Tent like me human, Mr. Jastrow? Ain't I—ain't I just like any other—girl—underneath all this?"

"Sure, sure!" said Mr. Jastrow. "How much you to the good, little one?"

"I've about eleven hundred dollars with my bank-books and pig."

with pain, what did he yell every time he looked at me—"Take her away; take her away—"

"Aw, now Teenie, Jas had the d. t.'s last night; he—"

"Take her away!" he kept yelling. "Take her away!" One of my own kind getting the horrors just to look at me!"

"You're sweet on the Granite Jaw—you are, Teenie; that's what's eating you—you're sweet on the Granite Jaw—"

Suddenly Miss Hoag turned, slamming the door afterward so that the silence reechoed sharply.

"What if I am?" she said, standing out in the hall pocket of absolute blackness, her hand cupped against her mouth and the blinding tears staggering. "What if I am? What if I am?"

Within her own room, a second-floor back, augmented slightly by a bedcover of flowered chintz, an immaculate layout of pink-celluloid toilet articles and a white water-pitcher of three pink carnations, Miss Hoag snapped on her light where it dangled above the celluloid toilet articles. A summer bug was bumbling against the ceiling; it dashed itself between Miss Hoag and her mirror as she stood there breathing from climb and looking back at herself with salt-bitten eyes, mouth twitching. Finally, after an inanimate period of unseeing stare, she unhooked the long cape, brushing it, and ever dainty of self, folding it across a chair-back. A voluminous garment, fold and fold upon itself, but sheer and crisp dimity, even streaming a length of pink ribbon, lay across the bed-edge. Miss Hoag took it up, her hand already slowly and tiredly at the business of unfettering herself of the monstrous red silk.

Came a sudden avalanche of knocking, and a rattling of door-knob, the voice of Mrs. Bostum, landlady, high with panic:

"Teenie—Jastrow's dyin' in his room! He's yellin' for you! For God's sakes—quick—down in his room!"

In the instant that followed, across the sudden black that blocked Miss Hoag of vision, there swam a million stars.

"Teenie—for God's sakes—quick—he's yellin' for you—"

"Coming, Mrs. Bostum—coming—coming—coming!"

In a dawn that came up as pink as the palm of a babe,



Mr. Jastrow suddenly held forth, in crouched attitude of cunning, something cold, something glittering, something steel. "Now," he said, head jutting forward, and through shut teeth, "now gimme, or by God—"

but flowed rather futilely against the tired, speckled eye of in candescent bulb dangling above the Granite Jaw's rumped, tumbled bed of pain, a gray-looking group stood in whispered conference beside a slit of window that overlooked a narrow clapboard slit of street.

THE DOCTOR: Even with recovery, he will be on his back at least six months.

MISS HOAG: O my God, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Has the man means?

THE BARON: Not a penny. He only came to the concession two months ago from a row with the Flying-Fish Troupe. He's in debt already to half the exhibit.

THE LANDLADY: He's two weeks in arrears. Not that I'm pestering the poor devil now, but Gawd knows I—need—

THE DOCTOR: Any relatives or friends to consult about the operation?

MISS HOAG (turning and stooping): Ain't you got no relations or friends, Jastrow? What was it you hollered about the aerial-wonder act—are they friends of yours? Ain't you got no relatives, no—no friends maybe that you could stay with a while—Sid? Who's he? Ain't you, Jastrow, got no relations?

The figure under the sheet, pain-huddled, limb-twisted, turned toward the wall, palm slapping out against it.

"Hell!" said Jastrow the Granite Jaw.

THE DOCTOR (drawing down his shirt-sleeves): I'll have an ambulance around in twenty minutes.

MISS HOAG: Where for, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Brooklyn Public Institute, for the present.

THE LANDLADY (apron up over her head): Poor fellow! Poor handsome fellow!

MISS HOAG: No, doctor! No! No! No!

THE DOCTOR (rather tiredly): Sorry, madam; but there is no alternative.

MISS HOAG: No, no! I'll pay, doctor. How much? How much?

THE BARON: Yeh; I'll throw in a tenner myself. Don't throw the poor devil to charity—we'll collect from the troupe. We raised forty dollars for a nigger "ossi" once when—

THE DOCTOR: Come now; all this is not a drop in the bucket. This man needs an operation and then constant attention. If he pulls through, it is a question of months. What he actually needs then is country air, fresh milk, eggs, professional nursing, and plenty of it.

MISS HOAG: That's me, Doc! That's me! I'm going to fix just that for him. I got the means. I can show you three bank-books. I got the means and a place out in Ohio I can rent till I buy it some day. A farm! Fresh milk! Leghorns! I'll take him out there, Doc. Eighty miles from where I was born. I was thinking of laying up a while, anyways. I got the means. I'll pull him through, Doctor. I'll pull him through!

THE BARON: Good God, Teenie—you crazy—

From the bed: Worth her weight in gold! Worth her weight in gold!

In the cup of a spring dusk that was filled to overflowing with an ineffable sweetness and the rich, loamy odors of turned earth, with rising sap and low mists, with blackening tree-tops and the chittering of birds, the first lamplight of all the broad and fertile landscape moved across the window of a story-and-a-half white house which might have been either itself or its own outlying barn. A roof, sheer of slant, dipped down over the window, giving the façade the expression of a coolie under peaked hat.

"Great Scott! Move that lamp off the sill. You want to gimme the blind staggers?"

"I didn't know it was in your eyes, honey. There—that better?" Silence.

A parlor hastily improvised into a bedroom came out softly in the glow. A room of matting and marble-topped, bottle-littered walnut table, of white-iron hospital-cot and curly horsehair divan, a dapple-marble mantelpiece of conch-shell, medicated gauze, bisque figurines, and hot-water kettle; in the sheerest of dimity, still dainty of ribbon, the figure of Miss Hoag, hugely, omnipotently omnipresent.



Long after the thridding of engine had died away and the purple quiet flowed over the path of twin lamplight, Miss Hoag stood in her half-open screen door, gazing after

"That better, Jas?" Silence. "Better? That's good! Now for the boy's supper! Beautiful white egg laid by beautiful white hen, and all beat up fluffy with sugar to make boy well, eh?"

Emaciated to boniness, but the great frame jutting and straining rather terribly to break through the restraint of too tight flesh, Mr. Jastrow rose to his elbow, jaw-lines sullen.

"Cut out that baby-talk and get me a swig, Teenie. Get me a drink before I get ugly."

"Oh, Jastrow—honey, don't begin that! Please, Jastrow, don't begin that—you been so good all day, honey——"

"Get me a swig," he repeated through set teeth. "You and a boob country quack of a doctor ain't going to own my soul. I'll bust up the place again. I ain't all dead yet. Get me a swig—quick, too!"

"Jas, there ain't none."

"There is!"

"That's just for to whip up five drops at a time with your medicine. That's medicine, Jas; it ain't to be took like drink. You know what the doc said last time. He ain't responsible if you disobey. I ain't—neither. Please, Jas!"

"I know a thing or two about the deal I'm getting around here. No quack boob is going to own my soul."

"Ain't it enough the way you nearly died last time, Jas? Honest, didn't that teach you a lesson? Be good, Jas; don't scare poor old Teenie all alone here with you. Looka out there through the door. Ain't it something grand? Honest, Jas, I just never get tired looking. See them low little hills way out there; I always say they look like chiffon this time of evening. Don't they? Just looka the whole fields out there, so still—like—like a old horse standing up dozing. Smell! Listen to the little birds! Ain't we happy out here, me and my boy that's getting well so fine?"

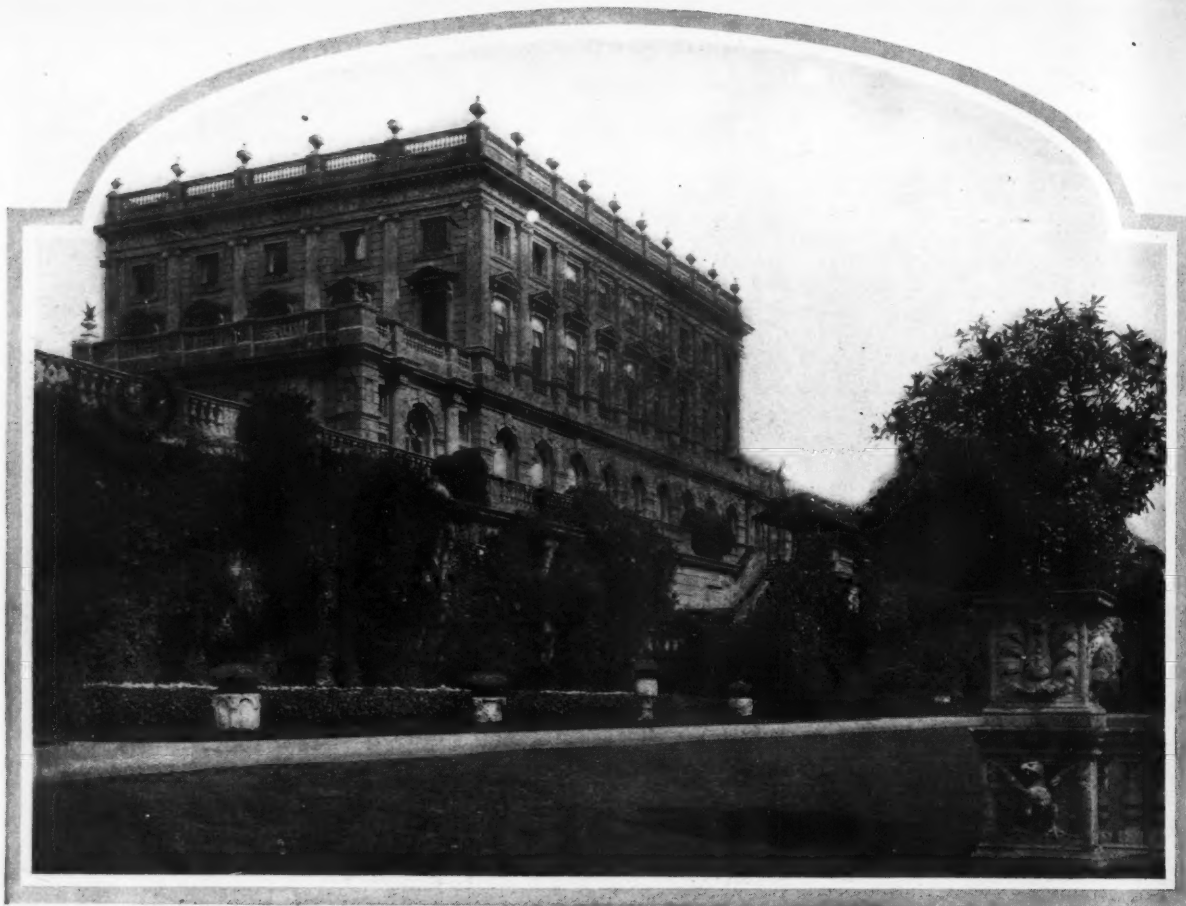
Then Jastrow the Granite Jaw began to whimper, half-moans engendered by weakness.

"Put me out of my misery. Shoot!"

"Jas—Jas—ain't that just an awful way for you to talk? Ain't that just terrible to say to your poor old Big Tent?"

She smoothed out his pillow, and drew out his cot on ready casters closer toward the open door.

"See, Jas—honest, can you ever get (Continued on page 134)



Cliveden, the home of Waldorf Astor, Buckinghamshire, England

The vast surrounding estate is one of the great landed properties which the British Labor Party demands shall be nationalized and used for the good of the English people

Our National Faith-Cure

*Will we be satisfied with it, or
will we search for real causes of
our ills now that the war is over?*

By Ben B. Lindsey

Written in collaboration with

Harvey O'Higgins

WE were sitting in the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin. It was February, 1916, when the United States was still neutral and the crown prince's army was hammering at the gates of Verdun. I had come to Berlin with a plan for relieving Poland and Serbia by the same means that the Belgian Relief Commission had brought relief to Belgium. In the course of negotiations I had met numerous German statesmen, government officials, financiers, army officers, and junkers of all sorts. And, in conversation with many of them, I had caught glimpses of a point of view which a German officer was now opening up to me quite frankly.

He insisted that the people were not fit to rule themselves, even in America. We had found that out, he said. We pretended that we had a democracy, but our government was absolutely dominated, ruled, and controlled by what he called our "intelligent classes." He maintained that this was a wise and necessary condition of affairs and that it gave us good government. Our Constitution and our whole political system, to his mind, were just a camouflage. So long as these served the purpose of the privileged class, they were maintained; but whenever they interfered with that purpose, they were ignored or evaded—and he considered this inevitable and practical and altogether wise.

He was a chance acquaintance, an officer of no importance, whom I had met at a dinner. But he was a typical junker. I

recognized in his arguments many thoughts that had been only faintly indicated in more official circles. He did not know—as German officialdom was perhaps informed—that I had spent most of my public life campaigning against our "invisible government" in one way or another. He was correspondingly outspoken.

"America and Germany are natural allies," he argued. "France, Russia, and Italy are too temperamental, too visionary, too revolutionary. They are trouble-makers. You Americans are practical. You put the affairs of your country in the control of the intelligent classes, as we do in Germany. You do not do it openly, as we do. You let the people believe that they govern themselves, but you have sense enough to leave the real power where it ought to be—in the hands of the practical people, the business men. You call them the 'invisible government.'"

I interrupted to object that the American people were largely in revolt against this "invisible government."

"No," he said; "the fact that it is permitted to rule shows that the thinking people want it to rule. Your intellectual classes must know in their hearts that its rule is necessary if your present order of society is to be maintained."

Herr Zimmerman, the kaiser's secretary of State, previous to this had merely warned me that the United States would yet have to unite with Germany against the socialists, and he pre-

dicted that America would come to see the wisdom of the kaiser's plan to crush the socialists before they could upset the whole world.

Another German official contented himself with impressing on me the dangers of socialism and paternalism. It was true, he said, that in Germany the individual had to give way to the state, but the German state was a commercial, imperialistic state, organized in the interests of the strong for the protection of the weak, who were not fit or able to govern themselves.

The conversation of my friend in the Adlon explained why these arguments were supposed likely to be effective with an American. Our invisible government, he believed, corresponded to the German system of junker rule. He was convinced that in our hearts we recognized the inability of the people to govern themselves, and that we had placed our government in the hands of our junkers secretly, just as the Germans had placed theirs in the hands of their junkers openly. The ambitions of our junkers were, to him, the same as the ambitions of the German junkers—trade and trade-dominion, spheres of influence to exploit a place in the sun.

It seemed to me that he was talking of an invisible government that was no longer in power in the United States. I explained that President Wilson's first election had been a defeat for our reactionaries, who had hoped to divide the Progressive vote between Wilson and Roosevelt so as to slip Taft into power. And President Wilson's first term had been full of disasters for the invisible government. His measures of domestic reform had deprived them of many of their most ancient privileges, and his policy in China and in Mexico had been a repudiation of their control in foreign affairs. It seemed to me that, as a government, they were more than usually invisible now, be-

PAUL
THOMPSON



James Thomas, leader of the British Labor Party

cause they were in a fair way to disappear completely.

The officer smiled.

"The people are not fit to rule," he said. "If you have not found it out in America, it is because you have never tried to take your affairs into your own hands. You have allowed your practical men to rule. If you get rid of your invisible government, you will learn."



(Above) Mrs. Waldorf Astor, the mistress of Cliveden. (Below) A corner of the Italian gardens at Cliveden

Our National Faith-Cure

I found this whole point of view quite common among the German commercial junkers. It seemed to be part of their general belief that the war was a war of commercial rivalry, forced upon Germany by the trade-jealousy of Great Britain—a war between the privileged classes of the more powerful European peoples for the right to exploit the weaker nations.

The mass of the German people had been deceived into believing that their country had been invaded, and that they were

fighting a holy war of national self-defense. It would seem from Prince Lichnowsky's confessions that the commercial junkers of Germany had been similarly deceived, since Lichnowsky has admitted that the British government had made every concession to the Germans in Portuguese Africa and in

their voices grew, the more convinced were the great masses of the American people that the war was a rich man's war, a capitalists' war, a war between the privileged classes of Europe for the right to exploit the world. The American junkers, exasperated because President Wilson's domestic policies had so curtailed their privileges, attempted to defeat him on his foreign policy and his attitude toward the European conflict. He was reelected by the vote of the Progressive and anti-junker West.

Meantime, a change was becoming evident in the nature and purposes of the war itself. In Germany, the militaristic junkers were wholly in control; the commercial junkers were discovering that they had been deceived, and the war had become a war for and against dynastic conquest and autocratic world-dominion. In the Allied countries, the privileged classes were either yielding their power to the masses of the people, as in England, or losing that power to a revolution of the people, as in Russia. With the publication of the secret treaties between Great Britain, France, Italy, and czarist Russia, it was apparent to what sort of struggle President Wilson had refused to become a party. The people had been fighting a war for the salvation of liberty. The junkers had been preparing to divide the fruits of conquest in the good old junker way. When President Wilson announced that the United States would fight "to make the world safe for democracy," he not only voiced the American ideal; he spoke also for the new sentiment of the people of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy. He did for the World War what Abraham Lincoln did for the Civil War—he gave it a soul that could not be defeated; he brought to it a popular support that made victory certain.

All the American junkers acclaimed his purpose and rallied to his banner. And no one who knows human nature will doubt that they enlisted with the sincerest patriotism "to do their bit." But it soon became plain enough that many of them had their own interests and their own aims—interests that were class interests and aims that were class aims. One did not need to wait for the signing of the armistice in order to learn that they were supporting the President with the mental reservation that they were willing to help win the war on *his* terms, in order to make peace on *their* terms. Their maneuvers to that end were observable long before the Congressional campaign in which they dropped all pretense of supporting him. In the West, from the beginning, their game was played openly and boldly.

There, for a decade past, the junkers had been in a losing fight. Measures of popular control had deprived the corporation corruptionists of their power over both political parties. The campaigns of the Progressives had defeated those tools in office who had represented the invisible government of the privileged classes. The West had largely been made safe for democracy.

the matter of the Berlin-Bagdad railway while Lichnowsky was German ambassador to Great Britain, and that the treaties offering these concessions were not signed or made public by the German government, apparently because their publication would have destroyed the fiction of British jealousy of German expansion.

In any case, the German junkers whom I met were convinced that our invisible government in the United States was the natural ally of the all too visible autocracy of Germany in its war against what the junkers believed to be the imperialistic trade-ambitions of the privileged classes in Great Britain and her allies. And when I returned to America, I watched with interest President Wilson's efforts to save the United States from being involved in the dispute.

It was obvious enough that all our American junkers were against him. He announced his fundamental policy, again and again: "America will have forgotten her traditions whenever she fights merely for herself under such circumstances as will show that she has forgotten to fight for all mankind." The junkers declared that this was poltroonery. Their voice was all for war. And the louder



Doctor Charles Zueblin



Secretary Josephus Daniels



Professor S. H. Clark



The war did not change that. But when the call for patriotic home service came, the men most free to respond were the men of comparative leisure, the men of income, the men of large affairs. They were the men most needed by the government to organize the country locally, because they had the experience and the social power. They formed the state councils of defense. They organized the loyalty leagues. They headed the local committees of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the Liberty Loan drives. They took the local dollar-a-year offices for the food administration and the fuel administration, and often, where they had power, they rewarded their old political associates by appointing them to lesser offices.

There followed such incidents as this: In one of the southern counties of Colorado we had just succeeded in driving a certain politician from public life. He became an official of the local food administration. All protest in Colorado was vain. It was carried to Washington, and his resignation was obtained, but the man who succeeded him was another of the same stripe. Washington was not to blame. It had to accept the patriotic services of the junkers, relying on their patriotism.

In many of the Western states, the farmers had organized the Non-Partisan League to fight the men who were oppressing them by means of railway control, and banking control, and control of grain-elevators, and the power in the state legislatures that made these controls effective. Many of the farmers and their leaders in the league had been opposed to American participation in the war because they had become convinced that it was a junker war. They had not kept pace with the changes in the character of the war itself. German propaganda was very active among them. When America entered the conflict, their past utterances made them liable to charges of disloyalty. Their old enemies, the local junkers, promptly seized the opportunity. They organized



Secretary Newton D. Baker

The Western farmers, in spite of oppression by

the railway and banking interests, gave their support to President Wilson and his war-aims whole-heartedly

loyalty leagues and public safety commissions, denounced the Non-Partisan Leaguers as traitors, and proceeded to mob them and deport them and indict them and tar and feather them. The government at Washington sent out speakers to the Non-Partisan League, through the Committee on Public Information. The local defense committees refused to allow these speakers to address public meetings of league members. The junkers did not wish to have the farmers rallied to the support of the war; they wished to have them marked as disloyalists so that the Non-Partisan League might be destroyed.

They failed. The Western farmers, in spite of this persecution, gave their support to President Wilson and his war-aims whole-heartedly. They oversubscribed to Liberty Loans and to all the funds of war-relief. They planted wheat when they could have made more profit out of oats and barley. And when the local junkers dropped their pretense of supporting the President and began to advocate a junker peace, with the same old provisions for imperial trade and commercial exploitation, the farmers remained for the most part true to the President's democratic ideals, even though the junkers tried to inflame them against the administration by arguing that the food board's campaign of food-control and price-fixing had been an injustice to the farmer that should be resented.

In the same way, the junkers on the Western state councils of defense and public-safety commissions and loyalty leagues took advantage of their opportunity to proceed against all their old opponents in labor circles and reform groups. The slightest reference to our bad industrial conditions was seized upon as socialism, Bolshevism, disloyalty, pro-Germanism. Doctor Charles Zueblin, lecturing in Colorado Springs before an association of grade- (Continued on page 123)

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie), an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visited Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs. Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain, whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed thereat.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. When Pierson learns of Noel's condition, he is completely stunned, and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But the girl defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Kestrel, and there, in the early spring, a son is born to her.

Her uncle offers to adopt the child, but she refuses, and goes back to her father, who approves her resolution. In London she sits to a Belgian refugee painter named Lavendie for her portrait. She soon encounters Opinion, for she openly acknowledges her motherhood. The results are what might be expected. Meanwhile, Captain Fort, filled with pity, offers any service in his power, for he knows that he is in love with her.

Noel now realizes that her return home was a mistake. She sends the baby and nurse to her aunt's and goes to Leila's, to remain until she can decide what to do. Her father sees her there, and, after an interview, decides to give up his parish in spite of Noel's vehement protests. After reaching this decision, he feels more light-hearted.

VIII

NOEL felt light-hearted, too, as if she had won a victory. She found some potted meat, spread it on another biscuit, ate it greedily, and finished the pint bottle of champagne. Then she hunted for the cigarettes, and sat down at the piano. She played old songs: "There is a Tavern in the Town," "Once I loved a Maiden Fair," "Mowing the Barley," "Clementine," "Lowlands," random tunes, and sang to them such words as she remembered. There was a delicious running in her veins, and once she got up and danced. She was kneeling at the window, looking out, when she heard the door open, and, without getting up, cried out:

"Isn't it a gorgeous night? I've had daddy here. I gave him some of your champagne and drank the rest—" then was conscious of a figure far too tall for Leila, and a man's voice saying:

"I'm awfully sorry. It's only I—Jimmy Fort."

Noel scrambled up.

"Leila isn't in; but she will be directly—it's past ten." He was standing stock-still in the middle of the room. "Won't you sit down? Oh—and won't you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

By the flash of his briquet, she saw his face clearly; the look on it filled her with a sort of malicious glee.

"I'm going now," she said. "Would you mind telling Leila

that I found I couldn't stop?" She made toward the divan to get her hat. When she had put it on, she found him standing just in front of her.

"Noel—if you don't mind me calling you that?"

"Not a bit!"

"Don't go; I'm going myself."

"Oh, no! Not for worlds!" She tried to slip past, but he took hold of her wrist.

"Please; just one minute!"

Noel stayed motionless, looking at him, while his hand still held her wrist. He said quietly,

"Do you mind telling me why you came?"

"Oh, just to see Leila."

"Things have come to a head at home, haven't they?" Noel shrugged her shoulders. "You came here for refuge, didn't you?"

"From whom?"

"Don't be angry—from the need of hurting your father." She nodded. "I knew it would come to that. What are you going to do?"

She sank into a chair, terribly. She had

Saint's

By John

Author of

Illustrated by



leaning back, with her knees crossed: and at that moment Noel admired her said it beautifully, and she looked so calm

Progress

Galsworthy

"Beyond," etc.

Fanny Munsell

sit when she was gone.

"It's awfully funny, isn't it?" she said.

"Funny?" he muttered savagely. "Most things are—in this funny world."

The sound of a taxi not far off had come to Noel's ears. She gathered her feet under her, planting them firmly. If she sprang up, could she slip by him before he caught her arm again, and get that taxi?

"If I go now," he said, "will you promise me to stop till you've seen Leila?"

"Enjoy myself."

She was saying something fatuous, yet she meant it.

"That's absurd.

Don't be angry.

You're quite right. Only, you must begin at the right end, mustn't you? Sit down." Noel tried to free her wrist. "No; sit down, please!"

Noel sat down; but as he loosed her wrist, she laughed. This was where he sat with Leila, where they would

down, both of you. I'm awfully tired."

She sank into a chair, leaning back, with her knees crossed; and at that moment Noel admired her terribly. She had said it beautifully, and she looked so calm. Fort was lighting her cigarette; his hand was shaking, and his face all sorry and mortified.

"Give Noel one, too, and draw the curtains, Jimmy. Quick! Not that it makes any difference; it's light as day. Sit down, dear." But Noel remained standing. "What have you been talking of? Love and Chinese lanterns—or only me?"

At those words, Fort, who was drawing the last curtain, turned round; his tall figure was poised awkwardly against the wall; his face, utterly incapable of diplomacy, had a look as of flesh being beaten. If weals had started up across it, Noel would not have been surprised.

He said, with painful slowness:

"I don't exactly know. We had hardly begun, had we?"

"The night is young," said Leila. "Go on while I just take off my things."

She rose with the cigarette between her lips and went into the inner room. In passing, she gave Noel a look. What there was in that look the girl could never make clear even to herself. Perhaps a creature shot would gaze like that, with a sort of profound

"No."

"That's foolish. Come, promise!"

Noel shook her head. She felt a perverse pleasure at his embarrassment.

"Leila's lucky, isn't she? No children, no husband, no father, no anything. How lovely!"

She saw his arm go up as if to ward off a blow.

"Poor Leila!" he said.

"Why are you sorry for her? She's got freedom. And she's got *you*!"

She knew it was wicked, but she wanted to hurt him.

"You needn't envy her for that."

But, as he spoke, Noel saw a figure over by the door; Leila had come in. She jumped up, and said breathlessly:

"Oh, here you are, Leila! Father's been here, and we've had some of your champagne."

"Capital! You *are* in the dark!"

Noel felt the blood rush into her cheeks. There was a click; the light leaped up, and Leila came forward. She looked extremely pale, calm, and self-contained in her nurse's dress; her full lips were tightly pressed together, but Noel could see her breast heaving violently. And a turmoil of shame and wounded pride began raging in the girl. Why had she not flown long ago? Why had she let herself be trapped like this? Leila would think she had been making up to him. Horrible! Disgusting! Why didn't he—why didn't some one, speak? Then Leila said:

"I didn't expect you, Jimmy. I'm glad you haven't been dull. Noel is staying here to-night. Give me a cigarette. Sit

and distant questioning, reproach, and anger, with a sort of pride and the quiver of death. As the door closed, Fort came right across the room.

"Go to her!" cried Noel. "She wants you. Can't you see she wants you?"

And before he could move, she was at the door. She flew downstairs, and out into the moonlight. The taxi, a little way off, was just beginning to move away; she ran toward it, calling out: "Anywhere! Piccadilly!" and, jumping in, blotted herself against the cushions in the far corner.

She did not come to herself, as it were, for several minutes, and then feeling she could no longer bear the cab, stopped it and got out. Where was she? Bond Street. She began idly wandering down its narrow length—the fullest street by day, the emptiest by night. Oh, it had been horrible! Nothing had been said by any of them—nothing, and yet everything dragged out—of him, of Leila, of herself! She seemed to have no pride or decency left, as if she had been caught stealing. All her happy exhilaration had gone, leaving a miserable recklessness. Nothing she did was right, nothing turned out well, so what did it all matter? The moonlight flooding down between the tall houses gave her a peculiar heady feeling.

"Fey," her father had called her. Fey! She laughed. "But I'm not going home," she thought.

Bored with the street's length, she turned off and was suddenly in Hanover Square. There was the church, gray-white, where she had been bridesmaid to a second cousin when she was fifteen. She seemed to see it all again—her frock, the lilies in her hand, the surplices of the choir, the bride's dress, all moonlight-colored and unreal.

"I wonder what's become of her," she thought. "He's dead, I expect—like Cyril." She saw her father's face as he was marrying them, heard his voice: "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part." And the moonlight on the church seemed to shift and quiver—some pigeons, perhaps, had been disturbed up there. Then, instead of that wedding-vision, she saw Monsieur Barra, sitting on his chair, gazing at the floor, and Chica nursing her doll. "All mad, *mademoiselle*, a little mad. Millions of men with white souls, but all a little mad, you know." Then Leila's face came before her, with that look in her eyes. She felt again the hot grasp of Fort's fingers on her wrist, and walked on, rubbing it with the other hand. She turned into Regent Street. The wide curve of the Quadrant swept into a sky of unreal blue, and the orange-shaded lamps merely added to the unreality. "Love and Chinese lanterns!" I should like some coffee," she thought suddenly. She was quite close to the place where Lavendie had taken her. "I'll go in here," she thought; "why not? I must go somewhere." She turned into the revolving cage of glass, and went down the corridor, half amused, half frightened, then suddenly remembered that through the end door they danced. She heard music, the sound of feet and laughter, and stood hesitating; a couple came out from the restaurant on her right, two men smoking cigars from a glass door on her left; she heard voices behind her. The door in front of her was opened, and a tall, pale young man in khaki burst out, brushing up his hair with his hands to cool his brow. He stumbled into Noel, recoiled, bowed, and said:

"Are you going to dance? Do have a turn with me. Come on!"

Noel did not answer, but went in at his side, and instantly began to dance. It was not a very large room, and there were about twenty couples—officers, civilians, young women in high dresses and low dresses, hats and without hats, but all quite orderly. The music and the floor were good; the young man danced well. It seemed to Noel as unreal as the street, and she floated about in a sort of dream, as if she had lost herself and did not want to find it again. It was delicious to be dancing. That was real—the real thing to-night—except Leila's face.

"I go back to-morrow," said the young man suddenly.

"Oh!" murmured Noel.

"Never mind. Jolly good evening for the last. Your dance like an angel. You are an angel, aren't you? I thought you were, outside the door—dropped from heaven. No angels in Flanders. 'Here we go round the mulberry bush!' Isn't this a topping step? Look here: Don't dance with anybody else; you're too good. Dance with me all the time, and don't talk about the war."

"I don't talk about anything when I'm dancing."

"Do you know anybody here?"

Noel shook her head.

"Nor I. I've been dancing with that girl in green; *she's* not an angel. By George, *she's* the limit!"

Noel saw a girl with a powdered face, and with eyes which seemed to burn whatever they looked on. They hurt her. She seemed to hear Fort's voice saying, "You must begin at the right end, mustn't you?" She flushed, went deadly pale; but all the time her feet went on sliding, slipping, in and out of the young man's feet, and the music whined and drummed in her ears, and the young man chattered. They passed the door.

"I think I'll stop," she murmured, "and get some air a minute. Oh, and I *would* like some coffee!"

The young man spun round, swinging her almost off her feet. "Right-o!" he said. "You stay here. I'll get it in a jiffy."

He pushed open the door and vanished. Noel slipped outside. She stood just one moment, hesitating, then rushed as if for life down the passage and out through the glass cage. Once in the street and hurrying along, she felt her heart revive, and laughed, thinking of his face when he came back. He had said she was an angel dropped outside the door; he would expect her to go up in the same way! She sped along—feeling her only safety was in speed. But she could not walk about all night. There would be no train for Kestrel till the morning—and did she really want to go there and eat her heart out?

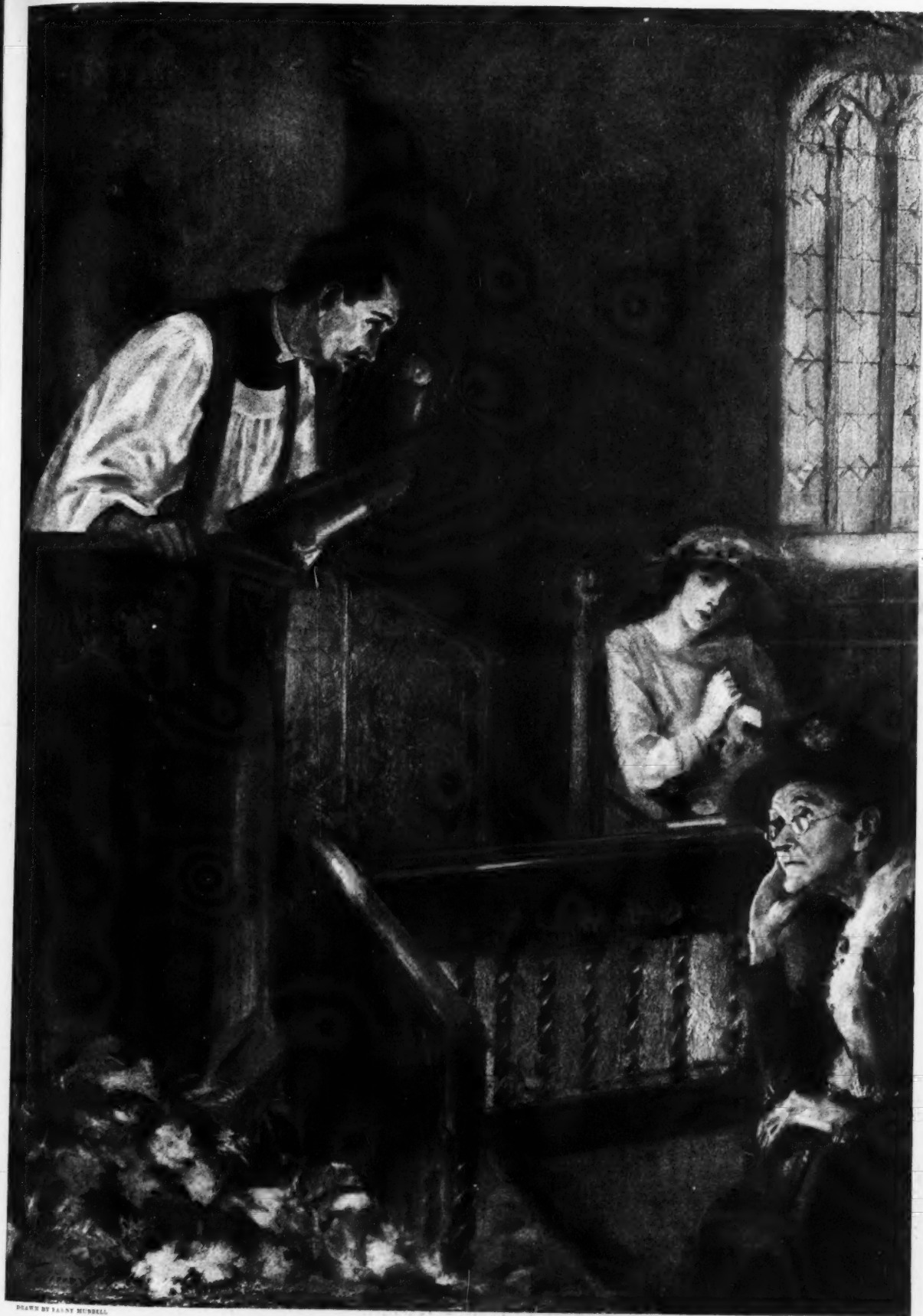
Suddenly she thought of George. Why not go down to him at Dover? He would know what was best for her to do. At the foot of the steps below the Waterloo Column, she stood still. All was quiet there and empty, the great buildings whitened, the trees blurred and blue; and sweeter air was coming across their flowering tops. The sensation of whirling and hovering left by the dance was still with her, so that she felt small and light, as if she could have floated through a ring. Faint rims of light showed round the windows of the great buildings. The war! However lovely the night, however sweet the lilac smelled—that never stopped!

She turned away and passed out under the arch, making for Charing Cross station. The train of the wounded had just come in, and she stood in the cheering crowd, watching the ambulances run out. Tears of excited emotion filled her eyes and trickled down. Steady, smooth, gray, one after the other they came gliding, with a little burst of cheers greeting each one. All were gone now, and she could pass in. She went to the buffet and got a large cup of coffee and a bun. Then, having noted the time of her early-morning train, she sought the ladies' waiting-room, and, sitting down in a corner, took out her purse and counted her money. Two pounds fifteen—enough to go to the hotel if she liked. But without luggage it was so conspicuous, and she could sleep in this corner all right if she wanted. What did girls do who had no money, and no friends to go to?

Tucked away in the corner of that empty, heavy, varnished room, she seemed to see the cruelty and hardness of life as she had never before seen it, not even when facing her confinement. How lucky she had been—and was! Everyone was good to her. She had nothing—no real want or dangers—to face. But for women—yes, and men, too—who had no one to fall back on, nothing but their own hands and health and luck, it must be awful. That girl whose eyes had scorched her—perhaps she had no one—nothing. And people who were born ill, and the millions of poor women, like those whom she had gone visiting with Gratan sometimes in the poorer streets of her father's parish—for the first time she seemed to really know and feel the sort of lives they led. And then Leila's face came back to her once more—Leila, whom she had robbed. And the worst of it was that, alongside her remorseful sympathy, she felt a sort of satisfaction. She could not help his not loving Leila; she could not help it if he loved herself. And he did—she knew it! To feel that anyone loved her was so comforting. But it was all awful! And she—the cause of it! And yet—she had never done or said anything to attract him. No; she could not have helped it. She had begun to feel drowsy and closed her eyes. Gradually there came on her a cozy sensation, as if she were leaning up against some one with her head tucked in against his shoulder, as she had so often leaned as a child against her father, coming back from some long, darkening drive in Wales or Scotland. She seemed even to feel the wet, soft westerly air on her face and eyelids and to sniff the scent of a frieze coat, to hear the jog of hoofs and the rolling of the wheels, to feel the closing-in of the darkness. Then, so dimly and drowsily, she seemed to know that it was not her father, but some one—some one—then no more, no more at all.

IX

SHE was awakened by the scream of an engine, and looked round her, amazed. Her neck had fallen sideways while she



DRAWN BY SAINT MEADALL

"Friends, I am leaving you. These are the last words I shall ever speak in this place"

slept, and felt horribly stiff; her head ached, and she was shivering. She saw by the clock that it was past five. "If only I could get some tea!" she thought. "Anyway, I won't stay here any longer."

When she had washed and rubbed some of the stiffness out of her neck, the tea renewed her sense of adventure wonderfully. Her train did not start for an hour; she had time for a walk, to warm herself, and went down to the river. There was an early haze, and all looked a little mysterious; but people were already passing on their way to work. She walked along, looking at the water flowing up under the bright mist to which the gulls gave a sort of hovering life. She went as far as Blackfriar's Bridge, and, turning back, sat down on a bench under a plane tree just as the sun broke through. A little pasty woman with a pinched, yellowish face was already sitting there, so still, and seeming to see so little, that Noel wondered of what she could be thinking. While she watched, the woman's face began puckering, and tears rolled slowly down, trickling from pucker to pucker till Noel, summoning her courage, sidled nearer and said:

"Oh! What's the matter?"

The tears seemed to stop from sheer surprise; little gray eyes gazed round at Noel—patient little eyes from above an almost bridgeless nose.

"I 'ad a baby. It's dead. Its father's dead in France. I was goin' in the water, but I didn't like the look of it, and now I never will."

That "Now I never will" moved Noel terribly. She slid her arm along the back of the bench and clasped the skinniest of shoulders.

"Don't cry!"

"It was my first. I'm thirty-eight. I'll never 'ave another. Oh, why didn't I go in the water?"

The face puckered again, and the squeezed-out tears ran down.

"Of course she must cry," thought Noel; "cry and cry till it feels better." And she stroked the shoulder of the little woman, whose emotion was disengaging the scent of old clothes.

"The father of *my* baby was killed in France, too," she said at last. The little, sad gray eyes looked curiously round.

"Was 'e? 'Ave you got your baby still?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"I'm glad of that. It 'urts so bad, it does. I'd rather lose me 'usband than me baby, any day." And the sun shone on the side of that humble, terribly patient face.

"Can I do anything to help you?" Noel murmured.

"No, thank you, miss. I'm goin' 'ome now. I don't live far. Thank you kindly." And, raising her eyes for one more of those half-bewildered looks, she moved away along the Embankment wall. When she was out of sight, Noel walked back to the station. The train for Dover was in, and she took her seat.

She had three fellow passengers, all in khaki, very silent and moody, as men are when they have to get up early. One was tall, dark, and perhaps thirty-five; the second was small, and perhaps fifty, with cropped, scanty gray hair; the third was of medium height and perhaps sixty-five, with a long row of little colored patches on his tunic, and a bald, narrow, well-shaped head, gray hair brushed back at the sides, and the thin, collected features and drooping mustache of the old school. It was at him that Noel looked. When he glanced out of the window,

or otherwise retired within himself, she liked his face; but when he turned to the ticket-collector or spoke to the others, she did not like it half so much. It was as if the old fellow had two selves, one of which he used when he was alone, the other in which he dressed every morning to meet the world. They had begun to talk about some tribunal on which they had to sit. Noel did not listen, but a word or two carried to her now and then.



The tears seemed to stop from sheer surprise: little gray eyes
It's dead. Its father's dead in France. I was

"How many to-day?" she heard the old fellow ask, and the little cropped man answering, "Hundred and fourteen."

Fresh from the sight of the poor little shabby woman and her grief, she could not help a sort of shrinking from that trim old soldier, with his thin, regular face, who held the fate of a "hundred and fourteen" in his firm, narrow grasp, perhaps every day. Would he understand their troubles or wants? Of course not. Then she saw him looking at her critically with his

keen, half-veiled eyes. If he had known her secret! "A lady, and act like that! Oh, no! Quite—quite out of the question!" And she felt as if she could sink under the seat with shame. No doubt he was only thinking: "Very young to be traveling by herself at this hour of the morning. Pretty, too!" But that did not help. If he knew the real truth of her—how he would stare! Why did this utter stranger, this old disciplinarian, by a casual glance, by the mere form of his face, make her feel more guilty and ashamed than she had yet felt? He was, must be, a narrow, conventional old man, and yet he could do that, because she felt that he had faith in his gods and was true to them, because she knew he would die sooner than depart from his canons of conduct.



gazed round at Noel—patient little eyes from above an almost bridgeless nose. "I 'ad a baby. goin' in the water, but I didn't like the look of it, and now I never will"

She turned to the window, biting her lips—angry and despairing. She would never—never get used to her position; it was no good. And again she had the longing of her dream—to tuck her face away into that coat, smell the scent of the frieze, snuggle in, be protected, and forget. "If I had been that poor, lonely little woman," she thought, "and had lost everything, I *should* have gone into the water. It's only luck that I'm alive. I won't look at that old man again; then I shan't feel so bad."

She had bought some chocolate at the station and nibbled it, gazing steadily at the fields covered with daisies and the first of the buttercups and cowslips. The three soldiers were talking now in carefully lowered voices. The words: "women," "under control," "perfect plague," came to her, making her ears burn. In the hypersensitive mood caused by the strain of yesterday, her broken night, and the emotional meeting with the little woman, she felt as if they would include her among those "women." "If we stop, I'll get out," she thought. But when the train did stop, it was they who got out. She felt the old general's keen veiled glance sum her up for the last time, and looked full at him just for a moment. He touched his cap, said, "Will you have the window up or down?" and lingered to draw it half-way up. His punctiliousness made her feel worse than ever. And when the train had started again, she roamed up and down her empty carriage; there was no more a way out of her position than out of this rolling, cushioned carriage. And then she seemed to hear Fort's voice saying, "Sit down, please!" and to feel his fingers clasp her wrist. Oh, he was nice and comforting; he would never reproach or remind her! And now probably she would never see him again.

The train drew up at last. She did not know where George lodged, and would have to go to his hospital. She planned to get there at half-past nine, and having eaten a sort of breakfast at the station, went forth into the town. Dover was still wrapped in the early glamour which haunts chalk of a bright morning. But the streets were very much alive. Here was the real business of the war. She passed houses which had been wrecked. Trucks clanged and shunted; great lorries rumbled smoothly by. Sea and airplanes were moving like great birds far up in the bright haze; long gray ships crowded the harbor, and khaki was everywhere. But it was the sea Noel wanted. She made her way westward to a little beach, free of harbor-works and ships, and, sitting down on a stone, opened her arms to catch the sun on her face and chest. The tide was nearly up, with the wavelets of a

blue-bright sea. The great fact, the greatest fact in the world, except the sun—vast and free, making everything human seem small and transitory! It did her good, like a tranquilizing friend. The sea might be cruel and terrible. Awful things it could do, and awful things were being done on it; but its wide, level line, its never-ending song, its sane savor were the best medicine she could possibly have taken. She rubbed the shelly sand between her fingers with absurd ecstasy, took off her shoes and stockings, paddled, and sat drying her legs in the sun.

When she left the little beach, she felt as if some one had said to her: "Your troubles are very little. There's the sun, the sea, the air; enjoy them! They can't take those from you."

At the hospital, she had to wait half an hour in a little bare room

before George came. She had not seen him since her return.

"Nollie! Splendid! I've got an hour. Let's get out of this cemetery. We'll have time for a good stretch on the tops."

"Well, my dear," he said, when they were outside the gates; "jolly of you to have come to me. Tell us all about it."

When Noel had finished, he squeezed her arm.

"I knew it wouldn't do. Your dad forgot that he's a public

figure, and must expect to be damned according. But though you've cut and run, he'll resign all the same, Nollie."

"Oh, no!" cried Noel.

George shook his head.

"Yes; he'll resign. You'll see. He's got no worldly sense—not a grain."

"Then I shall have spoiled his life, just as if—oh, no!"

"Let's sit down here. I must be back at eleven."

They sat down on a bench, where the green cliff stretched out before them, over a sea quite clear of haze, far down and very blue.

"Why should he resign," cried Noel again, "now that I've gone? He'll be lost without it all."

"Found, my dear. He'll be where he ought to be, Nollie, where the Church is, and the churchmen are not—in the air."

"Don't!" cried Noel passionately.

"My dear child, I'm not chaffing. There's no room on earth for saints in authority. There's use for a saintly symbol, even if one doesn't hold with it, but there's no mortal use for those who try to have things both ways—to be saints and seers of visions, and yet come the practical and worldly, and rule ordinary's men's lives. Saintly example—yes; but not saintly governance. You've been his deliverance."

"But daddy loves his church."

George frowned.

"Of course it'll be a wrench. A man's bound to have a cozy feeling about a place where he's been boss so long; and there is

something about a church—the drone, the scent, the half-darkness—there's beauty in it; it's a pleasant drug. But he's not being asked to give up the drug habit—only to stop administering drugs to others. Don't you worry, Nollie; I don't believe that's ever suited him. It wants a thicker skin than he's got."

"But all the people he helps?"

"No reason he shouldn't go on helping people, is there?"

"But to go on living there, without—mother died there, you know."

George grunted.

"Dreams, Nollie, all round him—of the past and the future, of what people are and what he can do with them. I never see him without a skirmish, as you know, and yet I'm fond of him. But I should be twice as fond and half as likely to skirmish if he'd drop the habits of authority. Then I believe he'd have some real influence over me. There's something beautiful about him; I know that quite well."

"Yes," murmured Noel fervently.

"He's a queer mixture," mused George. "He's out of his age, Nollie—chalks above most of the parsons in a spiritual sense, and chalks below most of them in the worldly. And yet I believe he's in the right of it. The Church ought to be a forlorn hope, Nollie; then we should take it seriously. Instead of that, it's a prosperous business that no one can take seriously. Now, what about you? There's a room at my boarding-house, and only one old lady there beside myself, who knits all the time. If Grace can get shifted, we'll find a house, and you can have the baby. They'll send your luggage on from Paddington if you write; and in the mean time Grace has got some things here that you can have."

"I'll have to send a wire to daddy."

"I'll do that. You come to my diggings at half-past one, and I'll settle you in. Until then, you'd better stay up here."

When he had gone, she roamed a little further, and lay down on the short grass, where the chalk broke through in patches. She could hear a distant rumbling, very low, traveling in that grass, the long mutter of the Flanders guns. "I wonder if it's as beautiful a day there," she thought. "How dreadful to see no green, no butterflies, no flowers—not even sky—for the dust of the shells! Oh, won't it ever, ever end?" And a sort of passion for the earth welled up in her, the warm, grassy earth along which she lay pressed so close that she could feel it with every inch of her body, and the soft spikes of the grass against her nose and lips. An aching sweetness tortured her; she wanted the earth to close its arms about her; she wanted the answer to her embrace of it. She was alive, and wanted love. Not death—not loneliness—not death! And out there, where the guns muttered, millions of men would be thinking that same thought.

X

EDWARD PIERSON had passed nearly the whole night with the relics of his past, the records of his stewardship, and the tokens of his short married life. The idea which had possessed him walking home in the moonlight sustained him in that melancholy task of docketing and destruction. There was not nearly so much to do as one would have supposed, for, with all his dreaminess, he had always been oddly neat and businesslike in all parish matters. But a hundred times that night he stopped, overcome by memories. Every corner, drawer, photograph, paper was thread in the long-spun web of his life in this house. Some phase of his work, some vision of his wife or his daughters started forth from each bit of furniture, picture, doorway. Noiseless, in his slippers, he stole up and down between the study, dining-room, drawing-room, and anyone seeing him at his work in the dim light which visited the staircase from above the front door and the upper-passage window would have thought—a ghost at large, a ghost gone into mourning for the condition of the world, perhaps. He had to make this reckoning to-night, while the exaltation of his new idea (Continued on page 98)



Fanny Marshall

Then, so dimly and drowsily, she seemed to know that it was not her father, but some one—some one—then no more, no more at all



Thanks to Lucia

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrated by
Harrison Fisher

ONE really hasn't the right to be surprised at anything nowadays, especially as regards sudden departures from the conventional in the conduct of young girls. So I was entirely to blame for being startled when there walked into the smoking-room of the hotel, where I was sitting alone, a young and very pretty girl who threw me a careless and rather friendly glance, then began, apparently, to undress.

Taken thus off my guard, I stared at her for a moment, then looked round for the camera-man, for this was down in the moving-picture country. But there was no camera-man. In fact, there was nobody at all around, and, being of a wary nature, I was about to retire when the girl extracted a pin which had been sticking into some part of her, reassembled again, and, turning to me with a smile, remarked:

"Clothes are a great bother, aren't they? I don't see why people want to wear so many of them."

"It is one of the foolish customs of the country," I answered. "Perhaps they are more sensible where you come from." For, in noticing the old-ivory tan of her clear skin, it struck me that perhaps she was a Pacific Islander, though in general type she was Anglo-Saxon.

She shook her head, and tumbled down a bale of insecurely fastened ruddy hair.

"Bother!" said she impatiently. "It's just the same with your hair. So many silly little pins and things! I don't know how to make it stay. Do you?"

"I never tried," I answered; "so the chances are I should make a mess of it. If you go in the ladies' dressing-room, the maid might fix it for you."

She ignored the advice and fastened me with a pair of large eyes which were of a pale but very soft shade of gray, doubly fringed with long black lashes. I saw immediately, from their expression, that I had to do with some sort of a primitive. No sophisticated girl, however artful, could have given an absolute stranger such an unconscious, inquiring stare.

"You look very nice," said she. "Do you know my father?"

"Thank you," I answered. "What is your father's name?"

"Elliot Fiske. We have just got here from a long way off. I never saw any people before. Father says I must not speak to strangers, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind my speaking to you."

But I was hardly listening. Elliot Fiske — Elliot Fiske. The name was entirely familiar. Sometime or other, I had known one Elliot Fiske, and the vague association impressed me as having been a pleasant one. The girl interrupted my effort at recollection.

"What is your name?" she asked. "Mine is Lucia."

"And mine is Arthur Brown," I answered, at which she clapped her hands.

Then suddenly I remembered Elliot Fiske as one of the American art students at Julian's paint-school when I had studied there nearly twenty-five years ago, and one of the wildest of that rollicking crowd. It seemed to me also that I had heard something of his having been lost at sea on a voyage round the Horn on one of his uncle's big sailing ships.

"Of course," I said, and, as I spoke, Fiske himself came in. I doubt if I should have known him for the gay, debonair friend of my youth. He did not look to have aged so much, though his hair and Van Dyck had whitened, but his handsome face was tanned and weather-roughened as if from many years of exposure, and had a strong, virile intensity of expression utterly lacking in the Elliot Fiske whom I remembered. His body, too, gave a suggestion of splendid muscular strength and nervous tonicity.

"Here you are again!" he snapped to Lucia. "How many times must I tell you to keep out of the smoking-room and not to bother strangers?"

"Hello, Fiske," I interrupted. "Where have you been all these years?"

He recognized me at once. Then some woman acquaintance looked in and called to Lucia, who went out with a rush, her hair tumbling on her shoulders. Fiske dropped into a chair with a sigh.

"Now what the deuce am I to do with a young savage like that?" he demanded helplessly. "Just think of it, Brown; until a week ago she'd never seen a living person but her mother and old André and myself."

There walked into the smoking-room of the hotel, where I was sitting alone, a young and very pretty girl who threw me a careless and rather friendly glance, then began, apparently, to undress

"Where in the world have you been?" I asked.

"On a weird outcrop of hell in Magellan Land. Old uncle Saltonstall stuck me on one of his wind-jammers for a voyage round the Horn to cure me of the liquor habit. This ship had taken a cargo of California wine to Bordeaux, got it good and agitated, then bottled and shipped back with a French label. She was homeward bound full of empty casks which were worth more than the blooming wine, and uncle said to me: 'Nephew, here's a chance to make a man of yourself. Captain Simms runs a dry ship, and you can't get a drink for at least three months. Now you can go and overcome your vice or never expect another cent from me.' So I went."

"Did you get cured?" I asked.

"You bet! I was cured before we crossed the Line, but it wasn't the dryness of the ship that did it. The skipper was a secret drinker, and he was taking out the niece of a French wine-grower in California. Her name was Renée Duffroy, and she was a beauty. I fell in love with her, of course, and so did that darned psalm-singing, rum-soaking skipper, and I had to keep sober to protect her. Oh, it was a beastly cruise, and kept getting worse the nearer we got to the Horn. Down there off old Cape Stiff, everything went glimmering. The mate was swept overboard one night, and the second mate fell from aloft and smashed himself to pieces, and just then the old man blew up in a raging attack of d.t.'s and saw sea-serpents and things tearing over the waves and clashing their jaws. The crew got at the liquor, and, with all hands drunk and I standing guard over Renée with a gun, we got caught aback and dismayed. Before this, we'd been swept repeatedly, and lost all of our boats and most of the hands. Then the weather cleared, and we found ourselves wallowing crazily in the backwash from the foot of great, jagged, towering cliffs, and finally slewed into a bright and fetched up in a landlocked basin on three big prongs of rock. We jammed down on them with the tide at full flood, and there we stuck like a piece of junk on a fork."

"How many of you were there?" I asked.

"Six of us. Renée and the skipper and André, the cook, two of the hands, and myself. It was a terrific sort of place—huge, heaped-up, jagged cliffs full of caverns and grottoes, and farther inland there were high plateaus and deep gorges and valleys with boiling springs and geysers and things. The sea roared against it, and the wind roared over it, and part was frozen and part steaming, and there were seals and myriads of birds and a good many wild goats. It was an island, I think, though in twenty years' time I never got all the way across it to see. In the basin where the ship fetched up there were places where the water boiled up hot and fresh in big, flat eddies, and in some of the little valleys the vegetation was tropical. You can't imagine such a mixed-up place, and it had a sort of fantastic beauty of the Turneresque school. A few miles away, a miniature volcano got semiaactive once in a while and turned the atmosphere a ruddy saffron. It was an awful place for thunder-storms, too."

"And you've just come from there?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes. After about eighteen months of it without ever sighting so much as smoke, we built a pinnacle, and the skipper and two hands cleared out, but they must have been lost. Before the skipper left, he married Renée and me, and about a year later, Lucia was born. André preferred to stay with us than take a chance in that little boat in those awful waters with the swift tides and fogs and terrific, sudden squalls. The climate wasn't really so bad, as you could have any kind you liked at almost any time of year, the place being steam-heated, as you might say, or full of furnaces. There would be a steeple of rock sheathed in ice, and mushrooms growing round a hot spring at the foot of it. The big cavern we lived in was always comfortably warm. Taking it full and by, we weren't so badly off. We had everything a big ship carries to start with, and the seeds we planted in the warm, fertile spots grew amazingly. I suppose the ground was rich in phosphates and nitrates and things. We had peas and beans and onions and potatoes and corn, and we'd saved a few chickens that soon increased and multiplied. Then there were the goats and seals and all sorts of sea-food. Fact is, when we began to get used to it a little, Renée and I were perfectly happy. She loved me, and I loved her."

"*Je l'aime; je l'adore;
Que veux tu encore?*"

"*A paradis à deux,*" I murmured.

"Quite so. Good old André was a sort of Caliban. He got a little dippy, I think, but, being a Breton, that was natural. As I said, the place has a wild, ery beauty about it. Imagine the north pole and the tropics stirred up roughly together and

then suddenly solidified. Ice crystals on the beach, and a couple of hundred yards away fruit and flowers growing round the edges of a steaming pool. As soon as we gave up the idea of rescue and began to make ourselves at home for the rest of our lives, I started in to paint."

"Using the ship's paint when your colors gave out?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it. I never touched that mud. There were some wonderful pigments in that volcanic formation, and I ground them up and mixed them with various tempora until I got what I wanted—gums and egg albumen and amber and all that stuff. Do you know, Brown, I really learned to paint in that place. I cut my canvases from the sails and used the cabin-panels, and I had some wonderful things, if I do say it myself. Then, about three years ago, Renée was killed." His face twitched. "She was struck by lightning in one of those hideous storms. The place fairly shook with them. Renée got careless and started to come to the 'studio,' as I called the grotto where Lucia and I were at work."

"Well, it was unbearable without Renée, so we decided to try to get away. André was getting old, and any day some accident might have happened me and left Lucia there alone. It took



the three of us two years to build our boat, and she was nearly finished when there came an earthquake which killed André and destroyed all of my paintings but two which I had stuck up in our cavern. I had painted them for Renée. So Lucia and I put to sea, and here we are."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get?"

"We were picked up by a steamer off the entrance to the Straits of Magellan and taken to San Francisco. I landed there after twenty years of exile with about five hundred dollars and a grown-up daughter whose knowledge of this world is purely theoretical. But let me tell you she is very far from being the young savage you might think. Her mother was convent-educated, and gave her lessons in everything which she thought she ought to know, while she has learned a good deal that she may some day have to know from me. I'm no believer in the protection-of-innocence idea. Lucia inherits her mother's beauty and temperament and a good deal of her father's damfoolishness, and she's not on any desert island now."

"I don't think you need worry about Lucia," said I. "She'll soon learn the ropes. What is more important just at this minute is how you are going to provide for her with what is left of your five hundred dollars. Have you no other resources?"

He shook his head.

"None whatever—barring, of course, my painting. Renée had no *dot*, and I learn that uncle Saltonstall took it for granted that I must be drowned when I failed to cadge on him for a year or two, and left his fortune with no provision for my turning-up. I came down here hoping to find an old chum, but he's dead, too. So I'm going to see if I can't get a job with these 'movie' people for the time being."

"Nonsense!" I said. "You come to my house and stay as long as you like. I've got a nice bungalow down the beach with a big studio, and my household consists of a Chinese cook, a French valet, a Swiss chauffeur, and a Portuguese boatman. Draw on me for what you need until you get on your feet again. I've done pretty well since we last met, and just now I'm at work on a big order to paint the mural decorations in the palace of a millionaire. So just you pack up your dunnage and move in."

Fiske protested a little, but finally gave in; so, as soon as Lucia came back, I loaded them and their scant luggage into the car and took them to my place, which was about five miles away. Fiske sat in front with the chauffeur and was tremendously interested and excited in the running of the car, but Lucia seemed entirely at her ease. I asked her presently what she found most curious about her new surroundings.

"Men," she answered promptly. "They are not at all what I thought they would be like. All that I have talked to were very nice, but, of course, some are nicer than others. Father must be quite wrong about them. Money is very interesting, too. It seems to me that if one wants to be

happy here, the first thing to do is to make friends with some man who has plenty of money."

"Why not a woman?" I asked.

"I think a woman would probably want it for herself," said she. "The men seem to be much more obliging. I hope that you have plenty of money, Mr. Brown."

"Fortunately I have as much as we are apt to need," I answered. "What would you like to have first?"

She reflected for a moment while I watched her in amused curiosity. If I had been twenty years younger, Lucia's profile would have aroused a much warmer emotion.

"I think I should like to have a goat," said she. "I had to leave my goat, and I have missed it a great deal. Later on, I should like to have a husband who was good-looking and has plenty of money."

"Those are both very reasonable things to want, and I don't think there should be any great difficulty about getting them," I answered. "I shall buy you a kid this very afternoon. But you had better look round a little before you choose the husband, as you might pick the wrong one, and they are sometimes difficult to get rid of."

She nodded.

"So father has told me. But I can't wait very long, because we haven't any money, and it would not be right for us to keep on spending yours without giving you anything in return."

"That is done between friends," I said. "Besides, you do give me something in return. You give me the pleasure of your company. As long as I am satisfied with the arrangement, there is no reason why you shouldn't be."

Lucia turned and looked at me intently, then smiled, and a shade of color glowed through her clear ivory skin. Her face was of the sort which is intensely attractive to men, not precisely beautiful or entirely regular of feature, the mouth being wide and set slightly at a slant with very mobile lips and a nose of which the tip left plenty of clearance for their activity. It was, on the whole, the face of a thoughtful but potentially mischievous nymph.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"Of what you just said," she answered. "Of course it is very nice to have a friend who gives you things, but I should want to give more than the pleasure of my company in return. Now, if I were your wife, I would be yours, just the same as my goat is mine, so it would be all right for you to take care of me. I think that you would be a very nice husband, Mr. Brown, but I suppose that if you wanted a wife you would have got one a long time ago."

Fortunately Fiske was playing the chauffeur with questions about the machine, which the latter was answering in detail, so that this tentative proposal was not overheard.

"The only woman I ever wanted to marry did not want to marry me," I

said to Lucia. "Perhaps at that time I did not have money enough. So she married a man whom she did not love but who had a great deal, and afterward he went and lost it, and then she had nothing at all. You see, my dear, money is not everything."

"No," Lucia agreed; "especially as you might lose it all. But you might lose all your love, too, and then it would be just as bad if not worse."

"You have undoubtedly inherited some good French common sense," I observed. "I do not



She reflected for a moment while I watched her in amused curiosity

think that your father need worry about you. To change the subject, what do you think about this place? Do you like it?"

"I like seeing all the funny people and the pretty houses and gardens and riding in automobiles and going to the 'movies,'" she answered; "but I wish that Thunder Island were not so far away." She looked at me with a wistful expression in her light-gray eyes. "Sometimes I think about where we lived and mother and André and the seals and rocks and my goat, and it gives me a bad feeling in my stomach, but father says I shall soon get over that."

I saw her suddenly in a different light, which was that of a pitiful, homesick little girl torn like a limpet from her rough rocks and caught up in our strange social conglomerate. But I felt this even more strongly when, after we had arrived and I had got them settled, Fiske and I went into the studio. He had the only two canvases which he had saved, and seemed impatient to get my opinion of them. I rather dreaded this, as Fiske had never shown any talent in the paint-school, and most of us had been inclined to regard his dabbling in colors rather in the light as a pretext for not going to work.

But I might have spared myself anxiety, as the first picture which he placed upon the easel showed at a glance the master-touch and that his claim that he had learned to paint on Thunder Island, as he had named the place, was a perfectly valid one. The subject was the bulk of the old Pemaquid in the moonlight, and the problem about as difficult technically as he could have chosen, being a study in the values of the lunar rainbow with those from the crater of a small active volcano reflected against the sky and thrown down upon the still water in the background. The comparative treatment of these two wholly different qualities of light was enough to puzzle criticism without the effect produced by the extraordinary medium, or tempora, which he had employed, and which suggested a picture painted on a slab of ice, if such a thing were possible. Like the place, as he had verbally described it, one seemed to feel the combination of heat and cold. It was really an amazing, outrageous impression.

"You've got it, Elliot!" I said. "I don't know what the deuce it is, but you've got it, and it's something big."

He laughed.

"I thought it would puzzle you," said he. "The other's in a different key." And he replaced the first by the second. This was even more astonishing. The subject was a splendid girlish figure, standing in the sunrise at the edge of a steaming pool, with a fantastic valley sloping down to the sea in the background. The whole place was filled with brilliant, multi-colored vapor which tempered what one felt must have been the violent tones in the contorted rocks with their curious tentacles and the gyrating stream which flowed down through a formation which suggested molten lead thrown into water, such as we used to make on All-hallow e'en.

The whole place fairly vibrated with color through an atmosphere equally intense. Blue icicles hung from the eroded lips of grottoes, while strange fungoid growths, with blossoms weirdly hued, bloomed from the pool's edge and about the pink feet of the girl, who stood looking down into the saffron water, the steam issuing from between her parted lips and wreathed about her limbs and body. One could almost feel the frosty rime on her fresh skin, and the fissured rocks in the background held ice crystals and snow-filled seams. The everted lip of the basin was edged with sulphur and vitriol and sparkling with pyrites.

"A study in heat and cold," said Fiske. "I have not exaggerated a bit. That is our bathtub, and precisely as it looked on a frosty morning. The figure is not posed, of course."

"The thing is a wonder, Elliot," I said. "What a catastrophe that all your work of twenty years should have been lost! But you don't need worry about your future when you can paint like that. Did you bring away plenty of pigments?"

"No, unfortunately," he answered; "but I think I can manage with ordinary colors. After all, this sort of thing really belongs only to such a place as that where the whole *mise en scène* was violent and ferocious and prehistoric. People here at home wouldn't understand it, and by the time I got 'em educated, I'd be dead. The main thing is that I learned values. One couldn't help it, they were so pronounced. Diagrammatic, as one might say. They hit you in the eye."

We went out after Fiske had politely admired some specimens of my own work, which, for all its success, looked, I must say, very thin and anemic in comparison with his vivid interpretations. But he was unquestionably right in saying that it could not hope to find popular interpretation any more than Thunder Island could have been a popular seaside resort. It was too savagely elemental. But it made a deep impression upon me,

and I drove over to the Portuguese village in quest of Lucia's baby goat, marveling at the sweetness and gentleness of a girl born and bred in such raw surrounding conditions as might have existed at the very dawn of our race.

II

THE people whose palatial house I had just begun to decorate had recently suffered a grievous blow. Their only child, a manly young chap of twenty-six, had, a short time after my undertaking the order, been sent back from France stone-blind, as the result of a big shell exploding close by him, the concussion having apparently produced some central lesion to destroy the visual sense.

The Smiths (as I shall call them) were naturally in deep distress, not only for the affliction itself but for fear of its effect upon the general health and mental tone of their son. They were sensible folk, and did not try to make a martyr of him or unduly pester him with wearisome attentions, while the boy, Wade, bore up under his calamity with an outward air of gruff, philosophic resignation which however deceived nobody. He had been a rather spoiled and harum-scarum youth, I imagine, but now that he was stricken, it seemed to irritate him when anybody but the immediate family tried to entertain him—a frequent condition with the recently blinded, I am told.

In my case, however, he made a flattering exception and used to come often to the studio where I was making my preliminary sketches and listen silently and without comment to my lengthy yarns of the old days when I had gone adventuring with those hardened sea-scamps, Doctor Bowles and Jordan Knapp. But it was evident enough that he was going steadily down-hill, for his splendid physique was gradually giving way under the bravely borne strain.

The day after the arrival at my house of Elliot and Lucia, I was at work in the studio rather early when Wade was brought in by his chauffeur. As soon as the man had left, Wade turned his dark, lustrous, sightless eyes toward me and said:

"Hope you don't mind this early visit, Mr. Brown. I have to get up at the peep o' dawn to escape Suzanne."

Not being as yet intimate with the family, I asked who Suzanne might be and why he had to lose his beauty-sleep to escape her.

"Suzanne is my ante-bellum *fiancée*," he answered. "After getting my lamps doused, I tried to break it off, but she is too noble. She has determined to sacrifice her life to my happiness—"

"Why don't you be even nobler and refuse to accept the sacrifice?" I asked.

"I've tried, but she beats me to it. Being blind, I can't sidestep; so, when she showers me with her bounties, I get the bath right on the top of the bean. You see, I asked her to marry me when I got my commission, and immediately became very much engaged, so that now there seems no way out of it with honor. At that time I was very keen to marry her, but now I seem to have lost my taste for it, just as I have for booze and tobacco and my four meals a day. Suzanne's asset is an over-allowance of beauty, but what's the good of that when you can't see it? Besides, she is very fond of admiration and inclined to be flirtatious, and I don't like the idea of a gay and beautiful young wife that I can't keep my eye on. I'd be imagining all sorts of things."

"If you feel that way about it," said I, "you'd be no end of a chump to marry her. In fact, if her beauty confines itself to the visual sense, you would have been a fool to marry her, anyhow. It seems to me that here is at least one compensation for having been blinded. Tell her spang out that you're not going to marry her, and make an end of it."

"Well," said Wade, "it isn't so easy as it sounds. She turned down two good offers to get engaged to me. Then she's no longer in the first flush of her youth, being thirty this spring, and her people haven't got much money. Let me tell you, Brown, a chap's a darned fool to get engaged or married just before going to the war. Even if he has the luck not to get crocked, he's apt to come back with his ideas all changed. He's not the same man that went away. It does something to you—changes your ideas, somehow. Even if I hadn't got my light blown out, I'd have been a different sort of guy. You slough off a lot of your silly stuff and see things and people in another light. I thought Suzanne was a wonder, and now she bores me to tears—especially as I can't see how pretty she is."

"How does she bore you?" I asked.

"Oh, every way. Principally in the afflicted-hero business. I don't want to be slobbered over, and I was tucked up like a



"I discovered that your fascinating *confrère* was taking far more interest in his *môdel* than in his work"

hedgehog in a hole when this cursed shell jarred my sight loose. The rest of the bunch was killed. Some chaps have all the luck," he said bitterly.

I was casting about for something to say when the door flew open and Lucia popped in. She looked prettier than ever in her short skirt and sailor-blouse, for Elliot's first act had been to hand her over to a capable woman and get her thoroughly rigged out for the civilized world, and I thought, with a pang,

what a pity it was that Wade couldn't see her. He got on his feet and stood stiffly while I introduced them.

"Mr. Smith has just come back from the war," I said, "and he has been struck blind by the explosion of a shell."

"Blind?" Lucia echoed, and looked unbelievably at Wade's fine eyes which showed no hint of their affliction except in a slight indirectness of gaze. "Can't you see at all?" she demanded, and her tone was curious rather than compassionate.

"Not a thing," he answered shortly. "They tell me I never shall."

Lucia was silent for a moment, staring at him reflectively. Suddenly she shut her eyes tightly, stood for a moment, then advanced with groping hands and uncertain steps.

"What are you doing?" Wade asked sharply.

"I'm trying to see what it's like to be blind," Lucia answered, without opening her eyes. She reached where he stood and touched his chest. He raised his hand involuntarily, and it met hers. Lucia clasped it and gave it a little shake. "How do you do?" said she, and laughed. A rich color mounted suddenly about her ears. She opened her eyes and looked at his puzzled, frowning face. "It must be very interesting to be blind," said she.

"I'm glad you think so," said he gruffly; "I don't."

"It is, though," she answered. "It makes you feel so much in other ways—like trying to find your way round in the dark. Now, if I'd gone up and shaken hands with my eyes open and looked at you with my eyes open, I wouldn't have felt it at all. But, with your eyes shut, it gives you sort of a thrill. Didn't you feel it?"

"Well—sort of," Wade admitted, and I noticed that his frown had relaxed and his color, too, was heightened a little. "Say, what sort of girl are you, anyhow?"

"Lucia is a very uncommon sort of girl," I said. "You'd better let her tell you about herself."

"Huh—want to get rid of me, do you?" he grunted.

"I want to get rid of you both for about an hour," said I. "Why don't you go down to the beach? It's too nice outside to sit here in the studio."

"All right," said Wade, rather to my surprise. "All places look alike to me."

"They don't feel alike, though," Lucia observed. She snatched suddenly at the hem of her skirt, pulled it up, and became suddenly absorbed in some part of her anatomy.

"Lucia," I said, sharply, "you mustn't do that."

"But there's a flea biting me," she protested.

Wade laughed outright. It was the first time that I had heard him laugh—that is, mirthfully—and it sounded very good. Lucia looked at him and smiled.

"You can be thankful that it's your eyes and not your arms," said she. "What if you hadn't any hands to scratch yourself with? And you'd have to be fed like a baby goat." She looked suddenly at me. "Have you got my goat, Mr. Brown?"

Wade laughed again.

"Gee, but you've got mine!" said he. "Lord, Brown, but it seems good to strike somebody who isn't sorry for me." He held out his hand. "Come on, you Lucia girl," said he; "let's go down to the beach—that is, if you feel like it. I want to hear about who and what is responsible for you."

"Go ahead, Lucia," I said. "Tell him about your seals and volcanoes and hot springs and things. The goat will probably be here when you get back."



Wade had formed the habit, every morning now, of beach, which was

"Very well," said Lucia, and they went out hand in hand. As they struck the gravel path, I heard Lucia say, "I'll shut my eyes, too, and we'll see if we cannot go straight out the gate without running into a prickly tree or something."

"Suzanne," said I to myself, "had better get hard on the job—and quick."

After a few days in which to get wonted, Fiske started in painting with the high-powered energy which appeared to characterize all of his efforts. As we got better acquainted, I was more and more surprised at the boyishness of his nature. It seemed as if the twenty years of exile on Thunder Island had been a sort of suspended mental and physical development, and he was actually only forty-three. Furthermore, during this era, his life had been free of the carking care which ages most of us, filled with the companionship of his wife and child and without any particular privation or grinding toil. Besides, he had his art to distract and occupy him.

It was immediately evident, also, that he had become a master of this art, which was not surprising when one stops to think. Given a certain amount of latent talent, a good technical foundation not carried to the point of hampering one's originality, and unlimited time and material, such a result was not surprising. In this respect, he had developed along his own lines, and soundly. I rather envied him the lack of criticism and comparison by which so many of us are either smothered or absorbed. He had already passed the danger of the errors of ignorance, and his



going down to the sheltered corner of the practically our own, with Lucia

visualization and imagination being true and normal, he had steadily progressed.

Besides being a powerful colorist, Fiske's forte was figure-and portrait-work, and his first requirement therefore a suitable subject. I had been able to secure such models as I needed for mermaids and water-nymphs and Nereids and Tritons and things from the waiting benches of the moving-picture colony, but none of these candidates pleased Fiske. For a man who had sat twenty years on a desert island, he was desperately hard to please. He said that he had painted Lucia until he could do her portrait hanging by his legs with both eyes shut, and he craved a fresher field. This need was supplied from, all things considered, a rather peculiar source.

Mrs. Smith, a Virginian, and, despite her obvious ambition to be considered *grande dame*, a very kind and sensible woman, was intensely interested in what I told her about my guests, and plainly desired to promote them if, on inspection, they appeared to merit such attention. Mrs. Smith's nature was such as to require a protégé or two, and as this was precisely what Fiske needed to get recognition, I took him and Lucia there for tea. Wade may have made some mention of Lucia, but not much, I imagine, having no desire to share his find.

I was justly proud of my exhibits. Fiske with his handsome, virile face and figure, high enthusiasm, and general *cachet* of good breeding was just the type which any society woman might be pleased to discover, while Lucia, with her uncommon prettiness and absolute naturalness of speech and action, was also an

unusual and refreshing type of the genus Girl. I may modestly add that my own reputation furnished a proper set of ways for their launching into the high society of the slope.

There were quite a number of people there when we arrived, and as the story had been rather garishly written up by some reporter, Fiske and Lucia became immediately the center of interest, which did not embarrass either of them in the slightest. Fiske seemed pleased and happy to find himself shining brightly again after twenty years of total eclipse from the social world, while Lucia conducted herself as might any other well-bred young girl who had grown up remote from social activities.

Then Suzanne Talbot came in and we were presented, and presently I noticed Elliot watching her with a sort of eager intensity. She was really a very beautiful woman and did not seem at all the siren I had expected to find her. She was dark and willowy, with soft Eurasian features, dreamy eyes, and such a form as dressmakers love to clothe. Her manner was very subdued, and her voice delicious in its soft cadences. There was, in fact, an almost tropical languor about her speech and motions, but she impressed me as a highly temperamental creature underneath her smooth exterior. I wondered that she had not married before, as she seemed to me anything but the celibate type.

Fiske presently attached himself to her and appeared to be getting on rapidly when the time came for us to leave. We had hardly got started for home before he twisted round in his seat and began to chant her glories.

"There's a woman I could paint, Arthur!" said he enthusiastically. "Such rich warm coloring—such

expression! Did you notice her eyes? There's a suggestion of subtle, feral force about her. Did you get it?"

"She looked sleepy to me," said Lucia.

"Nonsense! There's nothing sleepy about her. She wears her feelings on the inside. I'll bet she'd make things hum if roused. You can see it in those hungry eyes."

"She didn't eat the sandwiches and cake as if she were hungry," Lucia observed.

"Of course not!" he snapped. "That sort of food isn't what her system requires. She's a sort of sleeping beauty. I know I could paint her."

"Did you tell her so?" I asked.

"Yes; I did better—I asked her to sit for me, and she said she would. As you don't use the studio in the afternoon, old chap, I thought I might as well start right in. She's coming to-morrow."

"You didn't lose any time about it," I said, wondering how much of Suzanne's acquiescence might be due to Elliot's power of persuasion and how much to discover the source of the studio's attraction for Wade.

"Why should I? Might as well make a start, since she's willing to pose."

"I suppose you know that she's engaged to Wade Smith," I said, and felt Lucia stir at my side. Elliot looked decidedly startled.

"What!" he cried. "That lovely creature marry a blind man! Impossible! Besides, he's too young for her. He's a fine chap and all that, but he's just a boy, and she's a splendid, full-blown woman. All she needs is to be waked up, and she looks as if she were about ready for it."

"Then go ahead and wake her up," I said, "and when she's got her eyes wide open, hand her over to Wade."

Thanks to Lucia

Elliot looked very much upset, and so did Lucia, at whom I stole a sidelong glance. There was a frown on her broad, white forehead, and her firm little chin had a combative look. Later, as I was sitting alone on the veranda watching the sunset colors and taking mental notes for my decorations, she came out and seated herself beside me. Elliot was splashing round in the studio.

"Mr. Brown," said Lucia, "I don't want Wade to marry Miss Talbot."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I have decided to marry him myself. I think that he is just the sort of husband that I want. He will have plenty of money and is very good-looking, and as he cannot see other women, there is no reason why he should not always like me best."

"Those are excellent reasons," I agreed; "but you see he has already agreed to marry Suzanne, and possibly she may feel the same way about it that you do."

"The first doesn't make any difference," said Lucia, "because he has told me that he is not the same man he was before being blinded. Well, you can't expect one man to keep a promise made by some other man, can you? And so far as Suzanne is concerned, she is perfectly free to try to make him marry her. We can both try and see which one succeeds. I am going to begin to-morrow."

"I should say that you had already got a flying start," I answered. "How do you purpose going about it—if I may ask?"

"You had better wait and see," said Lucia. "Now I am going to ask father to help." And a few moments later I heard growls from the studio which did not sound helpful.

So I waited and saw, and I must say that Lucia's candid procedure had its points. Wade had formed the habit of coming to the studio every morning now, and after listening to my drivel for a while, of going down to the sheltered corner of the beach, which was practically our own, with Lucia. As I am one of those casual painters who can work and talk without any appreciable detriment to either occupation, this arrangement had been entirely satisfactory. But the presence of a third person was a little distracting, so when Lucia joined us the following day, I promptly told them that they had my permission to retire.

"Very well," said Lucia; "but, first, I want to tell Wade what we were talking about yesterday." Then, without waiting for any remark on my part, she started her offensive. "Wade," said she, "do you want to marry Suzanne Talbot?"

Wade turned his handsome, sightless eyes toward her with an expression of astonishment such as one seldom sees in those of the blind.

"What?" he demanded.

Lucia repeated her question, and the color surged up into the boy's face.

"Why do you ask that?" he growled.

"Because I want you to tell me," Lucia answered.

He hesitated for a moment, then said in the same gruff voice, "Well then; no I don't."

Lucia nodded.

"That is what I thought," said she. "Then, since you don't want to marry her, there is no reason why you should, now that you are blind and therefore quite a different person than the one who asked her. I have heard you say that the best thing about Suzanne was her looks. Well, since you can't see her any more, she hasn't got them any more, so far as you are concerned; so that is another reason for your not marrying her. But you ought to marry somebody, because that would give you something to do, especially in the daytime."

"Well, I'll be blown!" said Wade. "But why in the daytime?"

"Because," said Lucia, "it is dark at night, and when it is dark, it does not matter whether you are blind or not. We are all blind in the dark."

Wade gave a short laugh.

"That's so," said he. "I never thought of that. Brown, tell a poor blind man: *Did* you ever hear the like?"

"No," I answered; "but it sounds reasonable enough."

"Of course it is reasonable!" said Lucia impatiently. "It seems to me that you might have thought of it and suggested it yourself, instead of making it necessary for me to do so. Since I have been here, we have talked of about everything but what is most important. Well then, since you don't want to marry Suzanne and would have a much better time if you were to marry somebody, why not marry me?"

"You!" Wade gasped. "I marry you?"

"Yes; why not?" Lucia demanded. "I am a very nice girl, and as I am eleven years younger than Suzanne, I ought to last eleven years longer. You ought not to get too old a wife. That was the trouble with my last goat. She was no longer young when father caught her, and just when I loved her and needed her the most, she died of old age."

Wade flung himself back upon the divan with a yell of laughter. For a moment, I was afraid that Lucia would be hurt, and apparently the same idea suddenly occurred to the boy, for he sprang up suddenly, reached for the girl and drew her to him.

"You little darling!" he said huskily, and before I could realize what was happening, Lucia's long, round arms had twined themselves about his neck and she crushed her fresh lips to his.

"Oh come," I protested; "you're going too fast, Lucia."

But Lucia did not pay the slightest attention to me. I might just as well have been blind myself. There was nothing scattered or diffuse about this girl's knowledge of what she wanted or the central focusing of her will. Her objective clear and unclouded, she went to it with the direct simplicity of a child or a sage, and got there. She was, at this moment, very much there, in fact, but not for very long, as Wade took her by both soft shoulders and held her at arms' length, and one would have sworn that he was not only looking at her but seeing her, so intense was the gaze of his sightless eyes. And the lines of his face had grown hard and severe.

But Lucia was not dismayed.

"Then it's all arranged, isn't it, Wade?" said she.

"No, little girl; it's not," he answered. "God knows I wish it were! But you see—in the first place, a gentleman must never break his word, even if his ideas and (Continued on page 105)



Lucia



A Brilliant Star

FLORENCE REED'S first appearance as a star has been effected through the medium of a stirring drama, "Roads of Destiny," in which she plays three rôles, each portraying a very different type of woman—a difficult task indeed, but one in which she has been remarkably successful owing to her amazing energy and versatility.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



KITTY DONER, "the little dancing demon," is one of the chief features of "Sinbad," the joyous production at New York's famous Winter Garden. Miss Doner, who is always happiest and at her best when performing in boy's clothes, made her stage debut in vaudeville, which was her parents' profession, and then took up musical comedy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL



BERTHA KALICH is the second great artist who has come from Poland to adorn the American stage—the other, of course, being the celebrated Modjeska. Before Madame Kalich's dramatic genius revealed itself, she had won fame through her striking, exotic beauty. This season, she is starring in a powerful play, "The Riddle: Woman."

STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



Diana Allan
DIANA ALLAN is a typical Norse beauty and shows unmixed descent from the race of the Goths. She is one of the most popular entertainers in the "Nine O'Clock Revue" and "Midnight Frolic" at the Danse de Folies, New York, and is also widely known throughout the country as one of the attractions of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

A New Venture of the Inevitable Millionaires

By E. Phillips
Oppenheim

Two middle-aged bachelor brothers, Stephen and George Henry Underwood, try to carry out the wishes of their father and disperse a considerable portion of their constantly growing income. They back a musical-comedy production and a pageant, but, contrary to the usual fate of such ventures, they make a great deal of money. "We must not despair," says Stephen. "There is money to be lost in the world, and we will lose it."



The Dissolute Brothers

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase.

IT was Stephen Underwood, of the firm of Underwood & Sons, to whom, by immemorial custom, the letter was brought, but George Henry, his brother and partner, was looking over his shoulder as he broke the important-looking seal and spread out the document upon the desk. It was George Henry who first grasped the doleful significance of those few typewritten words.

"The Post-Office contract!" he gasped.

"And we quoted at least seven per cent. above the recommended price," Stephen pointed out lugubriously.

"They like our rubber," George Henry observed.

"The stability of our firm appeals to them," Stephen muttered.

They stared for the second time, in thoughtful silence, at the unoffending sheet of note-paper.

George Henry made a rapid calculation on the edge of the blotting-pad.

"It will mean at least another thirty thousand pounds' profit," he said gloomily. "We have only made matters worse by putting the price up."

His brother produced a key from his pocket, unlocked the safe, and opened a ponderous-looking private ledger. George Henry glanced over his shoulder.

"Our private drawings are certainly increasing," the latter observed, with furtive cheerfulness.

"They are still less than a sixth of our income," Stephen retorted severely. "It is most unsatisfactory. In that safe, George Henry, reposes our father's letter, in which he expresses his clear wish that we should conform to the duty of every thoughtful citizen and spend a reasonable proportion of our income. This is how we keep our word."

"We have done our best," George Henry protested. "We quite thought that we should get rid of a good many thousands in that theatrical speculation, and nothing but a miracle saved us from dropping at least ten thousand pounds in Mr. Hiram B. Pluck's scheme."

Miss Peggy thrust her gloved hand through his arm and squeezed it. "I can see there is no putting you off," she sighed happily.

"Instead of which," Stephen reminded his brother, gazing at him austere over the top of his *pince-nez*, "both speculations, hopeless as they seemed, have only embarrassed us by adding to our income."

"I notice that our bill at the Milan was thirty pounds more this week," George Henry pointed out, with the air of one seeking for desperate compensations.

"A mere drop in the bucket," Stephen objected sternly. "Our position, George Henry, is becoming a serious one. We are nothing more nor less than misers."

For a few minutes, the brothers considered this unique problem in silence—the indecent accumulation of wealth for which they could find no outlet. Their dispositions stood with difficulty the strain of such a dilemma. There was, for a moment, an expression of almost vindictive satisfaction in Stephen's clear gray eyes as he studied the figures.

"I find that you are something like a hundred and fifty pounds behind me this month, George Henry," he announced.

"That is simply because you have replaced the pearl pin which you gave to Louis," George Henry pointed out. "As a matter of fact, I have decided to wear a pearl pin myself—perhaps a black pearl," he added defiantly. "I am told that Lartier's is a most expensive shop. I shall go there this afternoon."

Stephen coughed.

"That may place me temporarily at a disadvantage," he admitted, "but I shall find means to restore the balance. These matters are trifles, however. The fact remains—the most disquieting fact, George Henry—that we are showing ourselves less and less able to deal with the continual increase in our profits. We have jointly accepted the principle that it is our duty to spend a certain portion of our income. We are failing to live up to that principle."

"I have more clothes and boots and garments of every sort than I shall ever be able to wear," George Henry groaned.

"I am in the same position," Stephen declared. "We have,

The Dissolute Brothers

besides, a motor-car of our own, a suite of rooms at the Milan, and a ridiculously unnecessary man servant. The terms of our partnership forbid our speculating upon the Stock Exchange or gambling upon horses, and the proportion of our profits to be devoted to charities is also determined by that deed. Our only outlet, therefore, is personal extravagance or an unsuccessful private speculation. In the latter direction, our efforts have only added to our embarrassments."

"The papers say that 'The Singing Bird' will run forever," George Henry muttered drearily. "There is another check this morning."

"We must be more careful in future," Stephen pronounced. "Another successful speculation would simply paralyze all our efforts."

A sudden expression of hopefulness lightened the gloom in George Henry's face. He had rather the appearance of a rosy-cheeked boy who has suddenly conceived a scheme for outwitting his refractory parents.

"I have an idea," he confided.

"Capital!" his brother exclaimed, crossing his legs and balancing the tips of his fingers against each other.

"To-night is the two hundredth night of the run of 'The Singing Bird.' We are invited to a supper on the stage. We should be perfectly in order to send a small offering to Miss Blanche Whitney, the principal actress."

"Flowers?"

George Henry smiled triumphantly.

"An article of jewelry," he declared. "It would be quite seemly, and we could go to that exceedingly expensive shop in Bond Street."

Stephen's face slowly assumed an expression similar to his brother's. His lips parted in a smile.

"The idea is an excellent one," he admitted. "You would make it a joint gift, of course?"

"I suppose so," his brother agreed reluctantly.

"I am told," Stephen proceeded, in cheerful tones, "that some of this very high-class French jewelry, although quite unostentatious to look at, is extraordinarily expensive."

"We must hope to find something of the sort," George Henry acquiesced. "We might call at Lartier's before lunch, if you like. I see the car is outside."

They reached down their hats—silk hats now of fashionable shape—and started on their expedition. The gray business suits and square-toed shoes were things of the past. They both wore morning coats exceedingly well cut, collars of the latest pattern, Bond Street ties, and patent-leather shoes. They sat back in opposite corners of their luxuriously cushioned limousine, curiously enough quite as much at their ease as in the days when they had considered a taxi-cab a luxury.

"We certainly," Stephen observed, "have the appearance of being addicted to extravagant habits."

"Every little helps," George Henry murmured, as he accepted a newspaper through the window during a momentary block, and waved away the change from a shilling. "I got rid of elevenpence halfpenny then."

"I have hopes of Lartier," Stephen said. "What we want is something that will cost, say, five hundred pounds, and won't look worth more than a hundred. We must avoid all appearance of ostentation."

"Exactly," his brother agreed.

They descended outside the famous jeweler's shop and loitered

for a few minutes upon the pavement, gazing in through the plate-glass windows.

"Everything seems very expensive," Stephen remarked, with renewed cheerfulness.

"That platinum watch with the diamonds, marked three hundred pounds," George Henry pointed out, "is chaste but insignificant in appearance."

"Then you can give it me for my birthday present!" a girl's



"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced: "These are my two dear friends, Mr. Stephen and Mr. George Henry Underwood, my most generous backers, who made the production of 'The Singing Bird' possible. God bless 'em both, I say!"

pleasant voice exclaimed from behind them. "Insignificant, indeed!"

They both turned round. It was Miss Peggy Robinson, the young lady who owed her place in the chorus of "The Singing Bird" to their efforts, who stood looking over their shoulders. The two silk hats were both raised—the same height to an inch. Both brothers shook hands. Miss Peggy was looking exceedingly well, and was plainly but tastefully dressed.

"Miss Robinson might possibly be of service to us," Stephen suggested, with an inquiring look towards his brother.

"By all means," the latter acquiesced.

"We are seeking a small gift for Miss Whitney," Stephen explained. "Will you assist us in the task of selection?"

"Fancy you two old dears thinking about such a thing!" the young lady exclaimed. "Of course I will! I have been dying to go inside Lartier's all my life, but I never had the cheek."

The trio entered, and the purchase of a platinum-and-diamond pendant of extreme elegance was successfully concluded. George Henry showed some signs of nervousness as the shopman prepared to bow them out.

"With reference," he said tentatively, "to the small birthday offering we spoke of outside——"

"Rubbish!" the young lady interrupted. "I was only joking. It isn't my birthday at all."

"Nevertheless," George Henry persisted, "you have been of great assistance to us, Miss Robinson, and I have for some time felt the desire to acknowledge it. I beg you to examine these wrist-watches."

"A joint offering would perhaps be less embarrassing to Miss Robinson," Stephen suggested anxiously.

"Better send me some flowers," Miss Peggy sighed, settling down with extreme and beatific satisfaction to examine the wrist-watches already displayed upon a strip of purple cloth. "I couldn't possibly wear anything that came from Lartier's," she added, trying one on.

"A joint gift," Stephen persisted, "could arouse no comment."

"My brother's intention is amiable," George Henry said boldly, "but in this case I would prefer to be the sole donor."

Miss Peggy thrust her gloved hand through his arm and squeezed it.

"I can see there is no putting you off," she sighed happily. "What a duck this small one is! But just look at the price! I couldn't possibly—possibly— Oh, Mr. George Henry, how wicked of you!"

wealth, is it? Then there are fines, and I send a pound a week to my mother in Cumberland."

"The amount is inadequate," Stephen said sternly.

"Absolutely," George Henry agreed.

"In a sense," Stephen continued, "we, as financial backers of 'The Singing Bird,' are responsible for this—starvation wage."

"We are indeed," his brother assented.

"What I want," the young lady confessed, suddenly squeezing George Henry's hand, "is for some one to take an interest in me. I want kindness even more than I do money."

"The young ladies in the company are perhaps not congenial," Stephen remarked.



"They all have boys—and they don't look at things as I do," Miss Peggy confessed, looking modestly down.

George Henry was a little tongue-tied. It was Stephen who still upheld the discussion.

"But you yourself," he said soothingly, "are—forgive me—attractive."

How is it that you have no—no admirer?"

"Perhaps I want more than the other girls," Miss Peggy sighed. "They are all such cradle-snatchers. I like a man. I want sympathy day by day, and affection—not just suppers and lunches and motor-rides. Young men," she went on artlessly, "are so selfish. They think they have given a girl all she needs if they offer what they call 'a good time,' in which naturally they share. What I should really like—is a home."

"A very admirable sentiment," Stephen declared approvingly.

"Very," George Henry agreed, a little more limply, feeling with mingled sensations a renewed pressure upon his fingers.

"However," she sighed, "why should I worry you two dear

They left the shop, a few minutes later, Miss Peggy wearing the watch upon her wrist. She sat in a corner of the car—she had graciously accepted an invitation to luncheon—her eyes glued upon her new possession.

"Oh, how wonderful it must be to be rich!" she exclaimed, in a tone vibrating with emotion. "To own a car like this, not to have to scheme about one's clothes or worry about the rent, to be able to help one's poor friends!"

George Henry crossed and recrossed his legs a little nervously. He was subject to the full fire of her very expressive eyes. They seemed just at the moment unduly soft.

"Your position in 'The Singing Bird'—" he began.

"Five pounds a week," she interrupted. "It isn't exactly

kind things with my troubles? You have both been so sweet to me. It makes me feel better just to talk to you."

"It is possible," Stephen said, glancing at his brother, "that the financial matter you spoke of—the ridiculously inadequate compensation for your services in 'The Singing Bird'—might, through our joint intervention—my brother's and mine—be altered for the better."

"It would make the girls so jealous if it were known," she faltered. "They do talk so, and I wouldn't for the world. If—"

"If what?" George Henry asked, bravely replying to that almost spasmodic pressure of his fingers.

"Let me talk to you presently," she whispered in his ear, as the car drew up at the entrance of the Milan.

Stephen and George Henry, with their guest, were ushered with ceremony to their accustomed table. They found their nephew Harold, a lank, immaculately-dressed youth, hanging round, and he promptly accepted their invitation to luncheon.

"Well, how goes it, kid?" was his somewhat laconic greeting of Miss Peggy.

The young lady tossed her head and slipped her new possession a little lower down upon her wrist.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Underwood," she replied haughtily, "and not so much 'kid,' if you please."

"Can't get popular this morning," the young man complained, with a sigh. "Just put my foot in it with Bert Stanmore over there. Some spender—Bert—what? His father left him a hundred thou last year, and he's blued the lot."

Stephen leaned forward in his place. He was greatly interested.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the young man you spoke of has dispersed the whole of his patrimony in twelve months?"

"Got it in once," Harold assented.

"Have you any idea as to the means he employed in this extraordinary dispersal?" Stephen inquired eagerly.

"Fluff and gee-gees," Harold replied, his mouth full of lobster salad. "Some old wheeze—what?"

"He had to pay Flo Mansfield ten thousand pounds for breach," Miss Peggy put in. "Flo, too, of all girls in the world!"

"Breach!" Stephen repeated wonderingly.

"Ten thousand pounds!" George Henry gasped.

"Breach of promise of marriage," Peggy explained. "You two dears wouldn't know anything about that. If you made a promise, you'd keep it."

The brothers exchanged stealthy glances. The same idea was dawning upon both of them.

"A very large sum," Stephen remarked thoughtfully. "Do you mean that the young lady was awarded that amount by the courts?"

"Bert Stanmore compromised," Peggy told them. "He would have had to pay all right, though. Flo stage-managed the whole affair beautifully."

Stephen turned abruptly toward his brother.

"George Henry," he enjoined, "do look after Miss Robinson. Remember that you particularly invited her to luncheon. She would like some more wine, I am sure. And, Miss Robinson, won't you show my nephew the little present my brother has just been privileged to offer you?"

The young lady exhibited the watch, and Harold whistled softly. During the remainder of luncheon, he was, for him, unusually silent. At its termination, he buttonholed George Henry in the lobby.

"See here, nunks," he began: "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse—what?"

"It is a universally accepted dictum," George Henry acknowledged.

"Put the brake on with the yellow-headed filly," Harold advised earnestly. "Peggy's a good kid enough, but this chorus gang are pinchers all the way. You see, they can't help it, nunks. The boys are out for what they can take, and it's got to be number one all the time for the girlies, or they're left planted in the middle of it, as the Frenchies say. Do you cotton?"

"I am deeply interested," George Henry assured his nephew, "Pray proceed."

"There are just two ways the girlies can get their own back," Harold continued impressively, "marriage or breach. And I can tell you this, nunks: There's more money goes into the little dears' pockets to heal their bruised hearts than anyone would believe. Peggy's better than most of them, but she'd sell you like a bird for the oof."

"Would she, indeed?" George Henry murmured, with a gleam in his eyes. "I am much obliged to you for your warning, Harold. I will be discreet."

The brothers, according to their newly established custom, spent a few minutes in their suite before returning to the City. An envelop upon the table attracted Stephen's attention. He tore it hastily open and drew out their weekly bill. George Henry glanced over his shoulder. Both gave vent to a little exclamation of disappointment.

"Ten pounds less than last week!" Stephen exclaimed. "I did at least hope that we should not lose ground here."

"Most disappointing," George Henry murmured absently.

Stephen threw the account upon the table. He glanced keenly at his brother.

"George Henry," he said, "you have something on your mind."

"You are right, Stephen."

"Some plan, perhaps?"

"A glimmering—just a glimmering."

"Connected with Miss Peggy Robinson?"

"Precisely."

"You are not thinking of proposing to her?"

"That is my intention," George Henry declared heroically.

"I shall, of course, change my mind the moment I have committed myself. Harold has just assured me that she will not hesitate to demand heavy damages."

Stephen frowned thoughtfully.

"Your scheme, if successful, will leave me at a great disadvantage as regards relative drawings," he complained.

"I fear so," George Henry acknowledged gleefully.

"I think," Stephen pronounced, after a brief pause, "that this should be a joint affair."

"Impossible!" George Henry objected, with unabated cheerfulness. "We can't both deceive the young lady."

"You could break the engagement at my instigation," Stephen persisted. "I am your elder brother, and, in consideration of your yielding to my wishes, I offer to share in any trouble that may ensue."

The gleam in George Henry's eyes was almost cunning. He shook his head firmly.

"You must find a little trouble of your own, Stephen," he declared. "I don't want to seem ungenerous, but there's no room for two in my little affair. There are, I believe, several thousand other young ladies who would be delighted to make a victim of you."

"I am older than you," Stephen pleaded.

"Four years," was the prompt reply. "A mere nothing."

"It makes all the difference which side of fifty you are," Stephen argued.

His brother shook his head.

"I do not admit the contention," he replied.

Stephen rose to his feet. His manner was distinctly stiff. He called to their servant, who was in the adjoining room.

"Adam!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You will put out our dress coats, white waistcoats, and white ties to-night," Stephen directed. "We shall be attending a theatrical supper-party."

"And dancing-pumps, sir?" the man asked, without flinching.

"And dancing-pumps," Stephen replied defiantly.

The valet bowed and withdrew from the doorway. George Henry glanced at his brother with something almost like awe in his face.

"What is the meaning of this, Stephen?" he asked.

"We are adopting your own suggestion, and accepting the invitation to supper of 'The Singing Bird' company, on the stage after the performance to-night," Stephen announced, with quiet heroism. "It is as you have pointed out. There are other Peggy Robinsons. It is possible," he added, "that if trouble should come of my attentions to any young lady to-night, there may be grave consequences—exemplary damages. If you are quite ready, George Henry, it is time for us to start for the City."

George Henry followed his brother from the room in gloomy silence.

The arrival of the brothers Underwood upon the stage of the Hilarity Theatre that evening was the signal for a really remarkable outburst of welcoming cheers. The company had just taken their places at the supper-table when their unexpected guests somewhat timidly made their appearance in the wings. They were faultlessly dressed; they each carried a pair of white-kid gloves, and their silk hats were the glossiest in London. In the distance they looked almost like twins, and the comedian of the party confessed later that he had taken them for an impromptu turn, thoughtfully provided for the entertainment of



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

She burst into a peal of laughter and promptly kissed him on the cheek. For a single moment he flinched. He longed yet dreaded to look toward Stephen. He was profoundly uncomfortable yet ridiculously light-hearted.

"You meant it, dear, didn't you?" she asked eagerly. "Of course," he replied

the party. It was Blanche Whitney, the leading lady, who first recognized them, and her introduction made them instantly the most popular persons present. She literally rushed toward them, drew an arm of each through hers, and advanced toward the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced: "These are my two dear friends, Mr. Stephen and Mr. George Henry Underwood, my most generous backers, who made the production of 'The Singing Bird' possible. God bless 'em both, I say!"

"The syndicate!" some one shouted, and a forest of hands was outstretched. Stephen was promptly installed in the place of honor next to Blanche, and George Henry was directed to the seat on her other side. It was then, however, that the latter showed the sort of stuff he was made of.

"There is a young lady down there," he indicated, bowing to Peggy, "whom I have the honor to know. Would it be convenient for me to sit by her side?"

Peggy rose promptly to her feet. She was at the lower end of the table, and, by what she described afterward as an "act of Providence," unscorted. She held out her very white arms toward George Henry.

"Come along, old dear," she begged; "I'll look after you."

George Henry was promptly installed, introduced to a young lady with jet-black hair and friendly manners who sat on the other side, and, with an arm of each girl thrust through his, found his plate heaped with food and his glass filled with champagne.

"We'll look after you," the dark young lady promised kindly. "My name is Rose. You must drink my health, please."

"Not so much of this familiarity, if you please," Peggy broke in, a little sharply, tightening her clasp upon his arm. "You belong to me, don't you, Mr. George Henry? And don't you listen to Rose. She's a flirt."

George Henry set his teeth, leaned toward Peggy, and whispered words in her ear which had never before passed his lips. She burst into a peal of laughter and promptly kissed him on the cheek. For a single moment he flinched. He longed yet dreaded to look toward Stephen. He was profoundly uncomfortable yet ridiculously light-hearted.

"You meant it, dear, didn't you?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," he replied.

She clinked her glass against his. "Please look at me while you drink," she begged.

He obeyed. She had the bluest eyes in the world—and this was the most wonderful champagne. From across the table, Harold wagged his head mournfully.

"Oh, you giddy old nuns!" he groaned. "You'll put your foot in it before you've finished."

George Henry was rather inclined to think that he had. He settled down to put the matter beyond doubt.

On Stephen's other side was a daring-looking young lady with red hair, a green evening gown, of which the shoulder-straps were indistinguishable, and brown eyes.

"That is Tessie on your right," was Blanche's introduction; "but you must talk to me all the time and take no notice of her. She's dangerous."

"For a bride of less than a year," the young lady in question retorted, "your behavior, Blanche, is simply disgraceful. Look at Allan glaring at you! Mr. Underwood, you seem like a man of kindly instincts. Do you wish to come between husband and wife?"

"Certainly not," Stephen assured her.

"Then don't let Blanche hold your arm, and please show me a little attention. I am free, unattached—and very lonely."

"I," Stephen declared boldly, "am in the same predicament."

"Cat!" Blanche exclaimed. "You want to take my syndicate away."

"You have an anchorage of your own, dear," Tessie pointed out, "and Allan's so jealous."

"You sound all right, but you're not exactly the friendless orphan yourself, are you?" Blanche laughed. "However, to convince you that Mr. Underwood's affections are already engaged, look at this!" she invited, touching the pendant which hung from her neck.

The young lady called Tessie examined it carefully. She was a good judge of such trifles.

"Did he give it to you?" she gasped.

"The dear man did," Blanche replied, "and I am going to thank him for it—as soon as we are alone."

"You mean as soon as Allan isn't there," Tessie observed, a little spitefully.

"Hush!" Blanche whispered, in mock alarm. "Don't give me away!"

"I ought, perhaps, to explain," Stephen intervened, "that the little offering you have been admiring comes to Miss Whitney from my brother and myself not only as an expression of our friendly feelings but as a souvenir of a speculation on our part, the success of which has been due chiefly to her charm and gifts."

"So now you know, you cat!" Blanche exclaimed good-naturedly. "Mr. Underwood and his brother financed 'The Singing Bird' from the start, and most generously, too."

"You've all the luck, dear," Tessie sighed. "Mr. Underwood," she went on, smiling languishingly into his face, "I am an unrecognized star myself. I should make the fortune of anyone who had the courage to back me."

"Don't you believe her," Blanche laughed, tightening her grasp on Stephen's arm. "She can't sing a note, and you can see for yourself how plain she is."

Tessie wiped some non-existent tears from her very bright eyes.

"The jealousy in our profession," she complained, "is too appalling. The way in which



the jewel-bedecked prima donnas of musical comedy look down upon the struggling but talented aspirant is enough to drive one to despair—and drink."

Whereupon the young lady drank off the greater part of a glass of champagne, and leaned over to recite her woes to the stage-manager.

"Were you not," Stephen asked diffidently, "a little severe upon the young lady?"

"Oh, Tessie can stand chaff," Blanche assured him. "All the same," she added, dropping her voice, "I don't want to have you too thick with her. Tessie's a good sort, of course, but—she's clever."

"On the stage?" he inquired.

"No; off it," was the prompt reply.

"Kindly explain the innuendo," he begged.

Blanche shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "when two very unsophisticated and exceedingly wealthy men like your brother and yourself make a late entry

wood," she continued, stretching out her long, slim fingers with their rather overmanicured nails, "to bring shame upon the overopulent bachelor with credit at his jeweler's."

"Cadger!" Blanche murmured.

"You haven't often forgotten to ask for anything you wanted yourself, have you, dear?" Tessie retorted.

It was at this stage of the supper that Stephen rose unexpectedly to his feet. He was quite used to addressing City companies, and he spoke simply and without hesitation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said: "My brother and I have a brief announcement to make. We entered into the arrangement to produce 'The Singing Bird,' with the idea of employing a trifle of surplus capital, but with no intention of making a fortune out of your brains and your talent. 'The Singing Bird' is a well-deserved and, I am told, a phenomenal success. After the whole of the capital is repaid, it will make, I am assured, a large sum of money. It is our intention—our solicitors have

already the matter in hand—to take back our original advance, plus six-per-cent. interest, a sum which I understand is already earned. The whole of the profits for all future time, here in London, from touring companies, and in the United States, will be divided among you, ladies and gentlemen, the original members of the cast, in a certain ratio, according to the importance of your parts, and distributed half yearly. My brother and I thank you very much for your kind hospitality this evening."

It took an appreciable space of time for the idea to sink in, for them all to realize that in these few seconds they had attained the Mecca of all actors and actresses—the something certain every week for years to come. But when they did realize it, there was pandemonium. No formal speech of thanks could do more than reach its first sentence. The magnitude, the magnificence of the gift made them almost hysterical. It broke upon them in waves, and with each wave Stephen and George Henry seemed to disappear like drowning men in a sea of white arms and nodding

coiffures. Men gripped their hands, and women kissed them frankly and unashamed. They cried for help to one another across the table. Their hair was ruffled; the shoulders of their dress coats were bepowdered; their cheeks were pinker than ever. That curious and unassuming dignity of which both were certainly possessed availed

them nothing. It was not until Harold whispered in the stage-manager's ear that "the nunkies might get the pip," that their escape was connived at. Escorted by their nephew, they were led by a devious way to their car, and finally reached the Milan at a little after half-past two in the morning. They were both more disheveled than they had ever been since their boyhood. They both rather avoided looking at one another. Stephen's tie had slipped round to the back of his neck, and an unsuspected tuft of hair had risen almost perpendicularly at the top of his head. George Henry's tie had escaped from vision altogether; there was a great patch of powder upon his coat sleeve and a wine stain upon his shirt-front. Harold, stretched at full length in their most comfortable easy chair, gazed at them both through half-closed eyes with a sleepy grin.

"'The Prodigal Uncles!'" he murmured. (Continued on page 114)



"You are interfering with the service of luncheon, Harold," Stephen pointed out sternly. "You are also interrupting our conversation. I trust that this hint will be sufficient for you"

into the world of bohemia, you do so at your own risk. We are all tarred with the same brush. We are tolerably charming, but we've got to live. Tessie's very extravagant, very brainy, and, just at the present moment, very poor."

"I see," Stephen murmured, with a gleam in his eyes. "This is very interesting."

"Well, you be careful, dear old thing!" Blanche advised him. "Remember, you declined a very promising flirtation with me, so I can't have you falling a victim to an inferior article."

"Your affections," Stephen reminded her gallantly, "were already engaged."

"Well, Tessie's aren't—or wouldn't be if you gave her any encouragement," Blanche observed dryly.

"Heard my name," that young lady remarked, breaking once more into the conversation. "What's she saying about me, Mr. Underwood?"

"The sweetest things, dear," Blanche assured her.

"Then I'll listen," Tessie declared, laying her unringed hand for a moment upon Stephen's. "There's a sight, Mr. Under-

The Intellectual Honesty of

By Edith Wharton

MOST people, in their infancy, have made bogies out of sofa-pillows and overcoats, and the imaginative child always comes to believe in the reality of the bogy he has manufactured, and toward twilight grows actually afraid of it.

When I was a little girl the name of Horace Greeley was potent in American politics, and some irreverent tradesman had manufactured a pink cardboard fan (on the "palmetto" model), which represented the countenance of the venerable demagogue, and was surrounded with a white-silk fringe in imitation of his hoary hair and "chin-beard." A Horace Greeley fan had long been knocking about our country house, and was a familiar object to me and to my little cousins, when one day it occurred to us to make a bogy with my father's overcoat, put Mr. Greeley's head on top, and seat him on the veranda near the front door.

When we were tired of playing we started to go in; but there on the threshold in the dusk sat Mr. Greeley, suddenly transformed into an animate and unknown creature, and dumb terror rooted us to the spot. Not one of us had the courage to demolish that supernatural and malevolent old man, or to dash past him into the house—and oh, the relief it was when a big brother came along and reduced him into his constituent parts!

Such inhibitions take the imagination far back to the childhood of the human race, when terrors and tabus lurked in every bush; and wherever the fear of the thing it has created survives in the mind of any society, that society is still in its childhood. Intellectual honesty, the courage to look at things as they are, is the first test of mental maturity. Till a society ceases to be afraid of the truth in the domain of ideas, it is in leading-strings, morally and mentally.

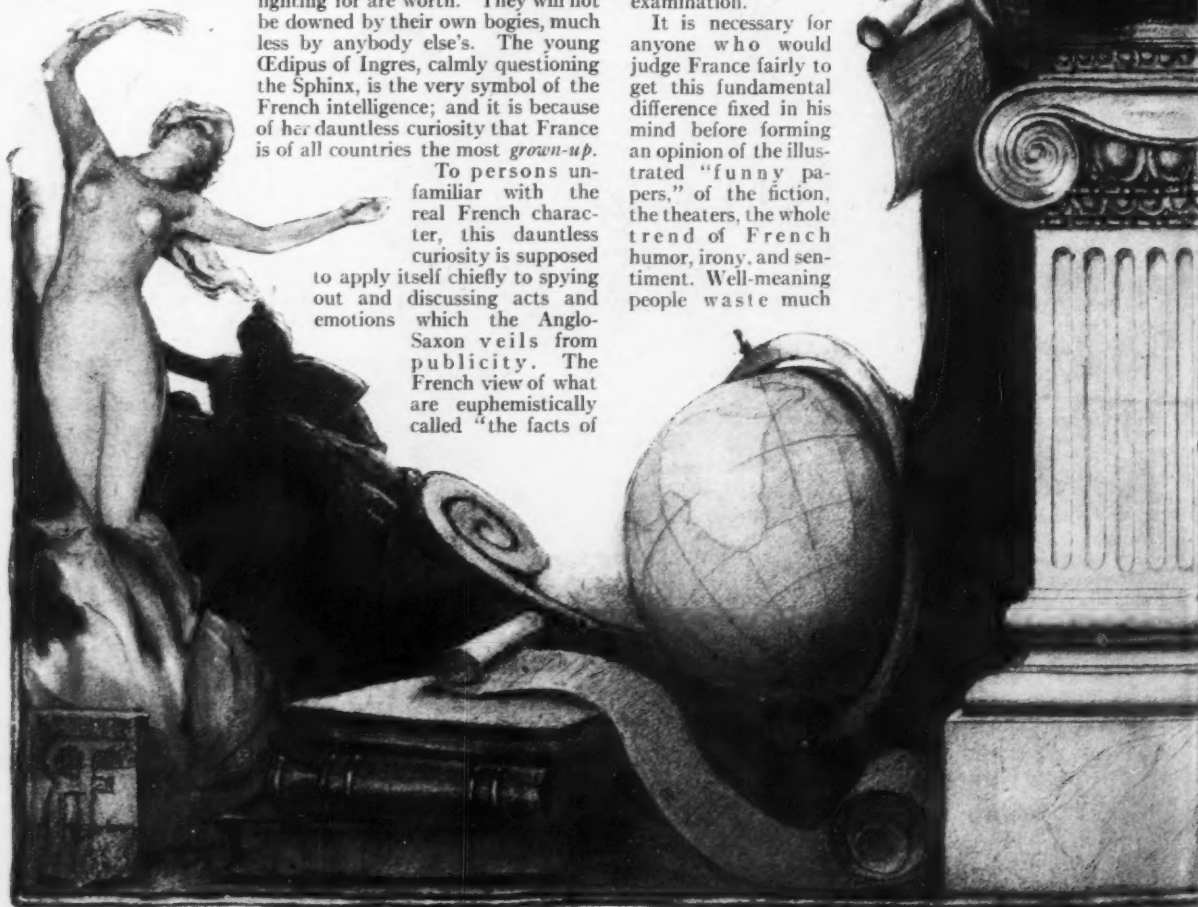
The singular superiority of the French has always lain in their intellectual courage. Other races and nations have been equally distinguished for moral courage, but too often it has been placed at the service of ideas they were afraid to analyze. The French always want to find out first just what the conceptions they are fighting for are worth. They will not be downed by their own bogies, much less by anybody else's. The young *Œdipus* of Ingres, calmly questioning the Sphinx, is the very symbol of the French intelligence; and it is because of her dauntless curiosity that France is of all countries the most *grown-up*.

To persons unfamiliar with the real French character, this dauntless curiosity is supposed to apply itself chiefly to spying out and discussing acts and emotions which the Anglo-Saxon veils from publicity. The French view of what are euphemistically called "the facts of

life" (as the Greeks called the Furies the "Amiable Ones") is often spoken of as though it were inconsistent with those necessary elements of any ordered society that we call purity and morality. Because the French talk and write freely about subjects and situations that Anglo-Saxons, for the last hundred years (not before), have agreed not to mention, it is assumed that the French gloat over such subjects and situations. As a matter of fact, they simply take them for granted, as part of the great parti-colored business of life, and no more gloat over them (in the morbid, introspective sense) than they do over their morning coffee.

To be sure, they do "gloat" over their coffee in a sense unknown to consumers of liquid chicory and health-beverages: they "gloat," in fact, over everything that tastes good, looks beautiful, or appeals to any one of their acute and highly trained five senses. But they do this with no sense of greediness or shame or immodesty, and consequently without morbidness or waste of time. They take the normal pleasures, physical and esthetic, "in their stride," so to speak, as wholesome, nourishing, and necessary for the background of a laborious life of business or study, and not as subjects for nasty-prying or morbid self-examination.

It is necessary for anyone who would judge France fairly to get this fundamental difference fixed in his mind before forming an opinion of the illustrated "funny papers," of the fiction, the theaters, the whole trend of French humor, irony, and sentiment. Well-meaning people waste much



the French

An article of the series,
The France We Are Learning To Know

Decoration by W. T. Benda

view of such matters, and that the *Vie Parisienne*, the "little theaters," and the light fiction of France do not represent the average French temperament, but are a vile attempt (by foreign agents) to cater to foreign pornography.

The French have always been a gay and free and Rabelaisian people. They attach a great deal of importance to love-making, but they consider it more simply and less solemnly than we. They are cool, resourceful, and merry, crack jokes about the relations between the sexes, and are used to the frank discussion of what some one tactfully called "the operations of nature." They are puzzled by our queer fear of our own bodies, and accustomed to relate openly and unapologetically the anecdotes that Anglo-Saxons snicker over privately and with apologies. They define pornography as a taste for the nasty, and not as an interest in the natural.

But nothing would be more mistaken than to take this as proving that family feeling is less deep and tender in France than elsewhere, or the conception of the social virtues different. It means merely that the French are not frightened by the names of things, that they dislike what we call coarseness much less than what they call pruriency, and that they have too great a faith in the fundamental life-forces, and too much tenderness for the young mother suckling her baby, for Daphnis and Chloe in the orchard at dawn, and Philemon and Baucis on their threshold at sunset, not to wonder at our being ashamed of any of the processes of nature.

It is convenient to put the relations be-

tween the sexes first on the list of subjects about which the French and Anglo-Saxon races think and behave differently, because it is the difference which strikes the superficial first, and which has been most used in the attempt to prove the superior purity of Anglo-Saxon morals. But French outspokenness would not be interesting if it applied only to sex-questions, for savages are outspoken about those, too. The French attitude in that respect is interesting only as typical of the general intellectual fearlessness of France. She is not afraid of anything that concerns mankind, neither of pleasure and mirth nor of exultations and agonies.

The French are intrinsically a tough race; they are careless of pain, unafraid of risks, contemptuous of precautions. They have no idea that life can be evaded, and if it could be, they would not try to evade it. They regard it as a gift so magnificent that they are ready to take the bad weather with the fine rather than miss a day of the golden year.

It is this innate intellectual honesty, the specific distinction of the race, which has made it the torch-bearer of the world. Bishop Butler's celebrated: "Things are as they are, and will be as they will be" might have been the motto of the French intellect. It is an axiom that makes dull minds droop, but exalts the brain imaginative enough to be amazed before the marvel of things as they are.

II

MR. HOWELLS, I feel sure, will forgive me if I quote here a comment I once heard him make on theatrical taste in America. We had been talking of that strange exigency of the American public which compels the dramatist (if he wishes to be played) to wind up his play, whatever its point of departure, with the "happy ever after" of the fairy-tales; and I had remarked that this did not imply a preference for comedy, but that, on the contrary, our audiences want to be harrowed (and even slightly shocked) from eight till ten-thirty, and then consoled and reassured before eleven.

"Yes," said Mr. Howells; "what the American public wants is a tragedy with a happy ending."

What Mr. Howells said of the American theater is true of the whole American attitude toward life.

"A tragedy with a happy ending" is exactly what the child wants before he goes to sleep—the reassurance that "all's well with the world" as he lies in his cozy nursery. It is a good thing that the child should

(Continued on page 94)



The final instalment of

The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

GARRET BARRES, a painter, has made friends with Dulcie Soane, who passes as the daughter of Lawrence Soane, superintendent of the building in New York where Barres has his studio. He uses her as his model, and his friendship for her has developed into love. Dulcie, however, believes that his affections have become fixed upon Thessalie Dunois, a girl of Alsatian origin, whom Barres met in France in 1914. She was then a famous dancer known as Nihla Quellen, but she quarrels with her patron, Count d'Éblis, a French senator who is plotting with the Turks and Germans against his country, and escapes to New York after d'Éblis has denounced her as a spy to the French government. Her life is in constant danger from German agents.

Soane, who is a drunkard, is a rabid hater of England, and becomes associated with Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, in plots against England, one of which, financed by German money, is to blow up the Welland Canal. Skeel in his youth had been in love with Dulcie's mother, Eileen Fane, but, having gone to India, had lost track of her and is greatly astonished, when he meets Dulcie, to discover that she is Eileen's daughter, for he had never heard that his sweetheart had been married. From all he can tell her, Dulcie comes to the conclusion that Soane is not her father.

Barres takes Dulcie, Thessalie, and a sculptor friend, James Westmore, who is in love with Thessalie, to visit at his father's home, Foreland Farms, in northern New York, near Lake Ontario. In the neighborhood is the magnificent estate of Adolf Gerhardt, a banker active in German intrigue in America, and who now (it is the summer of 1916) has Skeel as a guest. Gerhardt gives a splendid outdoor fête, which Barres and his friends attend. Here Thessalie is attacked by Ferez Bey, a Turk and a German agent who had been a friend of her father, and through whom she had come under the patronage of d'Éblis. The girl nearly meets death by strangulation, but is rescued by Barres, who hears her cries. Ferez escapes. That night, at Foreland Farms, Barres receives a note from his friend, George Renoux, a French agent watching Gerhardt and his gang, saying that Skeel is about to start on an expedition to destroy the canal. He has two assistants, Alost and Souchez, and he asks the additional help of Barres and Westmore in preventing Skeel and his fellow plotters from reaching the bomb-laden power-boat in which they are to set out on their dastardly mission.

XXX

GREEN JACKETS

BARRES and Westmore were dressed, armed, and driving out of the Foreland Farms gates inside of ten minutes. Barres had the wheel; Westmore sat beside him, showing new clips into two automatics and dividing the remaining boxes of ammunition.

"The crazy devils!" he said to Barres, raising his voice to make himself heard. "Blow up the canal, will they? What's the matter with these Irishmen? The rest are not like 'em. Look at the fighting in Flanders, Garry! Look at the magnificent record of the Irish regiments! Why don't our Irish play the game?"

"It's their blind hatred of England," shouted Barres, in his ear. "They're monomaniacs. They can't see anything else—can't see what they're doing to civilization—cutting the very throat of Liberty every time they jab at England. What's the use? You can't talk to them. They're lunatics. But when they start things over here, they've got to be put into strait-jackets."

62



"They are lunatics," repeated Westmore. "If they weren't, they wouldn't risk the wholesale murder of women and children. That is a purely German peculiarity; it's what the normal *boche* delights in. But the Irish are white men. And it's only when they're crazy they'd try a thing like this."

After a long silence,

"How fast, Garry?"

"Around fifty."

"How far is it?"

"About twenty-five miles further."

The car rushed on through the night under the brilliant July stars and over a perfect road. In the hollows, where spring brooks ran under stone bridges, a slight, chilling mist hung, but otherwise the night was clear and warm.

Woods, fields, farms streamed by in the darkness; the car tore on in the wake of its glaring, golden headlights, where clouds of little winged creatures of the night whirled and eddied like flecks of tinsel.

Rarely they encountered other cars, for the hour was late, and there were no lights in the farmhouses which they passed along the road.

They spoke seldom now, their terrific speed and the roaring wind discouraging conversation. But the night air, which they whipped into a steadily flowing gale, was still soft and fragrant and warm; and with every mile their exhilaration increased.

Now the eastern horizon, which had already paled to a leaden tone, was becoming pallid; and few stars were visible except directly overhead.

Barres slowed down to twenty miles. Long double barriers of dense and misty woodland flanked the road on either hand, with few cultivated fields between, and very rarely a ramshackle barn.

Acres of alder swamp spread away on either hand, set with swale and pool and tussock. And, across the flat desolation, the east was all a saffron glow now, and the fish-crows were flying in twos and threes above the bog-holes.

"There's a man in the road ahead," said Westmore.

"I see him."

The man threw up one arm in signal, then made a sweeping gesture, indicating that they should turn to the left. The man was Renoux.

"A cart-track and a pair of bars," said Westmore. "Their car has been in there, too. You can see the tire-marks."

Renoux sprang onto the running-board without a word.

Barres steered his car very gingerly in through the bars and along the edge of the woods, where, presently, the swampy cart-track turned to the right among the trees.

"All right!" said Renoux briskly, dropping to the ground. He shook hands with the two new arrivals, passed one arm under each of theirs, and led them forward along a wet, ferny road toward a low hard-wood ridge.

Here Souchez and Alost, who lay full-length on the dead leaves, got up to welcome the reinforcements and to point out a disreputable old brick building which stood close to the further edge



There was dead silence for a moment; then Skeel's voice: "Better not bother us, my good man. We know our business, and you'd better learn yours"

of the woods, rear end toward them, and fronting on a rutty cross-road beyond.

"Are we in time?" inquired Barres, in a low voice.

"Plenty," said Renoux, with a shrug. "They've been making a night of it in there. They're at it yet. Listen!"

Even at that distance, the sound of revelry was audible—shouts, laughter, cheering, boisterous singing.

"Skeel is there," remarked Renoux, "and I fancy he's an anxious man. They ought to have been out of that house before dawn to escape observation, but I imagine Skeel has an unruly gang to deal with in those reckless Irishmen."

Barres and Westmore peered out through the fringe of trees across the somewhat desolate landscape beyond.

There were no houses to be seen. Here and there on the bogs were stakes of swale-hay and a gaunt tree or two.

"That brick hotel," said Renoux, "is one of those places outside town limits where law is defied and license straddles the line. It's run by McDermott, one of the two men aboard the power-boat."

"Where is their boat?" inquired Westmore.

Renoux turned and pointed to the southwest.

"Over there in a cove—about a mile south of us. If they leave the tavern, we can get to the boat first and block their road."

"We'll be between two fires then," observed Barres. "From the boat's deck and from Skeel's gang."

Renoux nodded coolly.

"Two on the boat and five in the hotel make seven. We are five."

"Then we can hold them," said Westmore.

"That's all I want," rejoined Renoux briskly. "I just want to check them and hold them until your government can send its agents here. I know I have no business to do this—probably

ing and get into the shack that stands there. A rickety sort of boat-house on piles," he explained to Westmore and Barres. "There is the path through the woods." He pointed to the left, where a trodden way bisected the wood road. "It runs straight to the landing," he added.

Alost, at a sign from him, started off westward through the woods. Souchez followed. Renoux leaned back against a big walnut tree and signified that he would remain there.

So Barres and Westmore moved forward to the right very cautiously, circling the rear of the old brick hotel, where a line of ruined horse-sheds and a rickety barn screened them from view of the hotel's south windows.

So close to the tavern did they pass that they could hear the noisy singing very distinctly and see, through the open windows, the movement of shadowy figures under the paling light of a ceiling-lamp.

Westmore ventured nearer, in hopes of getting a better view from the horse-sheds, and Barres crept after him through the rank growth of swale and weeds.

"Look at them!" whispered Westmore. "They're in a sort of uniform, aren't they?"

"They've got on green jackets and stable-caps. Do you see that stack of rifles in the corner of the tap-room?"

"There's Skeel!" muttered Westmore. "The man in the long cloak sitting by the fireplace with his face buried in his hands!"

"He looks utterly done in," whispered Barres. "Probably he can't manage that gang, and he begins to realize it. Hark! You can hear every word of that thing they're singing."

Every word, indeed, was a yell or a shout, and distinct enough at that. They were roaring out "Green Jackets."

"Oh, Irish maids love none but those Who wear the jackets green—"

Robert W. Chambers

is putting the final touches of his artistry to a new novel—a novel which we consider the best of the many fine ones he has written.

The Crimson Tide

will begin in an early issue.

I'll get into trouble. But I can't sit still and twirl my thumbs while people blow up a canal belonging to an ally of France."

"Hark!" motioned Barres. "They're singing. Poor devils! They're like Cree Indians singing their death-song."

"I suppose," said Westmore somberly, "that deep in each man's heart there remains a glimmer of hope that he, at least, may come out of it."

Renoux shrugged.

"Perhaps. But they are brave, these Irish—brave enough without a skinful of whisky. And with it they are entirely reckless. No sane man

can foretell what they will attempt."

He turned to include Alost and Souchez. "I think there can be only one plan of action for us, gentlemen. We should string out here along the edges of the woods. When they leave the tavern, we should run for the land-

The Moonlit Way

—all lolling and carousing around a slopping wet table—all save Murtagh Skeel, who, seated near the empty fireplace with his white face buried between his fingers, never stirred from his attitude of stony immobility.

"There's Soane," whispered Barres. "That man who just got up."

It was Soane, his cap cocked aslant on his curly head, his green jacket unbuttoned, a tumbler aloft in his unsteady clutch.

"Whurroo!" he yelled. "*Gu ma slan a chi mi—fear a Bhata!*" And he laid a reckless hand on Skeel's cloaked shoulder. But the latter never stirred, and Soane, winking at the company, flourished his tumbler aloft and broke into "The Rising of the Moon."

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Phwere the gatherin' is to be.
'In th' ould shpot be the river—
Sure it's known to you an' me."

And the others began to shout the words:

"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! Strike the marchin'-tune,
And hurrah, me lads, for freedom!
'Tis the risin' o' the moon!"

"At the risin' o' the moon,
At the risin' o' the moon,
And a thousand blades are flashin'
At the risin' o' the moon!"

"Here's to Murtagh Skeel!" roared Soane. "*An gille dubh ciardubh!* Whurroo!"

Skeel lifted his haggard visage, slowly looked round, got up from his stool.

"In God's name," he said hoarsely, "if you're not utterly shameless, take your rifles and follow me. Look at the sun! Have you lads gone stark mad? What will McDermott think? What will Kelly Walsh say? It's too late to weigh anchor now; but it isn't too late to go aboard and sober up and wait for dark. If you've a rag of patriotism left, you'll quit your drinking and come with me."

"Ah, sure, then, Captain dear," cried Soane, "is there anny harm in a bite an' a sup f'r dyin' lads befor they go whizzin' up to glory?"

"I tell you we should be aboard. Now!"

Another said:

"Aw, the cap's right. To hell with the booze! Come on, youse!" And he began to button his green jacket.

Another got up on unsteady legs.

"Sure," he said, "there do be time f'r to up anchor an' shquare away for Point Dalhousie. Phwat's intererin', I dunno."

"A Canadian cruiser," said Skeel, with dry bitterness. "Get aboard, anyway. We'll have to wait for dark."

There was a reluctant shuffle of feet, a careless adjusting of green jackets and caps, a reaching for rifles.

"Come on," whispered Barres; "we've got to get to the landing before they do."

They turned and moved off swiftly among the trees. Renoux saw them coming, understood, turned, and hurried southward to warn Alost and Souchez. Barres and Westmore caught glimpses of them ahead, striding along the trodden path under the trees, and ran to overtake them.

"They're going aboard," said Barres to Renoux. "But they will probably wait till dark before starting."

"They will, unless they're stark mad," said Renoux, hurrying out to the southern borders of the wood. But no sooner had he arrived on the edge of the open swale country than he uttered an exclamation of rage and disgust and threw up his hands helplessly.

It was perfectly plain to the others what was happening—and what now could not be prevented.

There lay the big, swift power-boat, still at anchor; there stood the ramshackle wharf and boat-house. But already a boat had put off from the larger craft and was being rowed parallel with the shore toward the mouth of a marshy creek.

Two men were rowing; a third steered.

But what had suddenly upset Renoux was the sight of a line of green jackets threading the marsh to the north, led by Skeel, who was already exchanging handkerchief-signals with the men in the boat.

Renoux glanced at his prey escaping by an avenue of which he had no previous knowledge. It was death to go out into the open with pistols and face the fire of half a dozen rifles. No man there had any delusions concerning that.

Souchez had field-glasses slung round his neck. Renoux took them, gazed at the receding boat, set his teeth hard.

"Ferez!" he growled.

"What?" exclaimed Westmore, turning a violent red.

"The man steering is Ferez Bey." Renoux handed the binoculars to Westmore with a shrug.

Barres, bending double, had gone out into the swale. A thicket of cattails screened him, and he advanced very carefully, keeping his eyes on the green-jacketed men whose heads, shoulders, and rifles were visible above the swampy growth beyond.

Suddenly Renoux, who was watching him in bitter silence, saw him turn and beckon violently.

"Quick!" he said, in a low, eager voice. "He may have found a ditch to shelter us."

Renoux was correct in his surmise. Barres stood with drawn pistol, awaiting them in a muddy ditch which ran through the reeds diagonally across the marsh. It was shin-deep in water.

"We could make a pretty good stand in a ditch like this, couldn't we?" he demanded excitedly.

"You bet we can!" replied Renoux, jumping down beside him, followed by Westmore, Alost and Souchez in turn.

Barres, leading, ran down the ditch as fast as he could, spattering himself and the others with mud and water at every step.

"Here!" panted Renoux, clambering nimbly out of the ditch and peering ahead through the reeds. Then he suddenly stood upright.

"Halt!" he shouted. "It's all up with you, Skeel! Keep away from that boat, or I order my men to fire!"

There was dead silence for a moment; then Skeel's voice:

"Better not bother us, my good man. We know our business, and you'd better learn yours."

"Skeel," retorted Renoux, "my business is other people's business sometimes. It's yours just now. I warn you to keep away from that boat." He turned and hailed the boat in the next breath. "Boat ahoy! Keep off, or we open fire!"

The metallic bang of a rifle cut him short, and his straw hat was jerked from his head. Then came Skeel's voice, calmly dangerous:

"I know you, Renoux. You have no standing here. Keep away, or I'll kill you!"

"What lawful standing have you—leading an armed expedition from the United States into Canada?" retorted Renoux, red with anger and looking about for his hat.

"If you don't get back I shall surely kill you," replied Skeel.

"I count three, Renoux—one—two—three— Bang! went another rifle, and Renoux shrugged and dropped reluctantly back into the ditch.

"They're crazy," he said. "Barres, fire across that boat out yonder."

Westmore also fired, aiming carefully at Ferez. It was too far; they both knew it. But the ricocheting bullets seemed to sting the rowers to frantic exertion, and Ferez, at the rudder, ducked and squatted flat, the tip of his hat alone showing over the gunwale.

"We can't stop them," said Renoux desperately. "They're certain to reach that boat."

Now, suddenly, Skeel's six rifles cracked viciously, and the bullets came screaming over the ditch.

Renoux fairly gnashed his teeth.

"If a bluff won't stop them, then I'm through," he said bitterly. "I haven't any authority. I haven't the audacity to fire on them—to so insult your government. And yet, by God—there's the canal to remember!"

Another volley from the green jackets, and again the whizzing scream of bullets through the cattails above their heads.

"Look!" cried Barres. "They're embarking already! There wasn't a chance of holding them."

It was true. Pell-mell through the shallow water and into the boat leaped the green jackets, holding their rifles high in the early sunshine. Skeel sprang in last of all; the oars flashed.

Pistols hanging helplessly, Renoux and his men stood there foolishly on the edge of their ditch and watched the boat pull back to the big power-craft.

Nobody said anything. The green jackets climbed aboard with a derisive cheer. So near was the power-boat that Skeel, Ferez, and Soane were easily distinguishable there in the brilliant sunshine, on deck.

"Anyway," burst out Renoux, "they'll not dare lie there at anchor and wait for dark now!"

Even as he spoke, the anchor came up.

Very deliberately the small boat was hoisted to the davits; the big craft began to move, swinging her nose north by west,



ILLUSTRATION BY H. L. STEPHENSON

"You are so wonderful!" he said. "I am just realizing that I began to fall in love with you a long time ago"

The Moonlit Way

the spray breaking under the bows. She was already under way, already headed for the open lake.

And then, without any warning whatever, out of the northeast, almost sheering the jutting point which had concealed her, rushed a Canadian patrol-boat, her forward deck a geyser of spouting foam.

A red lance of flame leaped from her forward gun; the sharp crack shattered the summer stillness; the shell went skittering away over the water, across the bows of the power-boat; a string of signals broke from the cruiser's mast.

Then an amazing thing happened. The power-boat's after-deck suddenly swarmed with green jackets; there came a flash and a report, and a shell burst over the Canadian patrol-cruiser, cutting her halyards to ribbons.

"Well—by—God!" gasped Renoux. Barres and Westmore stood petrified; but the three Frenchmen, with one accord, and standing up very straight, uncovered in the presence of these men who were about to die.

Suddenly the power-boat broke out a flag at her masthead—a bright-green flag bearing a golden harp.

Again the small gun flashed from her after-deck; another gun spoke with a splitting report from the starboard bow; both the shells exploded close to the patrol-cruiser, showering her superstructure with steel fragments.

And, as the concussions subsided, and the landward echoes of the shots died away, far and clear from the power-boat's decks, across the water, came the defiant chorus:

"I saw the Shannon's purple tide
Roll by the Irish town,
As I stood in the breach by Donal's side
When England's flag went down——"

They were singing "Green Jackets," these doomed men. Barres could hear them cheering, too, for a moment only—then every gun aboard of the flimsy little craft spat flame at the big Canadian, and the bursting shells splashed the water all round her with their pigmy fragments.

Now, from the cruiser, a single gun bellowed. Instantly a red glare wrapped the launch; there was a heavy report, a fountain of rushing smoke and débris.

Against the infernal flare of light, Skeel's tall figure showed in silhouette, standing there with hat lifted as though cheering. Again, from the cruiser, a gun crashed. Where the burning launch had been, a horrible flare shot up, and the shocking detonation rocked land and sky. On the water, a vast black cloud rested, almost motionless; and all round rained charred things that had been wood and steel and clothing, perhaps—perhaps little fragments of living creatures.

So passed into eternity Murtagh Skeel and his green jackets, hurled skyward in the twinkling of an eye on the roaring blast of their own magazine. What was left of their green flag attained an altitude unparalleled that sunny morning. But their souls soared higher into that blinding light which makes all things clear at last, solves all questions, all perplexities—which consoles all griefs and quiets at last the bitter mirth of those who have laughed at death for conscience's sake.

Very slowly the dull cloud lifted from the sunlit water. Dead fish floated there; others, half stunned, lay awash, with fins quivering, or strove to turn over, bellies shining silver-white in the morning sun.

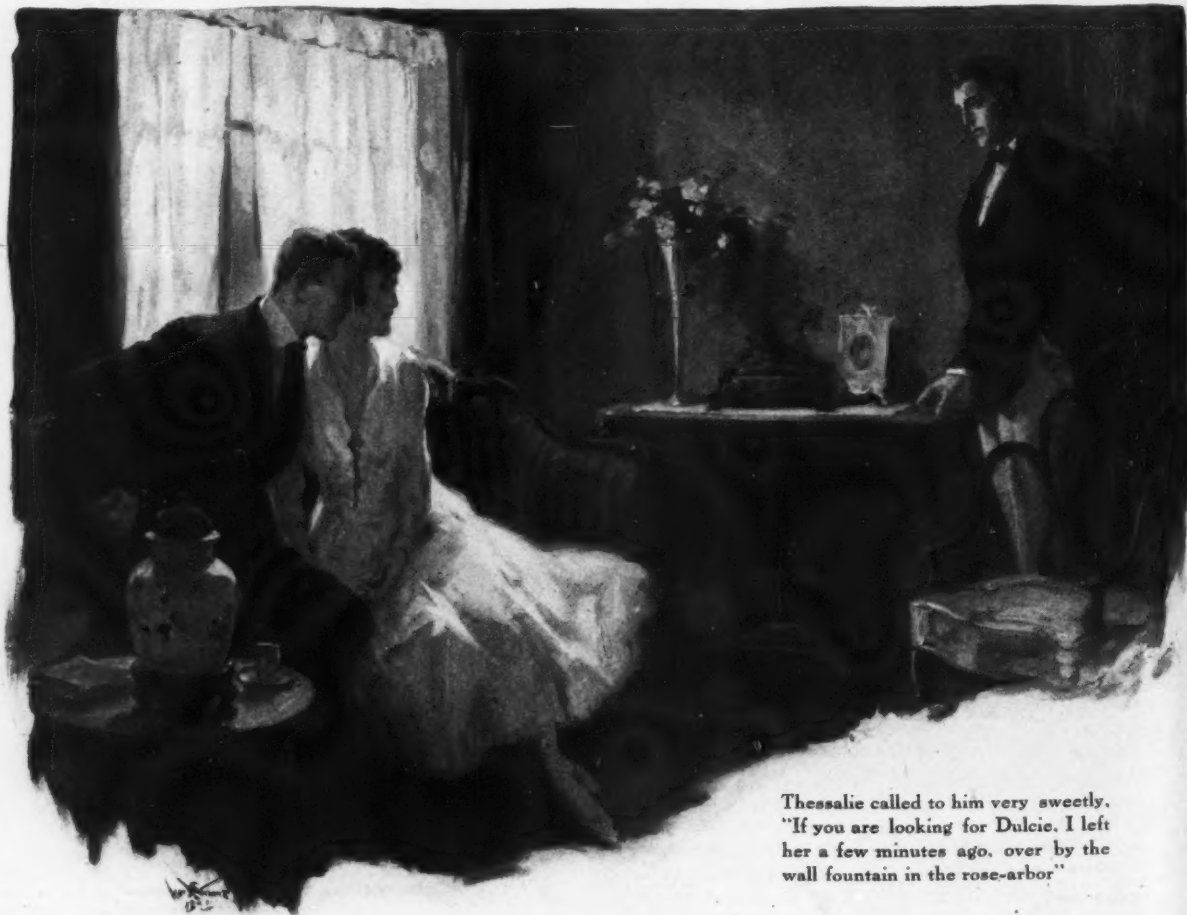
XXXI

ASTHORE

THE sun hung low over Northbrook hills as Barres turned his touring car in between the high white service-gates of Foreland Farms, swung round the oval, and backed into the garage.

Barres, senior, very trim in tweeds, the web-straps of a creel and a fly-book wallet crossing his breast, glanced up from his absorbing occupation of preparing evening casts on a twelve-foot tapered mist-leader.

"Hello!" he said absently, glancing (*Continued on page 127*)



Thessalie called to him very sweetly.
"If you are looking for Dulcie, I left
her a few minutes ago, over by the
wall fountain in the rose-arbor"

The story of a fine idealist and dreamer who found what
he sought at home and not afar in —

Beulah Land

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

HE dropped the newspaper from his hands, and, with his jaw thrust forward and a dim haze over his eyes, he gazed into the glowing coal fire in the immense drawing-room. So Zion had arisen at last! Zion, the incomparable city! Zion, the hope and home of millions! Out of the tearful dreams of centuries, the stones of the Temple were taking substance as by strange magic.

Zion was here!

He took the paper up again, and the mist passed from his eyes as he read of the rout of the Ottoman armies before the smiling, sedate Allenby, and of the proposal of the British to found, in the ancient soil, a free Hebrew state, such as had obtained there before the Babylonians and the swarthy, arrogant Romans had been sent to smite his people for their sins. His eyes blazed as he thought of the Moslem hordes reeling back.

And there were Jews with General Allenby, too—fighting for their ancient patrimony.

And Zion had arisen!

"I will bring them again also out of the land of Egypt, and gather them out of Assyria," he quoted the Promise, "'and I will bring them into the land of Gilead and Lebanon.'"

You might have taken Sassoon for an Arab or an Afghan as he sat there in front of the fire, what with his high cheek-bones, his fiery black eyes, and the swarthy, sun-tanned tint he never lost.

His stocky, muscular figure, too—that seemed to be more fitting for a cavalryman or a wrestler than for the intrepid financier who, with Rothschild, and Garetti, of Italy, and Carcassonne, of France, had held the reins of plunging international credit while the world weltered in battle. Everyone who saw him for the first time was surprised.

"I didn't think—" they would begin embarrassedly, and then stop, a little flushed.

Sassoon would smile wryly.

"You expected to find a patriarchal beard, a vulture's nose, mean eyes," he would think, "hands twitching for money—such, you thought, would be the Jewish banker." But he said nothing, not from a sense of cowardice but from dignity.

"I thought"—they would cover up their embarrassment—"you were an older man."

"I am fifty."

"You look thirty-five."

His wife Miriam, seated at the huge piano, not playing but dreaming, and occasionally stealing a glance at Sassoon—her you would have known for a Jewess immediately. Even at thirty-six, she was a slim woman, and had not lost the beauty of her early years. The blackness of her hair, black as blue, the smoldering fire in her eyes, her swarthy, passionate coloring—she was as unmistakably racial as her namesake, Miriam, sister of Moses, who danced to timbrels after the crossing of the Red Sea.

"Sassoon," she called, "what are you thinking of?" She had watched him gaze into the fire long enough.

"Our hope has not yet gone," he quoted the refrain from the song "Ha-Tikvah," "'the old-hope to return to the land of our fathers, to the city where David lived.' We're going back." He stood up quickly, and, walking over to her, he took her by



Hour to hour went by, and still he wandered about,
savoring, as one savors old memories, the nearness
and greatness of his people in this alien land

the arms. "We're going back, Miriam, right away, to the city where David lived!"

His eyes were sparkling with his dream, but hers were troubled. She had no child, nor could she ever have one. All she had was Sassoon—her husband, her lover. And she wanted to be sure that he would be happy, that the things he did should be the right things.

II

FROM his earliest childhood, in Lisbon, he had been saturated in the dream of Zion. His mother, a proud Mendoza, and his father, the gentle little banker with the pathetic eyes and the long beard, lived innerly that fierce, intensive racial life which the families had hoarded since the days of the Inquisition, when death was not the portion of a Jew, but indignity, torture, degradation—death in life.

With the glowing enmity of generations, they both told young Peter Sassoon of their people's suffering.

He could remember his mother, tall and slim, and straight like a drawn sword, her face glowing with spiritual flame, recounting the sufferings of his people, and then standing up proudly, with tears dimming her great black eyes, while she chanted the "Zionide" of Judah Ha-Levi:

"Zion, wilt thou not send a greeting to thy captives,
Who greet thee as the remnant of thy flocks?
From east to west, from north to south, a greeting;
From far and near take thou on all sides!

A greeting sends the captive of desire,
who sheds his tears
Like dew on Hermon; would they
might fall on thy hills!"

And so, hour by hour, day by day, month by month, there arose in his mind the fabric of the ancient country. In long, graceful lines and in definite colors, now restrained, now violent and dramatic, he could see Jerusalem, the delectable city. He could see the great Temple which Solomon builded on the site of the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite. Now against its crumbling ruins, old men beat their heads. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance!" they cry. "They have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry forever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?" He could see the tomb of David, with its terraces and olive trees bathed in sunshine. In his mind he could see the oaks of Mamre, where Abraham pitched his tent. All that was theirs! Zion, which was now a captive, one day would belong to his people again. So went the promise of the Lord.

He might have remained all his life in Lisbon, dreaming fiercely, as his mother dreamed, and helping his father in the bank, had not the old man died unexpectedly one Sabbath in the synagogue. He sat down suddenly, put his hand to his heart, gasped, looked wildly up to the balcony where his wife was, and collapsed from heart-disease. And his son rent his garments, as the custom is, and said *kaddish* for him, and he was laid away to rest.

I don't know how it is these people of the East love. There is an intensity to it that we Westerns, with our complex, diverse interests, can never attain. They become bound to each other with clamps of tempered steel, become the perfect unity that all love is. When one part dies, the other dies also. So, three weeks later, the wife of old Sassoon, who was a Mendoza; died quietly in her chair with a look of expectancy on her face, as though she had heard her name called. And for her, too, her son rent his garments and said *kaddish*, and she was laid by the side of her husband in the House of Peace.

He might have remained in Lisbon, might Peter Sassoon, and have become the greatest financier Portugal had ever seen. He might have gone to Paris or Madrid or any of the European capitals, and there made a name as big as it is in our country to-day. But the tragedy of his people lay in dark stains, and hidden, fetid prison-chambers in each one of them, and he would have none of them.

"I will go to Palestine," he said. And then his eyes flashed proudly. "I will not go to Palestine until Palestine is free."

But there was somewhere else he might go, and his heart leaped at the thought of it. Already through the narrow Ghettos of Europe, the word ran that overseas was a great country where all men were free. From the Pale of Russia, where the *moujiks* were craving blood; from Budapest, where the Jews went by fearfully in their clumsy gabardines; from Spain the haughty, and Portugal the proud, Israel was making a last exodus to a new world. There the huckster in the street had his chance, and the manufacturer put up his purring looms, and in the colleges the brilliant youth of Israel matched brains against the pick of the virgin continent. Even in the fertile New England states, the Jews had reverted to their original calling, and tilled the land, as they once did, twenty centuries ago, by Nazareth and Galilee. There, too, would he go and abide with his people—

"Until Zion come—" he murmured.

III

It was Schuyler who gave young Sassoon his chance—Schuyler, the greatest of the bankers, as sinister-looking—what with his drooping black mustache, his black eyes, his black cigar—as any



He dropped the newspaper
from his hands, and, with
his jaw thrust forward and a
dim haze over his eyes, he
gazed into the glowing coal fire

pirate of the days of Kidd—three times savior of his country, a picker of men. To him Sassoon went fearlessly, and Schuyler, in five minutes, sent him to be trained for charge of the foreign credits.

"Why in blazes," asked one of Schuyler's friends, "did you give that Jewish boy such a chance?"

"Wait and see," Schuyler smiled.

There is a belief abroad that Schuyler never made a mistake. Of course he made mistakes, time and time again; but he made no mistake in picking Peter Sassoon. Little by little the grip of new fingers could be felt in national finance, not a nervous, grasping grip but a firm, steady hand.

"That's Schuyler's man, Sassoon," the shrewd bankers nodded.

They recognized quickly the reasons why Schuyler had picked him. They saw his genius, when, reaching out, he picked up and took charge of a South American republic, rich in ore and nitrates, and, saving it from ruin, started it on a strict business schedule, with himself running everything from president to police, and running it well.

"But aren't you afraid," he was asked, "of a revolution taking place, and all your holdings being confiscated?"

"I am afraid of nothing," Sassoon replied quietly, without any boastfulness, merely stating a fact.

This intrepid financial genius, this fearlessness, would have been enough to make his name, but added to that was his impeccable honesty. In the open game of finance he was ruthless against an opponent who dared and offered to fight him for supremacy, always according to rule, and recognized fair play. But his fingers were never soiled with any shady transaction. He never hired a corporation lawyer to help him evade the law of the land. He never plundered the weak.

"I have heard," drawled Calhoun, the senator from Georgia, a notorious Judeophobe, "that everyone is entitled to his pet Jew. I know of no pet Jews, but I know of one honest one—Peter Sassoon."

That did not please Sassoon. Praise for himself meant nothing, but condemnation of his people enraged him. But what was to be done about it? Nothing! Until Zion come—

To his people, the fearless *Spanol* Jew seemed a redeemer. In no activity of theirs was he missing. Into those palatial offices of his on Broad Street, New York, anyone of his religion was admitted, from the East Side *schmorrer* and the pedler to the great merchant and the legislator. And time that was worth thousands of dollars to him was spent freely in assisting them in their troubles, giving them counsel, laying out plans. He lent them money freely, knowing every cent of it would be returned.

"I tell it you, Mr. Sassoon," a little Galician, whom he had pulled from the edge of bankruptcy, broke in on him in voluble, singsong Yiddish. "When I leave Galicia, I think it this country the greatest chance in the world. I think it the money come easily here, *pavolye!* But I got to work, and I'm happy working. We're all happy working and making money, but bad times come, and it is hard and we get discouraged. Until you came

there was nobody to help us. But you came and—*gewahlt*, it is like heaven!"

"Here is it all right," said Peter Sassoon, "until Zion come—"

"To me"—the little *Galiz* threw his hands out proudly—"to me, it is Zion here!"

IV

He was thirty-five years old and already an international figure when he met Miriam Mendel, daughter of the old patriarch who had come out of Kief to America and was acknowledged to be the greatest furrier in the world. Up in the North, further than the Hudson Bay men go, his agents travel for the pelts of silver foxes. At the fair of Nijni Novgorod they are known, and at Leipzig, at the great March *Messe*. Shrewd men, those agents of his, none shrewder in the world, and their nod of the head is as good as their bond.

If Peter Sassoon had not happened along, I don't believe Jacob Mendel would have given Miriam to another man. For Miriam was all he had, and he knew the worth of that one daughter. The spirit that was in Jacob Mendel was placid and great and very deep, like the sea, but the spirit of his daughter was black and white-topped, and aglow with great passions, like a mountain lake. And she was very beautiful.

"She looks like Jael," the elder Miss Brown, of the Misses Brown's School for Young Ladies, said, when Miriam was brought to her, "or like Jephthah's daughter."

The elder Miss Brown, for all her lack of knowledge of worldly things, was in a measure right. Miriam was a maid of Israel, a maid out of old-time, when the Jewish women followed the hosting through the desert, led by the burning cloud. She stood out among that pretty aggregation of bankers' daughters like a flame.

She went through Vassar and she came to New York, and she was, in due course, offered for marriage at dances and lunches and afternoon teas. There were a host of bidders, for, even without the Mendel millions, she had fire enough and beauty enough to electrify the most placid of men. But she would have none of them.

"For whom are you waiting then, for whom?" little Klotz, the department-store man, gesticulated in hysterical anger. He usually got what he wanted, did little Klotz.

"I am waiting for my man," she told him quietly.

The dapper little trader went to her father, "to talk reason," as he put it.

"Why don't she take me?" he demanded hotly. "Amn't I wealthy enough, and healthy

enough? Amn't I as good-looking as anyone else she will get? She wants her man? Well, I'm her man, as much as anyone else is."

Old Jacob Mendel looked him up and down for a minute, much as though he were examining a pelt. He grimaced, as he would grimace if a pelt were rotten.

"You're not," he said calmly. And there the matter ended.

It was at a dance at Sherry's that Miriam met Peter Sassoon. It was seldom he came to dances, but to this he came, because it would have hurt some friends had he not appeared; and, for all his strength and vigor, he would hurt nobody's feelings. He swung into the room, a lunging, muscular figure, who would have been more at home on a horse in the desert than dancing a waltz in a ballroom. On his round of introductions he stopped at Miriam Mendel. Something in the girl's high head and shining eyes arrested him.

"I suppose I should ask you to dance, but I dance very badly," he said bluntly.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"You needn't." She was every bit as direct as he. "I should like to talk to you, Peter Sassoon."

They talked very little that night, and very little afterward, but their eyes just looked at one another with a strange question in them. They looked probingly; they looked warily, and then, suddenly, they grew clear, as though all questions were answered, and they knew they had come together to stay.

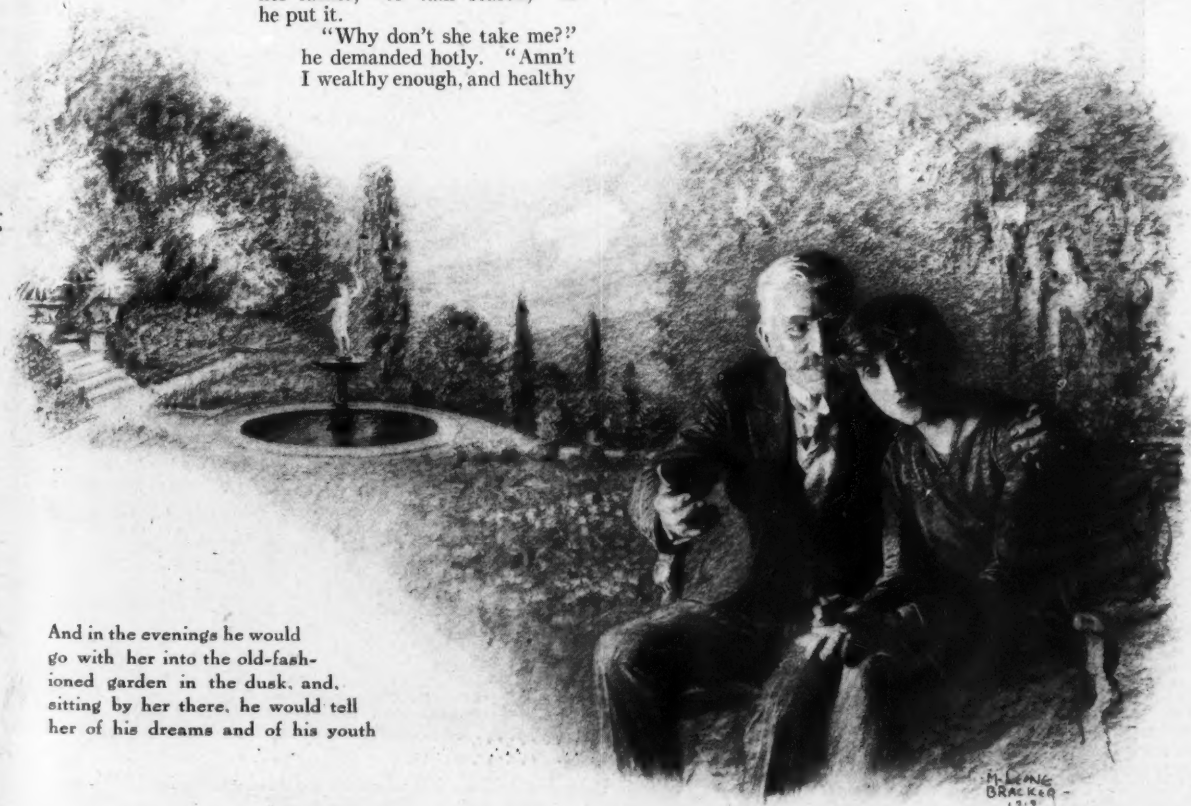
They met several times after that, and between them there still existed that dramatic, eloquent silence, broken only by amenities of conversation. The day came when Sassoon took her left hand in his two brown ones.

"Will you marry me, Miriam," he said bluntly—he knew no other way—"and stay by me always? Because I love you."

"I will," she said, and her eyes were shining, "because I love you, too, Peter Sassoon."

They spoke very little even after that. It seemed to both of them that the physical coverings of their spirits were laid entirely aside. The mechanics of speech were no longer there—tongue, palate, lips, or teeth. Together their hearts were singing the immense diapason of the stars. "'I sleep, but my heart waketh'"—the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, clashed in her heart like cymbals—"it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for

And in the evenings he would go with her into the old-fashioned garden in the dusk, and, sitting by her there, he would tell her of his dreams and of his youth





DRAWN BY M. LEONE BROOKER

"Oh, Sassoon, blind one, cannot you see? Not even in Palestine is Zion; but when we are dead—there is David's city!"

my head is filled with dew," "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse"—in Sassoon's mind the glorious love-song answered—"thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck. . . . How much better is thy love than wine!"

He went to her father proudly.

"I am in love with your daughter, Jacob Mendel," he said, "and she with me."

"I am very glad, Sassoon." The fur king hesitated not one moment.

And so they were married, and he took her to live in the great house he had bought for them in Westchester, a place of hills and valleys and gaunt, splendid rocks, such as might be about the Jordan or Kedron stream. And in the distance they could see the Sound, placid as the sea called Galilee, dotted here and there with a sail, and ruffled at times by the wind into microscopic hills and ridges. And in the evenings he would go with her into the old-fashioned garden in the dusk, and, sitting by her there, he would tell her of his dreams and of his youth. And, as the dusk gathered into night, she—hardly visible, very sentient—would put out her hand and catch his, and as his throbbing voice went on, by a soft pressure now, by a hard one then, she would signify that her soul was drinking in every word.

"Not in my time, Miriam, nor in your time will Zion come. But one day—"

And little by little under the soft influence of his caring for his wife Miriam, the harsh drama of Sassoon's vision of Zion blurred into pale, delicate outlines. Gone for a time was the splendor of the Temple and the troubled waters of Bethesda Pool, and in its place there rose in his mind a vision of Magdala, the village whence his family came. A wide valley, it was described, between two pleasant hills, and tall, feathery trees about the cliffs. Bees hummed going to and from their hives in the rocks, and the sun shot the little watercourse with iridescence. Butterflies and dragon-flies hovered above the anemones and squills, and in the foreground of all, in her white robe, with her black eyes and her dark, commanding face, was Miriam, a Jewish maid—

And so, married, they lived happily but for one thing: the promise to Abraham was not fulfilled in Sassoon, and Miriam had no child. It would have come to her as the crowning moment in her love, but there had to be some bitter disappointment, she felt, for all that she was getting. Sassoon knew, and enveloped her with tenderness for it. It hurt him, too.

Everywhere together they went, except for the occasions of his business. Through fifteen years she walked proudly as a queen, glad to be wife to a man like Sassoon, proud to be admitted to his thoughts, to be near the soul of him. Every moment proud of him. Every moment fearful lest something should happen to him—not a mere physical reality but something that might hurt or destroy his bigness, or turn him aside from the great, right things. She had no child, you see—she had nothing but Sassoon.

V

He spoke continually of his vision of a new Zion to the rabbis he knew, and they grew sympathetic toward his fervor, and quoted for him texts from Jeremiah, and Lamentations, and Joel to prove that it should come, and from Uriah and Amos. But their vision was a dull thing of dry Talmudic books, and they obscured it with strange interpretations, and hazy corollaries. And that did not satisfy Sassoon.

He spoke of it once to a young artist of some talent, a slim Jewish boy, and told him, in a moment of enthusiasm, how he would like to go back to David's city.

"Say, brother," the boy's voice cackled; "you don't know nothing about it. I've been there. I was on a tour over the world when I married my girl. Listen, friend: There ain't nothing there—just stone, stones and sand. You don't want to go there. Why don't you go down to Lakewood?"

"And they call you an artist!" Sassoon sneered inwardly. Outwardly, his face flushed, and his mouth crept into a thin, straight line.

He had been invited—a great compliment—to a little dinner at an Irish club by five or six of New York's greatest Irishmen. It had passed off, talking of city and state and national politics and of the reconstruction work after the war. That, too, passed, and the old men began talking of bygone times in Ireland and of the great struggles in New York when the Tiger padded Fourteenth Street with soft, treacherous steps.

"Give us one of the sold songs, Tim," some one asked.

A red-faced, white-haired judge of the Supreme Court shook his head.

"No more," he refused laughingly; "those days are by."

"By" be damned! There was the clanging protest of glasses on the table. The old judge laughed and rose.

"Well then:

"The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The French are on the sea,
They'll be here by break of day;
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

The old rebel song rang through the club, and, as the verses went on, Sassoon told himself here was a race he would never understand. The old judge he knew for one of the greatest supporters of the Allied cause during the war. He had advocated hanging in the public square all the lurking spies in America. He had publicly wept when Ireland refused to line up to her duty in civilization. And yet, here he was, singing a rebel song!

"And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes; Ireland will be free,
From the center to the sea;
And hurrah for liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

He turned to the judge when the song was over.

"When Ireland is free," Sassoon said, "you expect to go back?"

"I do not," Judge Ryan answered. "My place is here."

"It seems to mean so much to your people, and you say they will not go back. What is the use, then, of all these feelings, all these songs?"

The white-haired old jurist laid his hand on Sassoon's knee. He smiled.

"Here is the use, Sassoon," he said cryptically: "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

VI

It was four in the morning now, and it had been dawn since then, a faint, mauve dawn of June, and still Sassoon was walking about the city. To-day was the great day—the day when the miracle would be proven. To-day he sailed for Zion, David's city, which, according to the Promise, had arisen from the dead, and on whose hills and valleys, whose flat roofs and bellying minarets, the sun of freedom shone, as it shone in the days of the magnificence of Solomon, the king.

He had wound up his business at the bank that day, selling his various holdings and converting them into securities which he could bring with him to Palestine. And to his associates he had said good-by. He saw a lack of enthusiasm in their voices. Behind their eyes was a disappointed, hard look. Kemp, of the United Oil Company, had suddenly blazed into a sort of anger.

"If I were to tell you what I think—" the hawk-faced Yankee snapped.

"What is wrong, Kemp?" Sassoon was surprised.

"Oh, nothing!" Kemp barked, and bade him good-by unceremoniously.

At his house, too, on Madison Avenue, matters were not right. In the eyes of his wife Miriam, trouble lurked like a pale ghost. He had wanted to sell everything, and to take with them just a few dear things.

"No, Sassoon," she protested; "you can leave that to your friends, who will do it—when we go."

And he had taken passage for both of them from New York to Southampton, across France to Marseilles, to Port Said, to Jaffa. And to-day, at noon, they sailed. As yet, eight hours—

He had telephoned he would not be home to dinner and had spent the afternoon going about places where his people were, the lowest and poorest of them. Up Second Avenue he had come—the deep, dark gulch where the elevated rumbles like sudden thunder. Every stone, every house had a call to him. Here was a Hebrew bank he had, ten years ago, saved from ruin; there a squat synagogue, whither he had gone to pray for the soul of an old friend. All about swarmed (Continued on page 90)

*The absorbing story of a man who returned from France
to find that he and his wife were—*

Strangers

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrated by

Leslie L. Benson

But now—now he was going home. The war had been over since November, and it was March—and he was really on the Atlantic, homeward bound. The thing was over; the work was done, and once more he could take up the old, unrestrained life of a civilian, of a man who dared possess a wife and family if he could get them. And it seemed to him a cruel thing that his wife was six days away from him. He wanted her now—*now!*

Since their marriage—since he met her—something like a year before their marriage, he had noticed no other woman, except as one notices passers-by in a crowd. Ruth had been the one woman for him, and he had been faithful to her in the way that most American husbands are faithful to their wives—without conscious effort, without a thought that he *was* being faithful. She had been perfectly satisfying to him; he loved her, and needed no other woman to make his life complete. Since he had been in France, he had remained the same—unconsciously, instinctively, faithful. He was going home without taking pride in the fact. There were men aboard who boasted of it. He could not understand them, or why they should boast.

As he paced about the windy, spray-drenched decks, he pictured his welcome. He had been unable to let her know the exact date of his return, but days and days ago he had written that his return was near, and that she might expect him any day after the receipt of his letter. She would be waiting for him, he knew. She would have declined all engagements to remain at home day after day, merely on the chance that it might be the day of his homecoming. He would drive up to their door—without telephoning that he was on the way—and she would look out of the window to see who was stopping. Then she would come running down the walk and into his arms.

Again and again he rehearsed this scene with

tender imagination. He had not seen her for nearly two years. Two years! And now they were about to be together again—husband and wife!

It was a trying, disagreeable voyage for the first four or five days, and downright upsetting for the remaining two. Cutting rain, drenching spray, a plunging, rolling vessel made for little comfort, and it was a small minority of the returning soldiers who were able to report for mess three times a day throughout the run. Stone Jowett, who fancied himself a good sailor, endured until those last two days of storm, and then surrendered to hopeless, helpless seasickness that clung to him until the transport entered the harbor of New York.

He emerged from his cabin pale, fagged, looking anything but a hero returning with wreaths of victory. He was weary, haggard; his uniform, which had seen much service, was little better than shabby. Of course he had shaved before coming on deck to see the Statue, but he had not made a good job of it. Alto-

Ruth stood there,
poised for an instant,
gazing at him as if she
could not believe that
he was really home

FROM the moment Stone Jowett set foot on the homeward-bound transport, the thought that was ever present in his mind was that he was going to see his wife. The mere fact that he was in motion toward her made his impatience almost unbearable, but now that he was actually on the way, steaming toward America and New York, it seemed to him that he could neither sleep nor eat until he stood in her presence.

Their parting, nineteen months before, had been rather exalting than saddening. She had been so brave and quiet, and proud of him in his uniform. There had been no tears, though she had clung to him at the last and made him promise again and again to come home safe to her. The nineteen months in France had been lonely, but he had schooled himself to loneliness and to absence from his wife. He knew it was impossible to see her, to return to her, and was able, as a reasonable man should be, to make the best of a condition which could not be improved.

gether, he looked years older than his age and by no means inviting to the eye.

They docked at ten o'clock, and it was two before he was able to leave the transport at Hoboken and take the ferry for New York. He felt very tired. Somehow, his eagerness to see his wife was submerged and weighed down by his weariness—not that the eagerness was absent, but his physical condition was so unhappy as to deaden his emotions. But he was going home—home—to rest, to sleep. He felt as if he could sleep for days, as if the greatest good that could be bestowed upon him would be a soft bed and clean sheets and perfect quiet.

A taxi-cab carried him to the station, where he boarded a suburban train for the two-hour journey to his home. He found a seat in the smoking-car, into which he sank listlessly, not even lighting the cigarette which habit placed between his lips; nor did he look out upon the familiar scenery with that thrill of delight which he had anticipated. The scenery was not lovely on this day of his home-coming. The ground was bare, muddy; a fine sleet was falling, and the March wind soughed and swept through the trees and swirled about corners and blew the rain before it in foggy, distressing clouds. So he sat, slumped down in his seat, not dozing but depressed, and submitted grimly to a journey to which he had looked forward with joyful anticipation.

There was a little thrill as the train pulled into his village. He brightened, straightened his shoulders, felt something of elation and excitement. She was there—his wife! Not days distant now, but minutes! Three minutes in a taxi-cab would carry him to his door and to that scene which he had so often rehearsed.

On the platform, men who had been mere acquaintances shook his hand with cordial warmth and bade him welcome home; the driver of the taxi-cab treated him with a deference that he would have noticed at another time—and he was moving through the wet, slippery streets toward his house and Ruth.

No lethargy could withstand this moment. He sat erect now, and peered eagerly through the moisture-dimmed windows. She was there—there, just round the next corner. There was the house—he could see it now. It looked just the same as when he had left it. Every brick and slate was as he remembered it; every shrub and tree was as it had been photographed in his mind.

The taxi-cab stopped, and Stone sprang out eagerly. The door of the house swung open—just as he had pictured it would—and Ruth stood there, poised for an instant, gazing at him as if she could not believe that he was really home—and then, careless of the sleet, she was running toward him.

It was all exactly as he had pictured it—exactly.

She was in his arms, her arms about his neck—and then, suddenly, he felt abashed, uncomfortable, *strange*. It was a queer, unexpected, distressing sensation—as if he had, through some mad impulse, clasped a strange woman to his breast, and, coming to his senses, wondered what in the world he was going to do about it now. He did not understand it—did not try to understand it in that first moment of meeting. It was enough to recognize that it was not as it should be. And because he had so often rehearsed that scene, he knew what he should do and feel.

He bent to kiss her. As his lips were about to meet hers, she turned her head quickly, so that his kiss fell upon her cheek, and it seemed to him that she shrank from him the merest trifle.

Together they walked to the house and entered, silently, uncomfortably. A curtain, intangible yet impenetrable, had dropped between them, shutting them off from each other inexorably. It gave to Stone a sense of unreality, as if he were walking in a dream—one

of those helpless, bewildered nightmare sensations. What his wife was thinking and feeling he did not know, nor, at the moment, did he consider, for he was altogether absorbed in the thing that was happening to him.

"Why," he said to himself, "she's a stranger! I feel as if I didn't know her at all."

He knew he ought to love her as he had loved her two years before; he knew that his heart should be light with tenderness and gladness, that her presence should seem to him the most wonderful thing in the world. And he found himself dead to it—uncomfortable, bewildered. He looked at her, fumbling for an explanation of it—and then he caught a look in her eye that was more than mere awkwardness. It was fear!

Until that instant he had not considered her, but now he did consider her, studying her covertly, watching for shades of expression, for telltale signs to indicate what was going on inside her thoughts. Their conversation was not the conversation of lovers. It did not halt and stay because it was choked by happiness; it did not flow in a flood because both had much to tell to each other. It limped; it lurched along as talk will lurch when both parties to it have foreign and weighty matters on their minds.

It was a curious situation, curious and disturbing—and a little dreadful. "Dreadful" was the word, Stone thought. The thing he felt was dread, or the beginning of dread; it was more than apprehension. Something was wrong. He was accustomed to sense a deep sympathy between himself and Ruth. They had been peculiarly *en rapport*, as the psychic text-books have it. Now the trouble seemed to be that this line had been cut and the instruments were



dead. Before, they had lived more or less as an entity, as husband and wife, the nucleus of a family. That was wholly absent. Yes; that was it. The strange deadness that he felt in Ruth's presence was due to that—to their apartness.

As he tried to talk to her, he strove as well to think the matter through. There must be a cause. Perhaps it was because he was tired and worn; perhaps it was merely the reaction from the life he had led for more than a year. Perhaps a rest and a sleep and refreshment would set him again to functioning on the old plane, and matters could be taken up between him and Ruth where they had been left off. Then he thought of that turn of her head as he had stooped to kiss her, and of the expression in her eyes which had seemed to him to be fear. Was she, too, feeling this strangeness? Was it possible that she had not thrilled to him as he had not thrilled to her, that she was experiencing that same strangeness, that sense of meeting with a stranger, with somebody with whom one had nothing in common? That really startled him.

She sat very slender and charming and young—very desirable, a wife to be proud of. He watched her and studied her, and began to feel aggrieved. She was his wife—*his* wife. What he might feel was one thing; but what she felt toward him was another thing altogether. That was not right. She had no right to feel so—if it were true that she shared his peculiar attitude. Somehow, that appeared to him like an invasion of a vested right. It might be that he was passing through an incomprehensible period; but that gave her no right to pass through such a period. He insisted that the thing was only temporary with him; but the small fear appeared and grew that it might not be temporary with her. Women were peculiar; their psychology was of a more delicate and occult sort than that of men. This might affect her more deeply, more permanently than it affected him. Why, she might be lost to him!

These thoughts came in the interstices of the conversation—trivial, uncomfortable conversation, consisting of questions asked without interest in the answers to come, and in answers given without enthusiasm. He was really alarmed now. Even if one does not value a thing highly, he wished to cling to it if there is a threat to deprive him of it. And he had wanted Ruth once, wanted her with his whole soul. She had been precious to him until that moment of meeting, an hour ago. To be with her had been the chief desire of his heart. He remembered how comfortable and happy they had always been together—and he wanted that comfort and happiness to return. He wanted everything to be as it was, and it could never be as it was if Ruth had cooled toward him, not temporarily, not in a fit of momentary strangeness, but permanently.

Stone got up and sat beside her, close beside her, and placed his arm about her shoulders. She did not shrink from him, but she did not yield to him. It seemed as if she could not look at him, could not meet his eyes. He was experimenting—putting the thing to the test. Before he went away, they had been used to sit often with his arm about her and her head on his shoulder. It had been delicious. She had snuggled to him and clung to him—they had been almost silly about each other. He attempted to draw her closer, but there was no response, no loving readiness to be fondled and caressed, but only a submission, a cold submission, a lifeless submission which might come from a sense of duty but had none of its sources in affection.

This irritated Stone. He felt that it was unfair. It bewildered him and baffled him. He could not understand it. Why, she was his wife, and they had always been affectionate! She should be especially affectionate on this return of his after a nineteen months' absence. It was his right to expect demonstration and an outpouring of pent-up love.

He bent his head to kiss her, but again she turned away her head, giving him only her cold cheek. Almost roughly he placed his hand under her chin and lifted her face so that he could look into her eyes. They were dark with pain, troubled, and—there could be no doubting it—there was fear in their shadows. She tried to meet his eyes, but could not. With a sort of ruthless determination, a defiant determination, he kissed her upon the lips.

She lay quiet in his arms, submitting. That made it seem worse. She had not exclaimed or struggled, but submitted lifelessly, as if to struggle were vain and hopeless. He leaped to his feet and paced across the room twice, biting his lip and clenching his fingers. Then he stopped before her, and in a voice that was husky with real distress, he said:

"What is it, Ruth? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Stone, nothing—I don't know. I—oh, you mustn't mind me. I'm nervous, I guess, and upset. Just wait, Stone. Be a little patient with me. I don't understand myself."

"Poor child!" he said, with real sympathy and tenderness. "It has been hard, hasn't it? But it's all over now. I'm back, and we'll take things up just where we left them. We were happy, weren't we, dear?"

"Yes—happy," she said, in an almost inaudible voice. "I—oh, I must get your room ready. I didn't know when you would come."

He made as if to follow her as she walked toward the stairs, but he could see her shoulders draw together as if with apprehension, and she turned her head so that he saw her face. It was pale; her eyes were big and—*frightened*. She was afraid of him. He turned without speaking and walked to the chair that had been his favorite and sat down heavily.

From that moment, she found tasks for herself that would keep her in some other part of the house. She was avoiding him, and he knew that she was avoiding him. Then came dinner—a ghastly, silent dinner, during which both of them looked forward to the evening together with cold dread. Suddenly Ruth put her napkin to her feet and left the room. Stone heard her mount the stairs and close her door, and knew that she was lying face downward on her bed, crying. He knew, because she had done this thing once or twice before, and he felt now, as he had felt then, exasperated, helplessly angry. Always when she cried, he had felt that maddening helplessness and futile rage—a rage that had nothing against which to vent itself.

He sat and tried to smoke. It was impossible. He paced up and down the room, snatched up a book, and glanced through it without seeing a page, and flung it upon the table. He was tired, harried, unable to comprehend. Ruth did not come down again, and in an hour he went up to his own room, flung himself within, and went to bed. Because he was physically low, bankrupt of vitality, he slept quickly.

It was apparent to him next day that Ruth was making a tremendous struggle to be her old self to him. She was sweet, smiling, almost gay—when his eyes were upon her. But every now and then he would detect a glance in her eye or catch her face in an unguarded instant and—*see*. If he approached her, she seemed to steel herself to endure his touch. The thing was perfectly apparent to him—that he had become, if not repulsive to her, at least something that was very closely akin to it. And always imperfectly concealed in the background was that haunting fear of him—because he had come back to her not merely as a man but as a husband. It was the fact that he was her husband that stood between them, though he was able to appreciate it only dimly.

Unconsciously he assumed an air of patience which was not without its irritating effect upon Ruth. He was elaborately courteous, and, after he had felt the hurt of seeing her flinch from his touch a couple of times during the next few days, he took such elaborate pains not to touch her that it became almost an affront. The situation was impossible, and yet there seemed to be no solution to it. Each of them dreaded to be alone with the other, yet their friends left them alone with friendly consideration, feeling that, after their long separation, they would wish it to be so. It was wearing to patience and temper—and heart. Ruth, who seldom had given way to nerves and tears, was almost hourly red-eyed with weeping that she tried to conceal from Stone, and Stone, with nothing to do but think and observe and turn the matter over and over in his thoughts, became unreasonable, childishly martyred in his manner. As he went about the house, his manner was a constant accusation against Ruth.

So, because they were afraid to be alone with each other, both hailed with profound relief the suggestion to invite Stone's old grandmother, his only living relative, to visit them for a time. They looked upon her as a sort of life-line thrown to them, or as a shield which should protect each from the dangers of the other's presence. Grandmother—or some one—was necessary, because the time had arrived when it was not longer possible for them to endure each other without outside relief.

It was the night before grandmother arrived. Ruth had got up suddenly, lips quivering, eyes overflowing, to seek refuge in her room. Stone had uttered an audible exclamation of exasperation. In an hour she returned to the room, pale but composed.

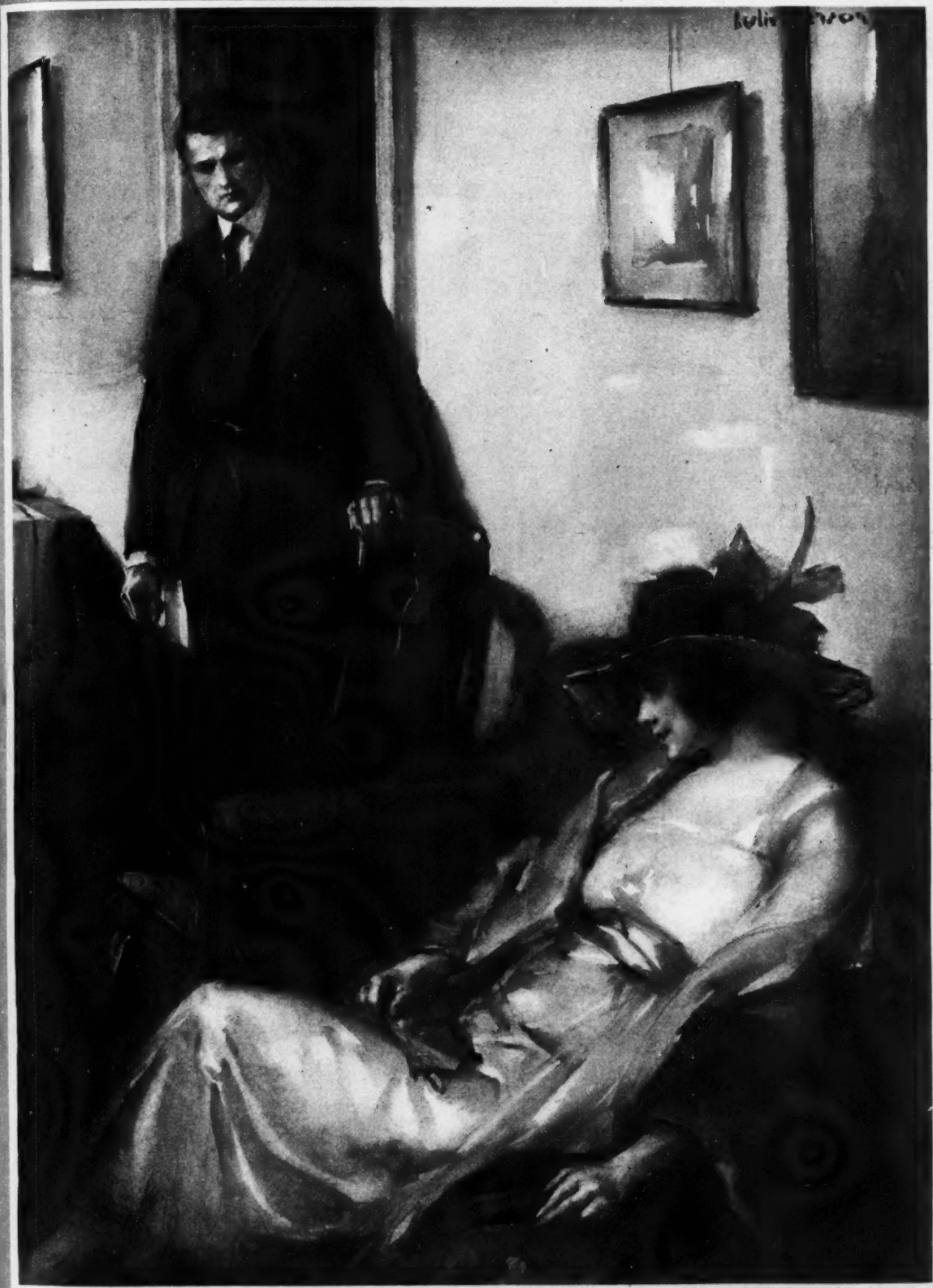
"I'm sorry, Stone, to annoy you so," she said gravely.

"Annoy," he said, more hotly than he intended. "Would you use the word 'annoy' to describe what was happening to a man being crucified?"

She stared at him a moment.

"Crucified!" she said breathlessly. "Crucified!" And what about me, Stone, what about me?"

"What about you, Ruth?" he said more gently.



DRAWN BY LEILA L. BENSON

Ruth sighed a tired sigh and sank down, without removing her wraps, on the big davenport, and, leaning back, closed her eyes. Stone stood in the door, gazing at her, and, as he gazed at the allurements of her, he felt again that impulse to declare his love, to ask the boon of her love in return

Suddenly her tongue was loosed; control of it escaped from her, and she spoke truths, truths that only a woman could speak. Men, even in moments of stress, are self-contained; there are matters and facts that no emotion could force them to put into words. Women, naturally more fragile of soul, more reserved, with depths of soul which they cannot allow another soul to touch, when once the emotional climax arrives, break all bounds, speak not from the brain but from the heart, and dare to utter what the baser soul of man would fear to bring to the light. Inhibitions are destroyed, and truth—naked, gaunt truth—parades almost flauntingly.

"This is unendurable!" she said, hurrying her words. "I can't stand it! I've tried, but I can't. It's impossible! I don't know why it is, or what it is, but something has happened—or nothing has happened—but the thing is so. I've tried to reason it out. I—I wish you hadn't come back!" It was out. The thought had been put into words that could never be recalled, and that startled even her. "Oh, I don't mean *that*—not that something had happened to you over there—but that you hadn't come back to me."

"You—you don't love me any more?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"Why? What have I done? What is the reason?"

"I don't know why. You haven't done anything. It's not your fault—it's me. Something has happened to me inside. There isn't any reason. It's just a fact."

"Do you"—he hesitated, afraid to hurt her by the question—"do you—love some one else?"

She was honestly surprised.

"Why—no!" she said, as if it were a new and strange thought.

"Why, no—Stone! What made you ask that? You didn't think—"

"Of course not, Ruth. But I don't understand."

"Nobody can understand.

All the time you were away, I thought of you and loved you and planned for your coming home. Honestly, I did, Stone. I never had a thought for anybody else. I thought I loved you—just as I used to love you. I can remember how that was. And then you came—that nasty day—and I ran out to meet you. I thought even then that I loved you, and I was so happy. And then I was close to you. You were touching me. You were going to kiss me—and I thought I should scream. It came as suddenly as that. I felt that I didn't know you—that I had never seen you before—that you were an utter stranger. I was in love with somebody else—who went away months and months ago—and a stranger had come back to me—a strange man that I was perfectly indifferent to—and to whom I was tied—*tied!* This strange man that came back was my husband. Oh, Stone, you can't ever understand that. It was horrible. It frightened me and shocked me—that I was your wife. Why, it was just as if some strange man had broken into the house—and I was in his power and couldn't escape. I couldn't bear to have you touch me. Your touch asserted rights of proprietorship. I couldn't let you kiss me. I was afraid of you."

"But why, why?"

"I don't know—unless it was your being away. That some-

thing was allowed to die while you were gone. Or maybe it was that I never loved you at all, but only imagined I did—and it took your absence to show me the truth—to show me that I could get along better without you than with you. I want to be where I will never see you again. It isn't that I hate you, or that you've done a thing. You haven't done a thing, Stone, but be good and gentle and kind—always. That's why it's so unfair and cruel, and I hate myself for it. But what can I do? I wanted to keep on loving you. I tried to make myself believe this was



"Now, don't you go dodgin' issues. You never pulled wool

all nerves or nonsense, but I couldn't. It was the truth—terribly true. I ought to love you, and there is every reason why I should love you—but I don't. And I can't bear to have you near me."

"I—understand," he said.

"Maybe love can live only when people are together always," she said tremulously.

"That would make a mighty unhappy country—an unhappy world. Think of all the men who have been away at this war for months or years! Will none of their wives continue to love them when they come home? Oh, Ruth, that's nonsense! Can't you see it's nonsense?"

"I don't know. I don't know about any woman but myself. And it's terrible, Stone. I'm hurting you, and you don't deserve to be hurt. It seems as if I were wantonly cruel, but I don't mean to be. I wish I could love you."

"Poor child!" he said again, for her grief could touch him even then. "What do you want to do? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I haven't been able to think."

"Do you want to leave me—to have a divorce?"

She looked at him startled. Divorce! It was a thought that shocked her for a moment.

"If you feel the way you do—it's the only possible way, isn't it? But"—the thought struck him suddenly—"neither of us has a reasonable cause for divorce."

body—for both of us. Don't you see? There might be somebody I could love and who would love me, and that you could love and who would love you. We've a right to that if we can find it—a right!"

"Let's not decide—now." Stone was remembering themselves as they used to be, and their contentment with each other and their love. He thought how sweet it had been and how desirable—and that it might be made to return. It could not be that it was forever ended and the door closed. "A week, a month, won't make any difference. Let us wait a while until we are sure——"

"I'm sure," she sobbed; "but I'll—I'll wait." She could not do more; she could not see how she could refuse to do less. "I—I'm worn out, Stone. Good-night—and I'm sorry—you don't know how sorry."

"Good-night, Ruth," he said gravely, and watched her with hungry perplexity as she left him alone.

It seemed final. The door seemed to have closed and locked itself forever. Here was no matter of nerves or hysterics, no passing notion but a concrete fact. There was no avenue that led around it, and it was insurmountable.

He sighed. Nineteen months of separation had changed them from lovers to strangers—and there was no cure for it. Nobody was to blame. It was a thing that had happened against both their wills. What, then, was left but to face it squarely and to rescue what of happiness might be salvaged for both of them?

Grandmother Jowett arrived next day, and there was something pathetic in Stone's welcoming of her—something reminding of boyish days long departed when she had been a sure refuge against threatened disaster, when she had always been ready to stand between her boy and all the world. He had always been closer to her than to anybody else—until Ruth came into his life—and grandmother Jowett had worshiped Stone. Ruth's welcome to the old lady was scarcely less grateful. And there was no doubt about it—grandmother had a way with her. She was good to look at, in the first place, stout and round as a grandmother should be, white of hair—wonderfully white of hair. And her face—it was not beautiful, and it is doubtful if it had ever been beautiful, but it was

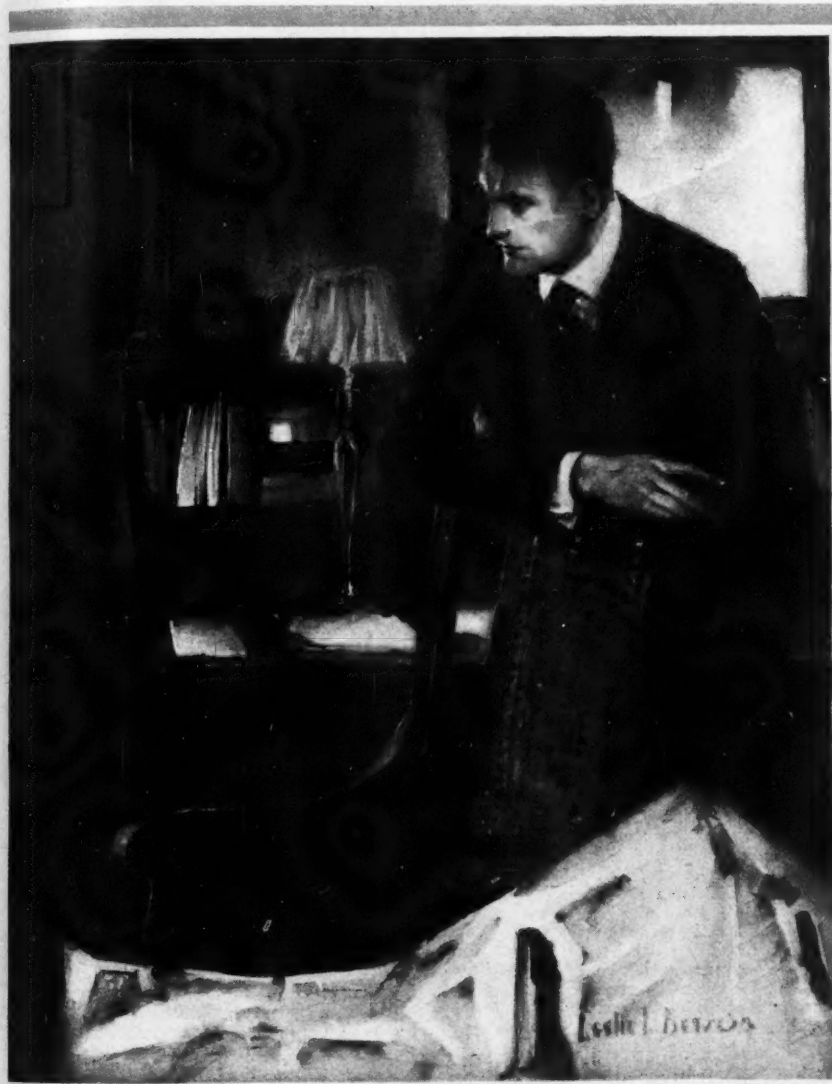
lovely in its plain, large way. Her eyes were not young, for they had seen many years and many events, and had taken profit from them, but they were keen and very, very ready to laugh. Yet, even while they laughed, they were able to observe shrewdly. Perhaps that was the key-note to grandmother Jowett's character—a lovable shrewdness.

She was with them two days and seemed to see nothing that was amiss. Relations between Stone and Ruth were easier because of her presence. But grandmother was watching and observing and reaching conclusions. It was at the end of that second day, when Ruth had gone to the village to attend to her shopping, that grandmother called to Stone, and, wagging her head at him as she had done these twenty-odd years, she said,

"Don't you calculate it was about time you and me talked things over, sonny?"

"What things?" said Stone.

"Now, don't you go dodgin' issues. You've never pulled wool over your grandma's eyes yet, and you (Continued on page 130)



over your grandma's eyes yet, and you can't do it, neither"

"I—I could just go away——"

Tears were streaming down her face, and Stone wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her—she was so young and pitiful in the great grief that engulfed her—but he did not dare.

"I—don't you think it would be better if we didn't decide anything now—if you were to stay as we are? I'll try not to annoy you, and I'll keep out from underfoot all I can. We'll sort of pretend—that we're friends or something—and go on like this. Won't that be best?"

"I don't know. Oh, no, no! We're not happy. We've a right to be happy—and we never could be together——"

"You think—somebody else might make you happy?"

She even dared to put the answer to this in stark words.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you do——"

"No. There is nobody—but somewhere there might be some-

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one, he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and of Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has had two husbands and has now a lover, Abel H. Timothy, a fellow journalist. By searching among Henry's effects, Margie penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Through Humphrey Weaver, Madame Watt's lawyers get in touch with Henry. Madame is anxious to see him. He decides to go to her, and gets leave from Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper. He finds the woman mentally deranged but anxious to make atonement, by the payment of money, for the suffering she has caused him. Henry indignantly rejects the proposition and rushes away. On his return to his post, he finds a check for twenty thousand dollars from Madame Watt's lawyers, with a strong plea not to send it back. He offers it to Mary Maloney, who has a man waiting to marry her. She will not accept it. He takes an apartment in the building where Margie Daw lives. Mr. Winterbeck, the city editor, gives him his first reportorial assignment—to interview the mayor, Tim MacIntyre, about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial. James H. Cantey was a power in the city, and his estate is chief owner of the County Railways system.

Henry finds the mayor drunk, and grossly indiscreet in regard to some proposed manipulation of County Railways stock. He writes a full exposé of this, which the paper publishes, and then is compelled to brand as false. Henry is discharged. Just then he is taken ill, and is cared for by Margie Daw. On recovery, learning that his job is gone, he resolves on suicide. He offers the twenty-thousand-dollar check to Mr. Listerly, and asks that the money be devoted to some charity. Listerly sees that Henry is in trouble, and the upshot of their talk is that the young man is assigned to write a proposed biography of Cantey. This news creates consternation among MacIntyre and his friends—O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Cantey, in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work. Meanwhile, MacIntyre and his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project. The services of Miriam's nurse, Miss Russell, and of Mrs. Bentley, the housekeeper, are enlisted. Miriam's married sister, Esther Appleby, tries to induce the girl to go away. The conspirators make desperate efforts to recover the strong box from Henry, and fail to get him to tell his history. Meanwhile, he has returned the box and announced his intention of giving up the biography. He tells Miriam who he is, but not the tragic episode of his past. The girl is an enthusiastic admirer of Henry's book, "Satraps of the Simple." One of the things Henry's enemies fear quickly comes to pass, and the young people fall in love. Miriam begins to get better, and Henry announces their engagement to Miss Russell.



"The time has come, child, when we can't stop to consult your wishes. I tell you we're going to take care of you"

XXIII

FAT MAN'S MISERY

OSWALD QUALTERS came down the elevator late on the following afternoon, paused at the sidewalk entrance to light a cigarette, glanced up the street, and beheld a trim young woman approaching from the direction of the *News* building. She wore a straight blue coat with side pockets, man's turnover collar, and four-in-hand tie, felt hat pulled down over an almost boylike face. The sight of her mildly pleased him, for, like many another man about town (the trite phrase described Qualters in his lighter phase of this period), he had an eye for a slim figure. Also, it started his quick brain. He greeted her, walked along with her.

"You don't run in any more and ask me questions," said he lightly.

"I'm doing features and drama now."

"That's so. I think I've seen some of your things. You're signing them."

"Oh, yes—getting to have quite a name."

"Tell me—was there a fellow named Stafford worked there on the *News* for a while?"

"Not long. They didn't like him. He wrote well."

"Hm. Curious thing. Friends of mine a little excited over him. He's been put in to write the Cantey biography."

"Yes; I'd heard that."

"And they've got an idea that he's sailing under a false name. Know anything about it?"

"Not a thing."



Those nervous muscles about his mouth were shifting the cigar back and forth, back and forth. Then he removed it, and pressed his upper lip up almost against his flat nose.

"Just met Oswald Qualters. Funny thing—he asked me if I knew Hugh Stafford's real name."

"Well, you do," said Timothy—he nearly muttered it. And added, under his breath, "So do I."

"They're after him, trying to figure him out. I said I didn't know anything about him."

"Naturally." There was biting sarcasm in this.

"Yes; naturally. It's the only decent attitude to take."

"Decent?"

"Don't be ugly, Abel."

"Why are you telling this to me?"

"Because you know, too."

"And you want me to help keep him covered."

"Yes; I should expect it of you."

"In God's name, why?"

"Don't be tragic, Abel!"

"But you ask me—me! After all that's—"

"All nonsense, Abel. I'm not seeing him."

"But good—"

"Please don't work yourself up. I tell you there's nothing between him and me." Timothy snorted, replaced his cigar, chewed it savagely. "There isn't!"

"Whose fault is it, then?"

"That is simply an insult, Abel."

"Insult?" But—but—good God, you had him living at your place, didn't you?"

"He was ill. When he got well, he went away. I haven't seen him since. It isn't likely that I shall see anything of him. But he's a nice fellow, and he's terribly up against it. I don't see why we should let a man like Qualters into his secret—as long as he feels it is his secret. Why, he doesn't even suspect I know."

"Oh, he doesn't?"

"No, Abel; he doesn't. I've got to run over home now. All I'm asking of you is to keep quiet about it. Or suggesting it, rather. Just not to give him away when it's nothing to you."

Her voice was quiet enough, but she had put it a little too strongly. And his ill-suppressed emotions were rising. He said, "What you hurrying home for, I'd like to know?"

To which, she replied,

"Oh come, Abel!"

Then, a slight whine in his voice, he went on with, "I suppose you haven't got anybody over there, eh?"

At which she stopped short and stared at him in hard, still anger.

He had lost himself now. He couldn't speak pleasantly to her, and couldn't leave her. He pleaded with her and roughly abused her in a breath, followed her clear to the apartment-building, kept her talking in the hall, went up the stairs clinging to her elbow, kept her standing at her door until, in angry despair, white about the mouth, evading his burning eyes, she let herself in.

He pressed in after her, caught her in his arms.

She said coldly,

"The door's open, Abel."

He kicked it shut, caught her again. She stood, unresisting, unresponsive, like a woman of ice, even when he kissed her.

"You've turned against me!" he cried.

"No; I haven't turned against you, Abel."

"But you want me to go."

"Yes; I want you to go."

Her eyes took him in as he stood before her—a fat man in helpless torture. She studied again the wrinkled, spotted coat,

"Hm. It would be rather a mistake, of course, to turn the wrong man loose among Mr. Cantey's letters and things."

"I should think so. This is my corner."

Qualters lingered a moment to look after her. Anywhere but here in his home city, he would have considered taking her out to dinner. "Snappy little thing!" he mused. But since it was the home city, he moved on to his own house.

Margie Daw walked briskly round the block. She was strolling toward the *News* building, a little later, when the plump person of Abel H. Timothy appeared—his wide soft hat tipped back on his large head, an unlighted cigar in a corner of his wide mouth. She had avoided him lately. But she had heard him about the office, talking and laughing more loudly than of old, making a show of cheery independence. For her ears, of course. She studied him now with a feeling of quick, nervous repugnance, wondering how she could ever have fancied him—he looked so fat. She noted the deep wrinkles where his coat pulled across his middle, and the spots on the blue cloth. And he always would wear a flaming red tie. He saw her now; he was holding his head high, but the cigar shifted suddenly to the other corner of his mouth and back—a little trick of his when he was surprised or nervous.

They spoke. He fell into step with her. The talk came a little hard. She could feel his pressing injured pride. And she herself was more self-conscious than she would have thought possible. There were unexpected, nervous uprushes of memory—flitting ghosts of memory—things they had done and said. She decided that there was no good in beating about the bush.

"Never was so rushed in my life," she remarked. This seemed to cover, in some measure, her avoidance of him. There was, as well, a confessional impulse in it which she brushed over, particularly as she sensed deepening resentment, rising self-pity in him.

looked impersonally at the flushed, working face, now hopelessly out of control. She felt only a cold relief when he rushed, muttering, away.

She quietly closed the door after him, feeling that she had made rather a mess of it. Her mistake lay, of course, in speaking on a snap judgment. Still, it had seemed the thing to do. With so shrewd a man as Oswald Qualters probing into Henry's case, there wasn't much time to lose. She knew that every apparently light remark of that man's meant something. He worked that way. He wanted to know. He would ask others. And the *News* office was the place to ask. Abel, now, traveling constantly up and down the street, mixing with lawyers and bankers and business men— She gave a shrug and dismissed the matter.

A moving picture of Abel Timothy during the quarter-hour or so that followed his headlong exit from Margie's apartment would be interesting if not altogether pleasing. He rushed about back streets so rapidly that his face shone with sweat and his collar wilted round his neck. He was torn between desire, rage, and self-reproach. The rage predominated.

XXIV

OF PUBLICITY, LIQUOR, AND FREE WILL

"THERE'S Hittie!" thought Miss Daw. "He knows, too."

She went back to the office, pausing only for a cup of coffee in a lunch-room. As she passed a corner drug store, within which was an inconspicuous telephone-booth that she had before now found useful, she considered calling Henry. Not at the Canteen house. It had been a bit awkward, yesterday, finding Miss Canteen herself on the line; by this time he would doubtless be back at his room. She was thinking of reassuring him, and perhaps as well of taking credit for the effort she was expending in his behalf. But she thought better of this, and hurried to the *News* building and went clear to the roof.

Mr. Hitt was sitting in the first alcove of his "morgue." She could see his bald head bent over the drawer of the filing-cabinet, and the shine on the gold rims of his spectacles.

She paused behind him to light a cigarette, then sat on his desk and swung her little feet.

"Working hard, Hittie?" she queried through the smoke.

He smiled, and held up a folder that was packed with clippings and typewritten matter.

"This," he said.

"What's this?"

"The Calverly story. Haven't you heard?"

"No; I came straight up here."

"Madame Watt died this afternoon. Alone, in her castle. The servants had all left. Left everything to her son-in-law. They're looking for him now, all the way to Alaska."

"He'll be rich, then?"

"Oh, yes."

Margie smoked thoughtfully. Then remarked, offhand,

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?"

She nodded.

"Going to give him away?"

Mr. Hitt settled back in his chair.

"I don't know," he said. "Been considering it. I'll confess I have had—I seem to have now—a good deal of feeling for the boy. And he's chosen this other name."

"And he was one of us here, if only for a few days," said she easily.

"I know. But would it make a particle of difference? They'll find him out before morning."

"They may not. You and I are the only ones to tell. And we're not supposed to know it."

"But we're going to run his picture to-morrow. There's an order for it there. I think you're sitting on it. Every paper in the country will run it."

Margie continued to smoke and think.

"I feel a little as you do, Hittie," she remarked. "I'd like to be easy on him. Though goodness knows he's nothing to me. I was thinking. You remember that circulation stunt they tried here year before last—printed a man's picture every day, with and without a hat, full-face and profile, told what part of the city he'd be wandering around that day, and offered a hundred dollars to anyone who recognized him? And in eight days nobody got the hundred. This'll be an old cut, of course. No; I'm not at all sure they'd find him out."

"True," mused Mr. Hitt. "There's a good deal in that. And

the poor devil's had publicity enough in his life without dragging him through this hell again."

"Oh, he'll have to take a lot, anyway," said she. "But if he can slip by, around here, under the name of Stafford, it would be a little more bearable, I should think. For that matter, even if it came out later, it wouldn't hit him as it would right now, when the whole story's being played. No; I'm willing to keep still if you are."

"All right," Mr. Hitt agreed. "And now, my dear, if you'll let me have my desk—they're in a hurry for this stuff."

"Did the new man send up?"

The "new man" was the managing editor who had succeeded Winterbeck. He was a burly, close-mouthed young man from New York, with driving ways and a brisk, even aggressive superiority to Middle-Western ways.

"Yes. And he'll be sending again if I don't rush it down," Mr. Hitt sighed, and the patient lines about his mouth settled more deeply. "Things are different."

"Oh, yes; they're different." Margie jumped down and flicked the ashes from her skirt. "Frank was snappy, but thank heaven he wasn't this efficiency thing! We'll be punching a clock soon."

Mr. Hitt smiled faintly, then plunged at the mass of papers before him.

During this hour, from six to seven of a pleasant summer evening, a task more or less similar to that now being performed by Mr. Hitt was being got through in every considerable newspaper office in America. The Watt story had "broken" again. The news came in the form of an Associated Press despatch. This in itself, despite its dignified, even bald condensation, was a striking account of the last hours of the most sensationally picturesque woman in North America. Her extraordinary castle was described, with the refugee rabble that had melted away during the last few weeks, when she was too ill to care for them. The bizarre story of her earlier life was retold, as was the dramatic killing of Senator Watt and, in detail, the most notorious of all trials in recent American history. The pathetic death of Cicely figured, of course, with Henry's defiance of the court and his subsequent imprisonment. Toward the latter part of the despatch, the emphasis shifted from *madame* and the senator and Cicely to Henry himself, as the only one of that strangely assorted quartet now left on earth. Much was made of his sudden world-wide fame, followed so swiftly by the shock of his imprisonment, and, sometime after that, his disappearance from civilized life. He had been reported from Alaska, from China, parts of Europe, Morocco, and obscure villages in the United States. His publishers, in New York, denied the slightest knowledge of his present whereabouts, beyond the bare announcement that they had received no definite word of his death. The attorney for the Watt estate, one H. C. Parker, of Chicago, had "nothing to say" to the reporters. This touch of present mystery gave an added journalistic value to the announcement that Calverly was *madame's* sole heir. The estate, even after the strain of the trial and *madame's* extravagance since, was estimated as having a value of between one and two million dollars. There were many valuable securities, real property in Sunbury, Illinois, and New York, besides the castle by the lake and at least two large properties in France which had belonged to her first husband, the Comte de la Plaine.

It was about this literary skeleton that all but a few of the principal newspapers of the country at once proceeded to build out the flesh and blood and clothing of "personal interest." Flashily clever reporters were set at work elaborating the narrative. "Sob"-writers dwelt feverishly on the fate of Cicely Calverly, or on *madame's* madness as an inevitable judgment on her for the evil nature of her early life. Popular ministers were interviewed regarding her pathetic struggles to convert a bad name into a good one by the lavish use of the wealth she had acquired. Some even pointed out that the wrecking of the brilliant young Henry Calverly's career had come about through his own lawlessness. Indeed, despite the clarity of the Associated Press despatch on this point, it became evident that the reasons underlying Henry's defiance of the court, his instinctive, even primitive attempt to save the life of his young wife had evaporated in the minds of most of these newspaper people. Apparently their opinions were made out of the all but universal American interest in what have been called "results." Calverly had certainly been sentenced and imprisoned. There had been no appeal. For a few months he had been one of the really famous men of the world; after that, an outcast. He had written no more "Satanstaps." He was even referred to, here and there, as a "convict." The judge who sentenced him was sitting, still, in the same court



He pressed in after her, caught her in his arms. She said coldly, "The door's open, Abel"

in Chicago, a widely known and respected jurist. There seemed to be no reason for believing that Calverly had been right. Certainly there was no commonly understood reason for believing Judge Wattemy wrong.

So the thing was happening that, for years now, had hung over Henry Calverly like a continuous nightmare. The Watt-Calverly case had been reopened. The enormous, terribly casual force that is called, loosely, "publicity" was to strike him again. More

than ever before was it to set him in the wrong before the vast, impersonal, sensation-loving public. More than ever before was it to be true that no right action on his part, no mere decent effort could affect his reputation. That was, as it had been from the day "The Caliph of Simpson Street"—the first of the "Sa-traps" stories—appeared in *Galbraith's Magazine*, nearly five years back, hopelessly out of his own control. And now here was the false name to be added to the count against him. That

The Passionate Pilgrim

would be accepted by the man in the street everywhere, as an evidence of guilt or, at least, of weakness. For the almost racial doctrine of free will works out curiously and often cruelly in the personal judgments of the Anglo-Saxon. It is deeply reflected in the common law. It dominates, of course, in religious thought. It refracts through all business life. Everywhere it has been our habit to assume that the individual is responsible for his own acts, that he is to be personally credited with his financial and moral success, personally debited with his failure. Until very lately, the really determining accidents of birth and breeding, environmental influences, and quite irresistible social pressures have played little or no part in our judgments of men—and women. We have run an individualistic race. We have held the individual responsible for the result. And we have crudely let it go at that. To admit that there are life-currents in which no strong swimmer could fail to reach a shining goal would be to undermine our heroes; and we have clung to our heroes. To admit that other currents exist which no swimmer can breast would be to undermine our philosophy, our law, our very religion; and we have clung to these. Henry Calverly, for better or worse, was back on page one.

It couldn't have been later than half-past six or a quarter to seven when Abel Timothy, flabbily black of countenance, walking heavily and slowly, returning to the *News* building to take up the night grind, met a reporter named Ruggles, who was rushing round to a certain old alley tavern for a drink. Timothy gladly joined him.

To Timothy's casual, "What's on?" Ruggles replied:

"Got to pitch in on this Watt row. Writing a 'Margie Daw' story."

"Why? Can't she do her own?"

"Doesn't seem able to do this. I believe Archie's using her at the theater to-night. Anyhow, she's begged off. So I'm 'sobbing.'"

"What's the Watt row?"

"Oh, that old countess. Murdered Senator Watt. Left her money to Henry Calverly—a wad of it—and they can't find him."

Timothy left Ruggles at the curb. The liquor glowed warmly within him. He stood there, watching the early-evening crowd flow by, wishing Margie would happen along. He had thought of a thing or two to say to her. She was taking shape in his temporarily disordered mind as a deceitful and ungrateful woman.

Another thought was creeping in. He moved along the street now. His glance was furtive. His color was rising a little. He paused before the *News* building, started up the alley that led to the "annex," stopped, swayed, came back to the street, moved along a little way, and stood staring in at the drug-store window. Finally, with a quick glance about, he pulled down his coat, adjusted his red tie, straightened his hat, and started for Oswald Qualters' home, in the older aristocratic section, almost down-town, just before you reached the hill.

Qualters, who had no illusions as to the stuff of which great reputations are made, and made it a point to be agreeable to newspaper people, had just sat down to dinner with his family, but came in at once to see his unexpected caller.

Timothy, uneasy, somewhat wandering in speech, told his story.

"You don't say!" said Qualters.

"So Stafford is Calverly. A jail-bird, eh? Well, my friends will be interested to learn that. You say it's coming out in to-morrow's paper?"

"No—no; I don't think it is, as it stands now."

"But why not?"

"Well, you see he worked with us for a little while. There's only one or two of us that know who he is, and we'd hardly give him away.

But if the other papers heard of it, they'd camp right on his trail. He couldn't dodge 'em. Then it would come to us through the City Press, and we'd have to run it, too. Our managing editor wouldn't care a darn, anyway. He didn't know Stafford. And he'd run anything. He's from New York. You understand, I don't care to appear in this in any way. And I'd rather you wouldn't take it up with the *News*. Not direct. Just let it come around through the City Press.

He left an impression of a fat man acting under great emotional pressure. Personal feeling, of course. Curious. Before returning to the dining-room, Qualters called up Harvey O'Rell and instructed him to send at once for reporters from the *Herald*, *Press*, and *Globe*, and set them on Mr. Stafford-Calverly. O'Rell thought the best way would be to have one of the police officials let it out to the newspaper bureau at headquarters. They left it that way.

XXV

IN WHICH A DREAM ENDS—AS DREAMS DO

THE excitement of the past few days had told heavily on Miriam. Her temperature rose during the night. Doctor Martin was in before breakfast and instructed Miss Russell to keep her abed.

Calverly, when he shut himself in the study, found the narrow



He read it a number of times. "Oh," he

door open and the wheel-chair empty by the window. But Miss Russell brought him a note. Miriam had insisted on writing it.

Please answer this right away. I've had an awful night. I want to know that you're there, working. It wasn't a dream, was it?

To which he replied:

It wasn't a dream, dear. Though the night hasn't been simple for me, either. Are we right? Do you dare believe we're right? I bring you so much less than nothing—nothing but love. I think of you, surrounded by all these old influences. The moment they hear of our engagement, they will make it terribly hard for you. All our plans, our hopes, our faith must run counter to the whole world—the world in which those people live. I can see those three men now. Your father was right—in this as in everything. They'll fight so. And to-day I can see that all the trouble ahead of us is to bear on you. You've suffered so much. Is it right for me to make it still harder for you? Can you endure it, brave girl? You must search your heart. If you can give me up, you must do it. I think I could bear it. I'm used to disappointment.

She answered this with:

You dear, silly boy! I sha'n't give you up. You're all my world. I could never make this fight without you. Together we'll defy them all. And, oh, it will be living! I've been dead so long. And don't forget that you've suffered, too. In a queer way, that's the joy of it. We're beginning together."



exclaimed then, "I can't take this!"

Along toward twelve-thirty, when Miss Russell started downstairs for Miss Cantey's luncheon, she found Henry waiting near the study door, hat in one hand, a note in the other. He was pale, and a bit disheveled; he must have been sitting there, running his fingers through his hair without knowing. He looked tired about the eyes, a little strained. She thought him rather jumpy.

Part of this note read:

There is one serious thing, dear. I've got to think it out. It's hard to think of anything but what happened last evening. But it's plain to me now that I made an awful blunder when I took this other name. At the time, it seemed reasonable. They had hounded me so—wouldn't let me alone. I had lost everything. I didn't want to disturb anyone—just to be let alone to work my life out somehow. But it's getting clearer now that I was wrong. If I could only get it really clear! But my whole being is filled with radiant thoughts of you. I'm half mad—with love. And it won't do to go mad.

After luncheon, he found her reply under a paper-weight on the desk. She had written:

It's serious, in a way. But, after all, it's only a part of the fight we have to make. It's not as if you had done something to disgrace your name. Don't forget, dear boy, that you're famous. And you're not the first famous man that has chosen to go about unknown. No; I don't believe it is so serious. You're making too much of it. The serious problem is me. I'm so disgustingly weak. I've got to get well. I've got to learn to stand this glorious excitement better. And I will, boy! I will! And you'll help me. You made me walk; now you'll make me strong—a fit partner.

He was in such a daze that the force of this revelation didn't begin to touch his conscious mind until he was walking over to the boarding-house toward six o'clock. For the present, life was running too fast for him. He couldn't keep up with it. He felt himself dragged along.

And then the thrill of this absurd correspondence was rising in them both. He couldn't work. During the afternoon, something of the glow they had experienced the night before came again to them. The little notes grew tender, became love-letters. By mid-afternoon, they were writing feverishly. Hardly a quarter-hour passed without the solid tread of Miss Russell sounding in the hall. The two of them simply forgot her except to use her. She hadn't had a moment off for twenty-four hours. She felt, conscientiously enough, that Miss Cantey must somehow be quieted or she wouldn't answer for the consequences. Things were getting altogether out of hand, running away.

It was nearly dinner-time before she managed to slip out and run over to Mrs. Appleby's. Henry was gone. Miss Cantey was resting, after a fashion. Miss Russell was wholly out of sympathy with her. She regarded this love-affair as she would have regarded an out-and-out mental disorder. Though, when the doctor privately asked her what on earth was going on to upset Miss Cantey's nerves like this, she managed an evasion. The person to know first of the acute personal problem was Miss Cantey's own sister, not Doctor Martin.

So she broke the news to Esther, talking quietly but with an undertone of excitement—all of it, the amazing confession of an engagement to marry, the resulting over-excitement and exhaustion, the love-idyl that had taken the form of incessant note-writing, the doctor's shrewd question; and added her own earnest conclusion that something should be done at once. She believed Doctor Martin would jump at the suggestion of a change—a long journey, perhaps, anyway a complete change of scene. She had worked up this idea during the day, and had mentally tried out various ways of putting it, rehearsing even the phrases that she felt might most quickly catch Mrs. Appleby's attention. She used what she felt to be the most effective of these phrases now.

"That's a good idea!" said Esther, eyes snapping with temper but voice dignified, almost calm. The little matter of the ten dollars came to mind. She had never bribed before, and found the notion a bit disconcerting that this young woman had become virtually her property in return for so small a sum. She was not practised in handling this sort of property. Dignity was her only recourse. She was glad when Miss Russell left.

And she knew she must think hard. The situation had gone beyond snap judgments or heedless action. What was to be done must be done sharply, surely, to a (Continued on page 141)

A Case of Nerves

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George
Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



CRASH! The hitching-rail! Or was it the porch? Chairman Ethelbert Pykes, of the Jenkins Corners Literary Society, agitatedly grabbed his red whiskers in one hand and his gavel in the other, and, while the purple lightning flared in at the dark windows of the Jenkins Hill schoolroom, he gazed upon the blanched faces before him to find a sustaining soul. Matilda Peevy, glaring at him straight in the eye, continued to emit shriek after shriek, her round cheeks white except for a blazing red spot in the center. Natalie Barnes had jumped upon the bench and had wrapped her cloak about her head. All over the room, men and women, young and old, sat in shrunken stillness, while peal upon peal of thunder climaxed the crash of the hitching-rail. One square-headed, hard-jawed, keen-eyed, grizzle-haired farmer rose and climbed over his wife to the center aisle.

"Might as well see what's the matter," he growled, and strode to the door, accompanied by the continuous screams of Matilda Peevy.

The door opened of itself, and in it there stood a tall, slim gentleman with glittering black eyes and a pleasant smile beneath his pointed black mustaches, which hung straight down, running, streams of water like miniature fire-hose. Water poured from his hat as he took it off; it poured from his matted black hair; it poured from his nose, from his chin, from his sleeves, from his hands, and from the queer-shaped leather case which he carried protectingly under his arm.

"Good-evening, friends!" said the stranger, with a grin, and he bowed profoundly. "I just dropped in with the weather-report. It's raining."

They stared at him in stormy silence for a long minute, but the stranger was stare-proof. Still at as much smiling ease as if he were loling on the porch hammock at home, he put his head into the darkness.

"Come in and get acquainted, Jim!" he called, and a huge blob came slowly out of the rain. Big J. Rufus Wallingford appeared, still panting from the shock of the collision and slowly recovering from his temporary paralysis.

As his eye roved over those present, the pink returned to his round face, and the need for pleasing brought his suave smile back to him. He was wetter than his partner, because he was so much bigger, and he considerably backed into a corner to remove his sopping ulster.

"Will some kind neighbor invite us in?" grinned the tall, thin stranger, bending his mustaches carefully upward.

There was a shrill, high giggle from Matilda Peevy, the girl who had shrieked up to now, and with this break in the stormy silence, everybody laughed.

"Sit down and make yourselves at home," cordially invited the square-headed farmer, glancing at a bench.

"I hope we will not interfere with your meeting," suggested Wallingford. He had wiped his face and smoothed his hair, and set what semblance of order he could upon his broad chest—rather bedraggled, but the two-thousand-dollar diamond in his cravat lent prosperity and richness even to his soakedness.

"You are quite welcome"—the rotund voice of Ethelbert Pykes. He was a young man, in spite of his red whiskers, and

he had his eye on the state legislature.

"The Jenkins Corners Literary Society feels honored by the presence of two gentlemen of such distinguished appearance." And Matilda Peevy snickered. "Will you have seats on the platform?"

Blackie Daw twirled his mustaches, pulled down his vest, splashed his ulster on the bench, and, with his leather case under his arm, followed immediately toward the platform; but big Jim Wallingford, his eyes half closing and his broad shoulders heaving in a chuckle, sat where he was. The square-headed farmer hospitably occupied the bench in front of him.

"The debate 'Prosperity versus Posterity' will now be resumed," announced Chairman Ethelbert Pykes, tapping his gavel on the teacher's desk, while all eyes rounded on the pleasantly smiling, black-mustached stranger who sat at such ease beside him. "Brother Enrod Wampus has the floor for 'Posterity.'"

Brother Enrod Wampus was a rough-cornered young man in his twenties, who, with his pale-haired colleague, decorated the right. The "Prosperity" side, on the left, was represented by a skinny young man with creased trousers and plastered hair, and a fat young man with an unalterable grin. Brother Enrod Wampus advanced to the edge of the platform in three stamps, and raised his arm like the lifting of a toll-gate.

"What I say is this," he bellowed: "Jed Snipper has five hundred cows. He's been made cow-inspector again for this district. What does he do? I ask you, my friends, what does he do? He condemns every cow he gets a chance to. That's prosperity! But where does posterity come in? I ask you, my friends—"

There was a loud tap of the gavel.

"Time's up!" announced Chairman Ethelbert Pykes.

"Looky here!" the pale-haired colleague. He was on his feet, quivering with indignation, which was his specialty. "My worthy colleague—"

"Time's up!" shrieked the young man with the creased trousers. "I wish to inform my worthy opponent that I have the floor," retorted the pale-haired young man, quivering with indignation. "Jed Snipper's being reappointed cow-inspector for this district is an outrage on civil government! There is not a citizen within the sound of my voice who has not lost valuable cows through—"

The gavel again. Chairman Ethelbert Pykes wielded it with the unprejudiced decisiveness becoming to a presiding officer.

"Out of order!" he declared. "Brother Enrod Wampus had thirty seconds left to finish his peroration when the interruption occurred. He has used those thirty seconds, and the decision is now before the three judges." And he waved his right hand, in

the manner of a future legislator, toward the three solemn-eyed old men who sat at the edge of the platform.

"This must be a good cattle-raising country," observed Jim Wallingford, who was always interested in the commerce of any neighborhood in which he happened to be, keenly alive to its prosperity, eagerly anxious as to its financial possibilities.



"No." The cattle-buyer was very firm. "I've made my offer, and that's my price for twenty-four hours. Will you take it?"

"Best in the state!" returned the square-headed farmer. "Raising beef is the most profitable occupation in these parts."

"Except for losses by inspection?" hinted Wallingford, his eyes half closing and his shoulders heaving the least bit.

"By gosh, yes!" exploded the square-headed farmer, with unexpected vehemence. "Politics is the ruination of our country. I got a hundred head of cattle. My name's Dan Cragg. I live just back of the hill. Last season, Jed Snipper condemned twelve of my cows for lumpy jaw, and I swear before my Maker there wasn't a cussed one had it! But that threw suspicion on my whole herd, and Jed Snipper got the beef-contract for the state-militia encampment."

Wallingford chuckled aloud this time.

"Why don't you put a spider in his liquor?"

"We ain't got the brass," snapped Dan Cragg, in disgust.

"Say—if there's one, there's a hundred of us prays every night for Snipper to break his danged neck; but nothing feezees him. He's got two hundred acres of land, five hundred head of cattle, and a hundred thousand dollars of cash; and he'd skin a flea for its hide and tallow."

"A hundred thousand cash!" exclaimed J. Rufus Wallingford thoughtfully, and was lost immediately in musing silence.

Chairman Ethelbert Pykes tapped his gavel.

"The vote stands three to nothing for 'Posterity,'" he an-

nounced. "We shall now hear any remarks the members of the Jenkins Corners Literary Society may have to make on this question, after which we shall have a short intermission. May we be favored by a few observations from the guests of the evening?" And, with the smiling courtesy which would become a state legislator who enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, he bowed

to Blackie Daw.

Nothing loath, that lean and lanky individual rose and cast his sparkling black eye over the strainedly expectant Jenkins Corners Literary Society.

"Friends, fellow citizens, fighters, and beautiful ladies," he orated, thrusting one hand in the bosom of his vest and extending toward heaven the other, which gripped his queer-shaped leather case. "The gentle cow has always claimed my sympathy. Her mild eyes fill me with compassion, and her helpless lot has ever excited my pity. As a scientist, moreover, I am deeply interested in the cerebral development of the bovine species as related to cow neurology. You are thinking men and women, my friends and fellow citizens! I ask you to consider this appalling fact." And he grinned cheerfully in response to the somber scowl which began to gather on the round pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford. "Our cows, the best and finest of them, are becoming nervous wrecks. Their placid natures have undergone a change which cannot but give us acute cause for distress. They no longer lie in the grateful shade and chew their cuds in the calm and virtuous satisfaction which produces thoroughly aseptic dairy-products. They wander restlessly from field to field. They kick more convulsively at milk-pails. They swish their tails in apprehension. They have something on their minds. Fear! Fear, my friends! And what is that fear? Inspection! He waved both arms and stamped his right foot. "Inspection, I say! No cow knows on what day, at what hour, at what minute an inspector with cows of his own to favor may swoop down and discover a freckle, and pronounce a case of cow-

measles. And what shall be done? In the hour of our need, we turn our appealing eyes to science, and say: Give us a cow nerve-tonic, or the prosperity of the most wonderful country in the world crumbles to dust!" Turning his triumphant grin on J. Rufus Wallingford, he saw the somber scowl lighten, the drawn eyes twinkle, and a slight smile begin to spread beneath the stubby mustache. The oration was broken at that moment by a peal of thunder, and a gust of wind blew a torrent of rain against the windows. The orator glanced outside. It was black and wet. Here it was light and warm. "Friends and fellow citizens: It is likely to be a long evening. Leaving you to consider the solemn thought I have voiced, the need of a cow-tonic—" A giggle from Matilda Peevy. A laugh from everybody. They had discovered, at last, that Blackie Daw was joking. "I suggest that we enliven the occasion with music and mirth."

Grinning cordially at them, he opened his queer-looking case with a flourish, and extracted from it a shining saxophone. "Too Much Mustard" floated from that bell in clear, flutelike tones, and the audience visibly brightened. The literary-society member with the least resistance was, of course, the first to succumb to that lilting enticement. With a shrill laugh of delight, Matilda Peevy grabbed Brother Enrod Wampus, and they went sidestepping and whirling up the center aisle. There was a shout, a loud scraping, the bustle of many feet, the chatter of many voices, and the benches and desks were piled hastily on the platform, while the lifting strains of the saxophone wove on and on, and the wielder of the magic flute, sitting cross-legged on teacher's desk, swayed ecstatically from side to side.

The New Adventures of Wallingford

his black mustaches up-pointed, with a grin, and his black eyes glittering.

Over in the corner, while the dancing couples twirled and bobbed, sat J. Rufus Wallingford and square-headed Dan Cragg in earnest converse, their heads bent close together. Finally Dan Cragg emitted a loud haw-haw.

"Say, John! John Peppin!" And rising, Dan Cragg stopped a lean, weather-cheeked farmer, who was stepping it off in gleeful vigor with his fifteen-year-old daughter. "Let Daisy dance with a young fellow, and you come here. I want to introduce you to Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford. He was on his way to Tightstown, but he's going to stop with me to-night."

The orchestra, harking back to old times for a change, broke into "The Blue Danube." His cheeks were beginning to tire, but he had seen something which bound him to his post of duty. He had seen the lean, weather-beaten farmer sit down with Dan Cragg and J. Rufus Wallingford, the three heads bend together, and the three men haw-haw in unison. He had seen John Peppin get up and send over a shrewd-looking old farmer with an up-turned goatee. The shrewd old farmer's and Dan Cragg's and Wallingford's heads had bent together until they raised in a haw-haw. Then a farmer with seven white hairs pasted across his bald head took the place of the one with the upturned goatee. Always just three in the corner! Always they bent their heads together in solemn converse! And always they ended in a haw-haw! Blackie Daw drew a long breath and moistened his lips, and limbered his fingers and struck up "Brer Rabbit."

II

JED SNIPPER looked up from under the knuckles which represented his eyebrows and estimated the large, prosperous-looking gentleman who had invaded the barn. His frozen blue eyes warmed as much as it was possible for them to do, and upon his knucky countenance there came a thin-lipped smile.

"Yes; I'm Mr. Snipper," he promptly acknowledged. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Sell me some cattle," as promptly responded the stranger, extending a broad, plump palm. "My name's Wallingford—J. Rufus Wallingford."

He was a jovial-looking man, a pleasant-looking man, one whose round pink face beamed with friendly good will. He did not seem like one who would drive a hard bargain. His hand-clasp was warm and hearty.

"Well, I'm the right party to come to," observed Mr. Snipper, endeavoring to beam also with cordial good will, although he was a man far too gaunt and hungry and full of knuckles to accomplish this perfectly. "Any references?"

"Plenty." J. Rufus chuckled, and his round face grew pinker as he half closed his eyes. He drew from inside his coat a long red pocketbook and opened it. The frozen blue eyes of Mr. Snipper glinted like ice crystals as they saw the warm-colored bills. "References satisfactory?"

"Better 'n the President!" And with a smile which would not come off his thin lips, no matter how much he tried, Mr. Snipper pulled his eyes away from that money. His knucky right hand stole down the seam of his trousers, slipped stealthily behind a luckless wheat-straw, and clutched it unawares. He snapped the straw between his teeth and chewed it. "How do you want your beeves—on the hoof or delivered?"

"On the hoof. I'll give you spot cash for a bill of sale, with the privilege of leaving them in your field until I ship them."

"Un-hunh." The cold eyes studied the ground. The knucky right hand drew slowly up and pounced upon a coat button, gripping it firmly by the neck. "We'd have to put a time-limit on that."

"Certainly." Wallingford produced two big, fat, black cigars, and handed one to the cow-inspector. "How about a week?"

"Seven days," returned the cautious Mr. Snipper, making the time more specific. "How many head do you want?"

"How many have you?"

"Hunh." Mr. Snipper's thin, wide lips smiled in gratification. "Five hundred and six."

"I'll take them all."

The smile stayed where it was, but somehow it was no longer a smile. It was a mere curve, and a small hole split in the middle of it for a long, deep intake of breath. Mr. Snipper's frapped blue eyes studied Mr. Wallingford's shoes and his own, followed a fly along a piece of binder-string, and studied the formation of two clods of earth. His knobbed right hand strayed round his hat-brim until the fingers discovered and seized upon a burr, which they crushed.

"Cash," he finally remarked; then he bored his gaze suddenly into Wallingford's smiling eyes. It was like the pounce of his fingers. "How much?"

"You say how much," countered J. Rufus, beaming his joviality. "They're your cattle."

"Un-hunh. But you want 'em," grinned Cow-Inspector Snipper. "Make me an offer."

Wallingford drew from his vest pocket a neat little blank book with a morocco-leather cover and gold-edged leaves. From its loop he slid a gold lead-pencil and made some figures.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" gasped Jed Snipper, genuinely stunned—so much so that his vindictive fingers stopped in their crafty pursuit of his watch-chain. "Why, man, you're fooling!"

"Spot cash," the suave, big stranger reminded him. "Spot cash. Weighed on your own scales. Sick or well."

"You're making a mistake, Mr. Wallingford." Mr. Snipper was very much in earnest—also justly indignant. "There ain't a healthier lot of cattle in this state than mine!"

"I'm taking chances. I'm not only a business man but I'm a gambler." And Mr. Wallingford swelled his broad chest. "If I was satisfied that all your cattle were perfectly well, and would remain so for a week, I'd give you the market price; but there's too much tizzerasmus in this neighborhood to make that a safe bet."

"Too much—er—hunh?" The thin lips opened, and the frozen blue eyes lost what expression they had.

"Tizzerasmus," repeated Mr. Wallingford gravely. "I never saw so much of it. Mr. Cragg's cattle have it, Mr. Peppin's, Mr. Peevy's, Mr. Barnes's, Mr. Wampus's. Why, there's a dozen of the most prominent farmers in this vicinity whose cattle have tizzerasmus."

"Is that so?" The craft came back to Mr. Snipper's straying fingers, and they succeeded in catching an unsuspecting hay-seed. "How do you know?"

"The cows are in the dizzy stage already." The stranger puffed contentedly at his big black cigar. "They're too far gone to be even doctored up. You know the symptoms of tizzerasmus, of course."

"Hunh? Oh, sure!" And Jed Snipper, wondering how to spell it, looked up with a candid smile. "I'm cow-inspector for this district. Excuse me just a minute, will you?"

"With pleasure." Wallingford climbed up in the comfortable iron seat of a reaper and smoked in solid content, estimating the worth of the cow-inspector from the great beamed barn, with its double rows of stalls and its wide, high lofts. He did not even trouble to follow Mr. Snipper to the door.

That gaunt and hungry individual hurried, as fast as his knucky legs would carry him, to the fence, where he gazed with a sharp eye across his fields. In the nearest one, a score of placid cattle, all headed in the same direction, munched and munched and munched, nor thought on a better life. Staring at them wonderingly for a short time, Jed Snipper wheeled and strode back to his harness-room, where he took from a shelf a book entitled "Cattle and Their Diseases," and thumbed vigorously through the leaves. He closed the book with a shake of his head. The word had unmistakably begun with a "t," and he would have found it had it been spelled with either "z's" or "s's."

"Had to see about some feed," nonchalantly explained the cow-inspector, as he rejoined Wallingford. "Kind of a new disease, this tiz—tiz—"

"Zerasmus," completed Wallingford. "Newest thing there is. And the only way to stop it is to kill every cow in the herd. It's a nervous disease, and affects the cerebro-spinal system. You better take the price I offered you."

"Couldn't think of it!" And the voice of Jed Snipper was suspiciously emphatic. "Come out and look at my cows, and if you see any signs of"—he paused—"of tizzerasmus, you just tell me; that's all!"

"With pleasure."

Wallingford, though he loathed soggy fields and mire and clay and walking, trudged with Jed Snipper over all his farm, and solemnly returned the inquiring gaze of mild-eyed cows; while the cow inspector, with craven anxiety, searched every feature of Wallingford's round pink face for a trace of accusation.

"Not a sign of it!" claimed Snipper, in triumphant relief, as they turned away from the last cow. "Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Wallingford: I'll split the difference between what you offered me and the market price, just because it's a big cash deal."

"No." The cattle-buyer was very firm. "I've made my offer, and that's my price for twenty-four hours. Will you take it?"

"No, sir!" Jed Snipper was equally emphatic, even more so.



PICTURE BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The wielder of the magic flute, sitting cross-legged on teacher's desk, swayed ecstatically from side to side, his black mustaches up-pointed, with a grin, and his black eyes glittering

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"Those cattle are the healthiest you'll find. Healthy cattle ought to go up, with this timerazmus spreading the way it is."

"All right." Wallingford flicked off his ashes and started toward the automobile, which stood in the road in charge of its long, lean, black-mustached driver. "I'm stopping at the Jenkins Hotel, down in Jenkinsville. I've been there four days, looking round for cattle. If you want to take up my offer, come and see me."

"Un-hunh." Jed Snipper was already peeling off his working coat and hat as he hurried to the house. "Hey, you!" he yelled to a slouch-shouldered farm-hand. "Hitch up Dolly to the buckboard—quick!"

III

COW-INSPECTOR SNIPPER, wearing his official badge, stopped by the roadside and peered intently into Dan Cragg's field. As he looked, his thin lips curved in a smile of gratification, and his frigid blue eyes took on the glitter of icicles. Dan Cragg's cows were unmistakably dizzy! The nearest one to the fence leaned against a tree and, surveying Jed Snipper with a glassy eye, deliberately mooded at him. A brown heifer, further away, was prancing round and round in a circle, swishing her tail in rhythmic accompaniment and tossing her head proudly. A yearling bull calf was galloping madly to and fro across the pasture, bellowing, and kicking his heels as he turned at each end of the course. Jed Snipper waited for no more.

"Hey, Dan Cragg!" he yelled, as he drew up his little mare behind Cragg's corn-crib, her flanks smoking. "You'll have to kill a lot of your cattle—maybe all of 'em!"

The square-headed Dan Cragg threw the corn-sheller belt to the idle pulley, and came forward with a look of deep concern about his wrinkled brown eyes.

"Kill 'em?" he said. "What's the matter with 'em?"

"Timerazzus—that's what they got!" excitedly declared the official cow-inspector. "Come out here and look at 'em!"

"Tinner—what?" puzzled Dan Cragg, walking slowly over to the fence and staring into the field. "I never heard of it."

"It's a nervous disease," explained Inspector Snipper, with lofty contempt for Dan Cragg's ignorance. "It affects the spinal system, and—"

"I don't believe there is any such disease!" declared Dan Cragg, running his fingers through his grizzled hair but looking into his field with gravity nevertheless.

"You don't!" roared Snipper. "Why, look at them cows, man! They're so far gone with it now that they're dizzy! See that red Jersey!"

It was true that the spotted little Jersey was worthy of surprised attention. Hitherto a creature of modest and blameless conduct, she was now ambling toward them in a most giddy fashion, crossing her short legs from side to side with a rolling effect, like a skiff in the trough of the waves. She dropped in a tangle as she came over the rise, but made no move to get up. She merely crossed her legs and stuck out her tongue.

"Now will you deny it?" demanded Snipper. "That's a clear case of tizzertimus, as sure as you're born! And the only way to stamp it out is to kill off the

herd! You got ninety-eight head of cattle, Dan Cragg, and here's your condemnation-order." He filled out a blank with nervous fingers, tore it from its pad, and thrust it into Dan Cragg's hand. "Kill within forty-eight hours or pay the penalty!" With eager haste, he jumped into the buckboard and grabbed the lines. "Gid-dap, Dolly!" he shouted, and laid the lash on the little mare.

As he rattled down to the road, Dan Cragg went behind the corn-crib and haw-hawed until his stomach hurt.

That was a busy day for Jed Snipper. He drove to John Peppin's, to Barnes's, to Peevy's, to Wampus's, and to all the other prominent cattle-raisers in the district, and at every farm he found, and condemned to death, sleek and shining cattle in the unmistakable dizzy stage of tizzertimus. Last of all, he drove home at top speed, and, tossing his lines over the heaving sides of Dolly, sprang across the fence into the field back of the barn. Ah! His cows, one and all, were placidly munching, and otherwise comporting themselves according to the highest standards of bovine respectability.

With righteous satisfaction, Jed Snipper went to bed that night; but before he turned in, he complimented the Lord on having such a faithful servant in the vineyard as Jed Snipper. Full and well had Jed done his duty. With a firm and vigorous foot he had stamped out the iniquitous new cattle-disease, and the price of healthy beeves must certainly rise!

He closed his eyes in calm peace, and hunched his shoulders under the pillow in his favorite snoring attitude. He opened his eyes with a jerk, to find dawn streaking the sky and a strange sound filling his ears. It was a loud medley of bellowing and mooing, and, springing to his window, he discerned, across his broad field, such a bovine ball as perhaps no human eye had ever beheld. Every one of his five-hundred-odd cattle was enthusiastically engaged in some variation of the tango, the fox-trot, or the more intricate fancy steps known only to professionals. Their tails were waving in the air; their horns were tossing, and, if ever bellows and moos conveyed the idea of bovine revelry, the sounds which came from that prancing, galloping mêlée of beef were full of it.

Great Jehoshaphat! Timerazzamus! For one moment, Jed Snipper succumbed to black despair and stood knobby in his night-shirt, with his knuckly right hand clutching his colorless stubble of hair. Suddenly a gleam as of cracked ice came into his frigid blue eyes, and he grabbed for his trousers.

Ten minutes later, Jed and Dolly and the buckboard were tearing down the road. Rattle and bang and clatter and scrape! Dan Cragg, always a light sleeper, heard that familiar sound in the early dawn, and sprang to his window in time to see Jed Snipper rushing past. Then Dan clutched his party-line telephone.

Skinny John Peppin was at his front gate, with his hair tousled and his night-shirt tucked into his trousers, when Inspector Snipper dashed that way, and long John stepped out to the road in his bare feet.

"Hello, neighbor!" he called, holding up his hand. "Going to town?"

"Yep." Jed drew in Dolly with reluctance.

"Mail a letter?"

"Yep." And Jed twiddled nervously at his lines while long John fumbled in his pockets.

"Gosh! I left
(Continued on page 119)



He discerned, across his broad field, such a bovine ball as perhaps no human eye had ever beheld



"I'm riveting firm and true
With a durable frame in view.
Just rivet your mind on a Campbell kind
And you'll be a builder, too."



"Building up"

*First, choose the right materials to
build with*

The old-fashioned idea of a heavy meat diet as the best way to build health and strength was like some old stone buildings you've seen—with more weight than strength. Architects know better now, so do dieticians. Modern hygiene shows that you must have an abundance of good vegetables to build a vigorous constitution.

You are using the best kind of "building up" material when you eat

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines the invigorating meat juices of selected beef with the nourishing properties of choice vegetables, fine herbs, strength-giving cereals. And all these are in the most digestible form.

This is not only a tempting and appetizing meal course but it supplies in a substantial measure the vital elements necessary to correct the blood,

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All authorities agree that good soup eaten every day is one of the surest means of keeping in prime physical condition. And at this time of year when the system is inclined to be sluggish, you realize especially the need and the value of this wholesome and delicious soup.

Now is the time to order it by the dozen or more.

And always serve it steaming hot.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Beulah Land

(Continued from page 71)



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JUST as most women appreciate that good taste in shoes and millinery greatly enhances their appearance, so do they realize that carefully manicured finger nails adds to their charm and appearance.

GRAF'S **HYGLO** Manicure Preparations

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Established 1873



his people, hustling, grimy, dramatic; talking in voluble, guttural Yiddish. The old-clothes men came and went, drooping under their burdens. He shook his head at the pawn-shops with their Medici device of the golden spheres—one traffic he liked not at all; there was too much misery in it. He stopped outside a Jewish saloon where two men within were sipping golden plum brandy.

"Lacheim!" went one's salutation.

"Sholem!" came the response.

Over there, to the right, was a moving-picture theater, the garish posters lettered in Hebraic script. Next door, a restaurant with a white-enameled Yiddish motto on its window—upright sweeping majuscles with unexpected angles, dots, and dashes.

As he passed a street on his way north, he remembered that to the left on the Bowery was the theater where Tomashefsky's voice resounded in sweeping Jewish diction as he depicted the drama of his people—the release from Egypt, the fall of Jericho, the building of the Temple.

Hour to hour went by, and still he wandered about, savoring, as one savors old memories, the nearness and greatness of his people in this alien land. He dropped into the little cafés where the young Jewish poets sat playing chess, and the older men stood by, watching pawn and queen move, and bishop and king. Everywhere there was an ovation for him.

"Mr. Sassoon!" The place was cleared for him. It was as though Harun-al-Raschid were passing by night through Bagdad's streets.

"To-morrow," he told them, "to-morrow, I leave for Zion!"

"And when do you come back, Mr. Sassoon?" an old man asked.

"I will never come back," Sassoon said. "In David's city I stay."

The young poets applauded violently. The elder men looked grave. There was one who cried.

And so from place to place and from street to street Sassoon went, storing in his heart the memory of the city and the country which had meant so much to his people.

Here, up in the Bronx, around Simpson Street, they gathered, a hill of busy, thriving ants. On every second apartment was a doctor's name, or the name of a dentist with a familiar racial ring. Out of the East they had come, and out of Europe, where they were oppressed, and here they had found welcome and a chance to use their brains and science. They had thrived and prospered and were living in peace and respect by the side of the other factors that made up the formula of a free country.

Dawn broke in the air, and to him it was a shock, for he had no idea time had passed so rapidly. He turned to find a taxi-cab. A big Irish policeman was appealed to for help. The officer looked at him keenly.

"You're Mr. Sassoon, the banker," he said. "I seen your picture in the papers many a time. Hey, Jim!" He shouted across to a garage. "If I'm not making too free," he went on, "I see in the papers that you're going to leave us."

"I am," Sassoon smiled.

"A great pity, that!" The policeman shook his head. "The country needs you."

He opened the door of the cab. He turned to the chauffeur.

"Take Mr. Sassoon home, Jim," he directed, "and take him home quick and safe, or I'll have the skin off your bones."

"Thanks, Officer," Sassoon laughed; "and good-by!"

The policeman took off his cap as he shook hands.

"God be good to you, Mr. Sassoon!" he said simply. "You were good to the poor."

He would not lie down, Sassoon decided. He would turn in under a shower and wait for Miriam's rising. It was too big a day to sleep. He hoped Miriam was sleeping well, for the start on the voyage would be fatiguing.

But Miriam was not sleeping. She was sitting awake, dry-eyed, tense, troubled. There was something wrong, she knew. It was the first time she had the opportunity to help him, and help him she would, if anything could help him. His greatness, his fineness—those were the things that mattered, and which she did not want to see warped or wrongly directed. She had no child. She had nothing but Sassoon—

VII

He expected to slip in unnoticed, but she met him at the door, firm-faced, with shadows under her fine eyes and inside them a great controlled agony. He was too exalted to notice anything.

"There is some one wants to see you, Sassoon," she said.

"At this hour?"

"The little woman from the corner news-stand."

He went into the morning-room, and sitting on the edge of a chair, fearfully, was a little Polish woman of the people. He remembered somehow having seen her before. She rose up breathing hard.

"Mr. Sassoon,"—she broke into singing Yiddish, with a note of hysteria—"I hear it you go away. And what will become of us, Mr. Sassoon; what will become of us?" Sassoon looked at her in astonishment. He got no opportunity to speak. She went on: "I got it a little money in your bank, all I got in the world. I want it to send my boy to college, so that he be a doctor. All the time I say, 'When he grows up I go to Mr. Sassoon, and I ask him what I should do.' And when he grows up now, I cannot go to Mr. Sassoon. And none of us can go to Mr. Sassoon. Because Mr. Sassoon will be gone away. *Gewahlt!* What shall we do? Who will take care of us, now that Mr. Sassoon is gone?"

Miriam went over and touched her hand.

"Sit down, mother, and wait a little. Sassoon"—she turned to her husband—

"come up-stairs; I want to speak to you."

She led the way to his big study on the upper floor, the dim room with the great windows and the balcony. He closed the door after them. She turned to him. Her hands fell to her side.



HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

The daintiest things are practical now they can be laundered

“WHAT has come over you! It's wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cobweb will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it.”

“Nonsense. I *have* washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home.”

This year, in making your choice among summer fabrics, the important thing is to ask yourself, “Will it launder?” You can choose satins, taffetas, printed georgettes, printed cottons—even for sports skirts. Just make sure you select the kind that you can trust to water. Lux will cleanse it for you repeatedly.

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Blouses! There is hardly a blouse material

today that Lux has not made it possible for you to wash. Pastel colorings! Shimmering and sheer textures! The finer the better!

No matter how filmy the material, you can wash it over and over again in delicate Lux suds.

Economize this summer by buying dainty fabrics that are made to wash. Trust them to Lux. Keep them like *new* all summer long. Your grocer, druggist or department store will sell you a package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder delicate fabrics

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—*Do not rub*. Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—*never a hot one*.

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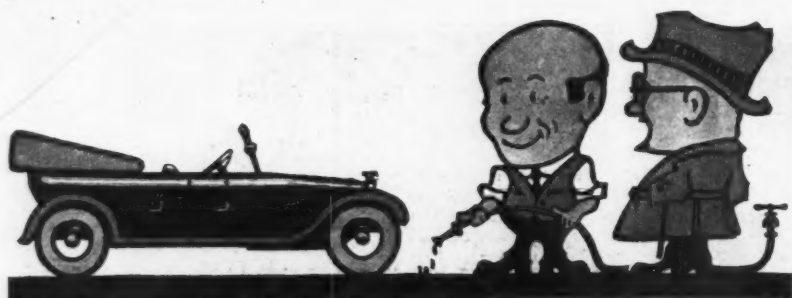
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"Sassoon," she quavered. "I will not go with you."

He looked at her blankly.

"I will not go with you, Sassoon." Her hands clinched like steel bands. "Because it is not right, I will not go."

"Miriam"—his voice was very gentle—"I do not understand you. What is not right?"

"Sassoon"—her voice rose and fell in nervous musical surges, like the quavering of a violin, and there were sobs behind it, and tears—"Sassoon, when things got too bad in Russia, when the pogrometsky were running through the streets screaming for Jewish blood, when all through the Caucasus a Jew was never free from danger and insult—through Germany, through Bulgaria—they came here. If you had asked my father, Jacob Mendel, who is dead, he would have told you stories that would have made your blood cold and your skin like the skin of a goose. But you never looked for facts, Sassoon. You wanted dreams."

She moved nearer him. She put her hand up.

"Wait, Sassoon! They came here, and they were happy and they got their chance. And you came to them. And you cared for them and you taught them. You were never tired imploring them to understand and feel the duties of a new citizenship, to show all the world what the Jew is. When the war broke out, it was you who went about, sending your own people into battle. There were times you saved this country from financial ruin. You leave it now. It is not right, Sassoon."

Through the faint shadows of dawn, the slim, swordlike figure of her, the burning eyes, the set face, the white, dramatic hands showed dimly, like some oracle in a temple of old Greece.

"Listen, Sassoon"—her voice set suddenly—"I was at lunch down-town on Tuesday, and sitting near me were two women. They were talking about you. 'He's going to Palestine,' one of them said. And then the other—'He's made his money,' she laughed, 'and now he's going off with it.' And the first one laughed, too. 'It's the way of the Yid,' she sneered. Wince, Sassoon, wince! 'The way of the Yid!'"

Erect and motionless, he listened to her. His face had become furrowed granite, and his frame carved stone.

"Oh, Sassoon"—she had dropped to her knees, and down her cheeks tears suddenly appeared like dew—"you want the bridal land, the land of Beulah! Why, here is Beulah Land! Oh, Sassoon, blind one, cannot you see? Not even in Palestine is Zion; but when we are dead—there is David's city!"

The lines in his face softened and his eyes grew dim.

Miriam stood up.

"I love you, Sassoon!" Her voice had developed a deep crooning. "I love you as no woman ever could. If you were poor and broken, I would sell the hair off my head for you. If you are in trouble, I am in trouble, too. If you were dead, I, too, should die. But by the High One, Sassoon, if you go, you go alone. For you are not doing a right thing." Her voice rose suddenly like a bugle. "You are deserting the place that made you and that you helped make."

She moved to the door suddenly, and,

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A rising Screen star, says:
"Lashneen keeps my eyebrows and brows looking so beautiful that my friends often ask how I do it."

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opening it, passed out. She turned for a minute with all the agony of her eyes focused on him.

"Oh, Sassoon," she pleaded, "dream greater than Zion's walls!"

He walked toward the windows in a daze, as a sleeper might who had been roughly awakened and is not yet quite conscious, and, opening them, he stepped out on the balcony. Eastward, the sun had now come up a little along the horizon and, struggling with massive gray-and-white cloud banks, was seeking to break through, here and there in red splotches, here and there in long, white, spearlike rays. Below, over the street, milk-carts rattled. A few blocks away came the booming of the elevated on Third Avenue.

But Sassoon was seeing none of these things. Through his mind there was running still the itinerary of the day before—the narrow, crowded gulches of Second Avenue, with their struggling, happy merchants; the little dingy synagogues; the queer restaurants where his people ate their food in peace.

"In peace!" he thought aloud. "In happiness and peace!"

For so many years had the thought of Zion been in his mind that it continually obtruded itself on his thoughts, like a presuming person. But his wife's words came to his mind, and again a mist crept over his eyes.

A new **Donn Byrne** story, *The Colleen Rue*, will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

The Intellectual Honesty of the French

(Continued from page 61)

receive this reassurance; but as long as he needs it, he remains a child, and the world he lives in is a nursery-world. Things are not always and everywhere well with the world, and each man has to find it out as he grows up. It is the finding-out that makes him grow, and until he has faced the fact and digested the lesson, he is not grown up—he is still in the nursery.

The same thing is true of countries and peoples. The "sheltered life," whether of the individual or of the nation, must either have a violent and tragic awakening—or never wake up at all. The keen French intelligence perceived this centuries ago, and has always preferred to be awake and alive, at whatever cost. The cost has been heavy, but the results have been worth it, for France leads the world intellectually just because she is the most grown-up of the nations.

In each of the great nations there is a small minority which is at about the same level of intellectual culture; but it is not between these minorities (though even here the level is higher in France) that comparisons may profitably be made. A cross-section of average life must be taken, and compared with the same average in a country like ours, to understand why France leads in the world of ideas.

The theater has an importance in France which was matched only in the most glorious days of Greece. The dramatic sense of the French—their faculty of perceiving and enjoying the vivid contrasts and ironies of daily life, and their ability to express emotion where Anglo-Saxons can only choke with it—this innate dramatic gift, which is a part of their general

"David's city! When we are dead—"

It was as though some formula of white magic had been uttered, for as he stood there clutching the balustrade, the pathetic stones of the Temple hushed their voices, and into his mind there came joyously, on tramping feet, a vision of his people coming out of bondage into the Free Land.

All through New York they were, all through America, working against ancient prejudices, overcoming them, beating them down. There was no question of conquest, none of rapacity. They came joyously, out of their fetid Ghettos, to breathe pure air.

He threw his head high in exaltation, and his eye caught a glimpse of a cloud above him, a white cirrus that the dawn-wind was blowing about, and as he watched it, it took form suddenly into the six-pointed star of David. He dropped his eyes as though before a miracle.

"Beulah Land!"

He turned suddenly, joyously, for in his heart there were cymbals clashing and the thrumming of harps, to go down-stairs to Miriam. She was waiting for him, he knew. But he did not know she was on her knees, praying as she had never prayed before. If he went, she had decided, he must go without her, and if he went without her, she should surely die. For he was all the world to her. She had no child. She had nothing but Sassoon—

artistic endowment, leads them to attach an importance to the theater incomprehensible to our blunter races.

Americans new to France, and seeing it first in war-time, will be continually led to overlook the differences and see the resemblances between the two countries. They will notice, for instance, that the same kind of people who pack the music-halls and "movie" shows at home also pack them in France. But if they will take a seat at one of the French national theaters (the Théâtre Français or the Odéon), they will see people of the same level of education as those of the cinema-halls enjoying with keen discrimination a tragedy by Racine or a drama of Victor Hugo's. In America, the "movie" and music-hall audiences require no higher form of nourishment. In France they do, and the Thursday matinées in theaters which give the classic drama are as packed as the house where "The Mysteries of New York" are unrolled, while on the occasion of the free performances given on national holidays in these theaters, a line composed of working people, poor students, and all kinds of modest wage-earners forms at the door hours before the performance begins.

The people who assist at these great tragic performances have a strong-enough sense of reality to understand the part that grief and calamity play in life and in art; they feel instinctively that no real art can be based on a humbugging attitude toward life, and it is their intellectual honesty which makes them exact and enjoy its fearless representation.

It is also their higher average of educa-

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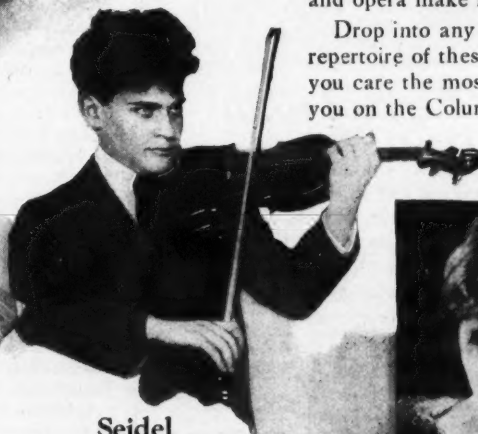
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Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

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tion, of "culture," it would be truer to say, if the word, with us, had not come to stand for the pretense rather than the reality. Education in its elementary sense is much more general in America than in France. There are more people who can read in the United States; but what do they read? The whole point, as far as any real standard goes, is there. If the ability to read carries the average man no higher than the gossip of his neighbors, if he asks nothing more nourishing out of books and the theater than he gets in hanging about the store, the bar, and the street-corner, then culture is bound to be dragged down to him instead of his being lifted up by culture.

III

THE very significance—the note of ridicule and slight contempt—which attaches to the word "culture" in America would be quite unintelligible to the French of any class. It is inconceivable to them that anyone should consider it superfluous, and even slightly comic, to know a great deal, to know the best in every line, to know, in fact, as much as possible.

There are ignorant and vulgar-minded people in France as in other countries; but instead of dragging the popular standard of culture down to their own level, and ridiculing knowledge as the affectation of a self-conscious clique, they are obliged to esteem it, to pretend to have it, and to try to talk its language—which is not a bad way of beginning to acquire it.

The odd Anglo-Saxon view that a love of beauty and an interest in ideas imply effeminacy is quite unintelligible to the French—as unintelligible as, for instance, the other notion that athletics make men manly.

The French would say that athletics make men muscular, that education makes them efficient, and that what makes them manly is their general view of life, or, in other words, the completeness of their intellectual honesty. And the conduct of Frenchmen during the last four and a half years looks as though there were something to be said in favor of this opinion.

The French are persuaded that the enjoyment of beauty and the exercise of the critical intelligence are two of the things best worth living for; and the notion that art and knowledge could ever, in a civilized state, be regarded as negligible, or subordinated to merely material interests, would never occur to them. It does not follow that everything they create is beautiful, or that their ideas are always valuable or interesting; what matters is the esteem in which the whole race holds ideas and their noble expression.

Theoretically, America holds art and ideas in esteem also; but she does not, as a people, seek or desire them. This indifference is partly due to awe: America has not lived long at her ease with beauty, like the old European races, whose art reaches back through an unbroken inheritance of thousands of years of luxury and culture.

It would have been unreasonable to expect a new country, plunged in the struggle with material necessities, to create an art of her own, or to have acquired familiarity enough with the great arts of the past to feel the need of them

as promoters of enjoyment or as refining and civilizing influences. But America is now ripe to take her share in the long inheritance of the races she descends from; and it is a pity that just at this time the inclination of the immense majority of Americans is setting away from all real education and real culture.

Intellectual honesty was never so little in respect in the United States as in the years before the war. Every sham and substitute for education and literature and art was steadily crowding out the real thing. "Get-rich-quick" is a much less dangerous device than "Get-educated-quick," but the popularity of the first has led to the attempt to realize the second. It is possible to get rich quickly in a country full of money-earning chances; but there is no short cut to education.

Perhaps it has been an advantage to the French to have had none of our chances of sudden enrichment. Perhaps the need of accumulating money slowly leads people to be content with less, and consequently gives them more leisure to care for other things. There could be no greater error—as all Americans know—than to think that America's ability to make money quickly has made her heedless of other values; but it has set the pace for the pursuit of those other values, a pursuit that leads to their being trampled underfoot in the general rush for them.

The French, at any rate, living more slowly, have learned the advantage of living more deeply. In science, in art, in technical and industrial training, they know the need of taking time and the wastefulness of superficiality. French university education is a long and stern process, but it produces minds capable of more sustained effort and a larger range of thought than our hasty doses of learning. And this strengthening discipline of the mind has preserved the passion of the French for intellectual honesty. No race is so little addicted to fads, for fads are generally untested propositions. The French tendency is to test every new theory, religious, artistic, or scientific, in the light of wide knowledge and long experience, and to adopt it only if it stands this scrutiny. It is for this reason that France has so few religions, so few philosophies, and so few quick cures for mental or physical woes. And it is for this reason, also, that there are so few advertisements in the French newspapers.

Nine-tenths of English and American advertising is based on the hope that some one has found a way of doing something, or curing some disease, or overcoming some infirmity more quickly than by the accepted methods. The French are too incredulous of short cuts and nostrums to turn to such promises with much hope. Their unshakable intellectual honesty and their sound intellectual training lead them to distrust any way but the straight and narrow one when a difficulty is to be mastered or an art acquired. They are, above all, democratic in their steady conviction that there is no "Royal Road" to the worth-while things, and that every yard of the Way to Wisdom has to be traveled on foot, and not spun over in a breathless joy ride.

Mrs. Wharton's next article will appear in an early issue.



What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have coffee—you're surprised to find that this healthful cereal drink has a really delicious, coffee-like flavor."

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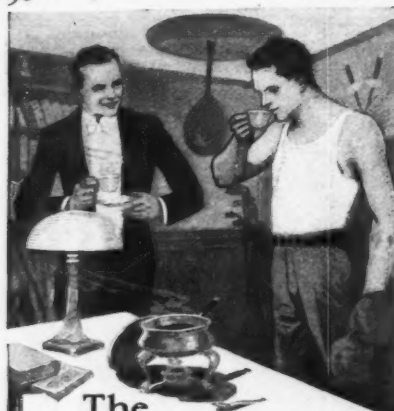
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 All tints 50 cents (double quantity) - 4 cents for miniature box.
The Freeman Perfume Co.
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Saint's Progress

(Continued from page 40)



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was on him, had to rummage out the very depths of old association, so that, once for all, he might know whether he had strength to close the door on the past.

Five o'clock struck before he had finished, and, almost dropping with fatigue, he sat down at his little piano in bright daylight. The last memory to beset him was the first of all—his honeymoon, before they came back to live in this house, already chosen, furnished, and waiting for them. They had spent it in Germany—the first days in Baden-Baden, and each morning had been awakened by a chorale played down in the gardens of the *Kurhaus*, a gentle, beautiful tune, to remind them that they were in heaven. And softly, so softly that the tunes seemed to be but dreams, he began playing those old chorales, one after another, so that the stilly sounds floated out through the opened window, puzzling the early birds and cats and those few humans who were abroad as yet.

He received the telegram from Noel in the afternoon of the same day, just as he was about to set out for Leila's to get news of her, and close on the top of it came Lavendie. He found the painter standing disconsolate in front of his picture.

"*Mademoiselle* has deserted me."

"I'm afraid we shall all desert you soon, *monsieur*."

"You are going?"

"Yes; I am leaving here. I hope to go to France."

"And *mademoiselle*?"

"She is at Dover with my son-in-law."

The painter ran his hands through his hair, but stopped them half-way, as if aware that he was being guilty of ill breeding.

"*Mon Dieu!* Is that not a calamity for you, *monsieur le curé*?"

But his sense of the calamity was so patently limited to his unfinished picture that Pierson could not help a smile.

"Ah, *monsieur*," said the painter, on whom nothing was lost, "*comme je suis égoïste!* I show my feelings; it is deplorable. My disappointment must seem a bagatelle to you, who will be so distressed at leaving your old home. This must be a time of great trouble. Believe me, I understand. But to sympathize with a grief which is not shown would be an impertinence, would it not? You English gentlemen do not let us share your griefs; you keep them to yourselves."

Pierson stared.

"True," he said. "Quite true."

"I am no judge of Christianity, *monsieur*, but for us artists the doors of the human heart stand open, our own and others. I suppose we have no pride—*c'est très indélicat*. Tell me, *monsieur*—you would not think it worthy of you to speak to me of your troubles, would you, as I have spoken of mine?" Pierson bowed his head, abashed. "You preach of universal charity and love," went on Lavendie; "but how can there be that when you teach also secretly the keeping of your troubles to yourselves? Man responds to example, not to teaching; you set the example of the stranger, not the brother. You expect from others what you do not give. Frankly, *monsieur*, do you not feel that with every

revelation of your soul and feelings, virtue goes out of you? I will tell you why, if you will not think it an offense. In opening your hearts, you feel that you lose authority. You are officers, and must never forget that. Is it not so?"

Pierson grew red.

"I hope there is another feeling, too. I think we feel that to speak of our sufferings or deeper feelings is to obtrude oneself, to make a fuss, to be self-concerned, when we might be concerned with others."

"*Monsieur, au fond* we are all concerned with self. To seem selfless is but your particular way of cultivating the perfection of self. You admit that not to obtrude self is the way to perfect yourself. *Eh bien!* What is that but a deeper concern with self? To be free of this, there is no way but to forget all about oneself in what one is doing, as I forget everything when I am painting. But," he added, with a sudden smile, "you would not wish to forget the perfecting of self—it would not be right in your profession. So I must take away this picture, must I not? It is one of my best works. I regret much not to have finished it."

"Some day, perhaps——"

"Some day!" The picture will stand still, but *mademoiselle* will not. She will rush at something, and—behold!—this face will be gone. No; I prefer to keep it as it is. It has truth now." And lifting down the canvas, he stood it against the wall and folded up the easel. "*Bonsoir, monsieur*, you have been very good to me. *Adieu!*" He wrung Pierson's hand; and his face for a moment seemed all eyes and spirit. "*Adieu!*"

"Good-by," Pierson murmured. "God bless you!"

"I don't know if I have great confidence in him," replied Lavendie, "but I shall ever remember that so good a man as you has wished it. To *mademoiselle* my distinguished salutations, if you please. If you will permit me, I will come back for my other things to-morrow."

And, carrying easel and canvas, he departed.

Pierson stayed in the old drawing-room, waiting for Gratian to come in, and thinking over the painter's words. Had his education and position really made it impossible for him to be brotherly? Was this the secret of the impotence which he sometimes felt, the reason why charity and love were not more alive in the hearts of his congregation? "God knows I've no consciousness of having felt myself superior," he thought; "and yet I would be truly ashamed to tell people of my troubles and of my struggles. Can it be that Christ, if he were on earth, would count us Pharisees, believing ourselves not as other men? But surely it is not as Christians but rather as gentlemen that we keep ourselves to ourselves. 'Officers,' he called us. I fear—I fear it is true." Ah, well—there would be not many more days now. He would learn out there how to open the hearts of others—and his own. Suffering and death leveled all barriers, made all men brothers.

He was still sitting there when Gratian came in, and, taking her hand, he said:

"Noel has gone down to George, and,

Gracie, I want you to get transferred and go to them. I'm giving up the parish and asking for a chaplaincy."

"Giving up? After all this time? Is it because of Nollie?"

"No; I think not. I think the time has come. I feel my work here is barren."

"Oh, no! And even if it is, it's only because—"

Pierson smiled.

"Because of what, Gracie?"

"Dad, it's what I've felt in myself. We want to think and decide things for ourselves; we want to own our consciences; we can't take things at second hand any longer."

Pierson's face darkened.

"Ah!" he said. "To have lost faith is a grievous thing."

"We're gaining charity!" cried Gratian.

"The two things are not opposed, my dear."

"Not in theory; but in practice I think they often are. Oh, dad, you look so tired! Have you really made up your mind? Won't you feel lost?"

"For a little. But I shall find myself out there."

But the look on his face was too much for Gratian's composure, and she turned away.

Pierson went down to his study to write his letter of resignation. Sitting before that blank sheet of paper, he realized to the full how strongly he had resented the public condemnation passed on his own flesh and blood, how much his action was the expression of a purely mundane championship of his daughter, of a mundane mortification. "Pride," he thought. "Ought I to stay and conquer it?" Twice he set his pen down, twice took it up again. He could not conquer it. To stay where he was not wanted, on a sort of sufferance—never!

And he sat before that empty sheet of paper and tried to do the hardest thing a man can do—to see himself as others see him—and met with such success as one might expect—harking at once to the verdicts, not of others at all but of his own conscience, and coming soon to that perpetual gnawing sense which had possessed him ever since the war began, that it was his duty to be dead. This feeling that to be alive was unworthy of him when so many of his flock had made the last sacrifice was reinforced by his domestic tragedy and the bitter disillusionment it had brought. A sense of having lost caste weighed on him while he sat there with his past receding from him, dusty and unreal. He had the queerest feeling of his old life falling from him, dropping round his feet like the outworn scales of a serpent, rung after rung of tasks and duties performed day after day, year after year. Had they ever been quite real? Well, he had shed them now, and was to move out into life illumined by the great reality—death! And, taking up his pen, he wrote his resignation.

XI

I

THE last Sunday—sunny and bright. Though he did not ask her to go, Gratian went to every service that day. And the sight of her, after this long interval, in their old pew, where once he had been

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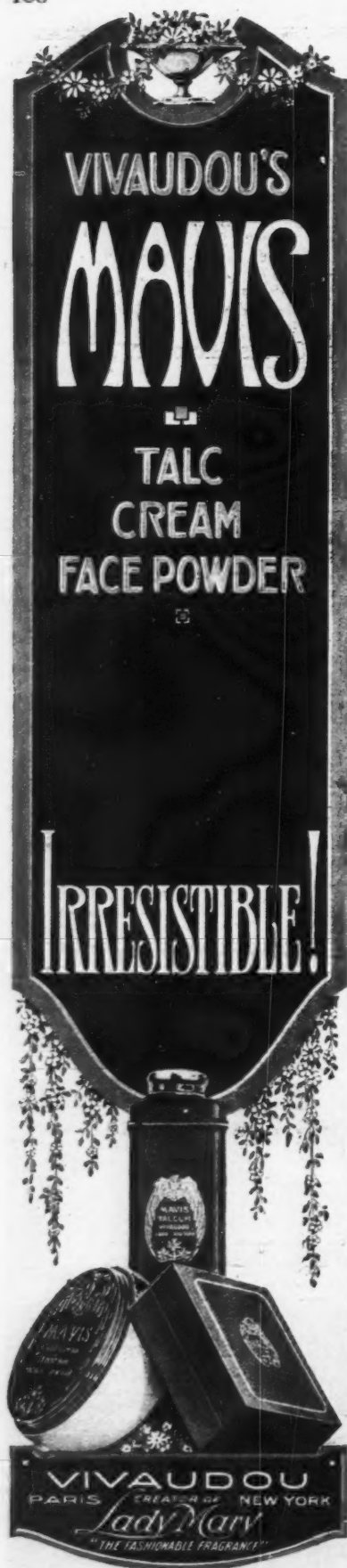
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went to see his wife's face and draw refreshment therefrom, affected Pierson more than anything else. He had told no one of his coming departure, shrinking from the falsity and suppression which must underlie every allusion and expression of regret. In the last minute of his last sermon he would tell them. He went through the day in a sort of dream. Truly proud and sensitive under this social blight, he shrank from all alike, made no attempt to single out supporters or adherents from those who had fallen away. He knew there would be some, perhaps many, seriously grieved that he was going; but to try and realize who they were, to weigh them in the scales against the rest and so forth was quite against his nature. It was all or nothing.

But when, for the last time of all those hundreds, he mounted the steps of his dark pulpit, he showed no trace of finality, did not perhaps even feel it yet. For so beautiful a summer evening, the congregation was large. In spite of all reticence, rumor was busy and curiosity still rife. The writers of the letters, anonymous and otherwise, had spent a week, not indeed in proclaiming what they had done, but in justifying to themselves the secret fact that they had done it. And this was best achieved by speaking to their neighbors of the serious and awkward situation of the poor vicar. The result was visible in a better attendance than had been seen since summer-time began.

Pierson had never been a great preacher; his voice lacked resonance and pliancy, his thought breadth and buoyancy, and he was not free from the singsong which mars the utterance of many who have to speak professionally. But he always made an impression of goodness and sincerity. On this last Sunday evening, he preached again the first sermon he had ever preached from that pulpit, fresh from the honeymoon with his young wife. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It lacked now the happy fervor of that most happy of all his days, yet gained poignancy, coming from so worn a face and voice.

Gratian, who knew that he was going to end with his farewell, was in a choke of emotion long before he came to it. She sat winking away her tears, and not till he paused—for so long that she thought his strength had failed—did she look up. He was leaning a little forward, seeming to see nothing; but his hands, grasping the pulpit's edge, were quivering. There was deep silence in the church, for the look of his face and figure was strange, even to Gratian. When his lips parted to again speak, a mist covered her eyes, and she lost sight of him.

"Friends, I am leaving you. These are the last words I shall ever speak in this place. I go to other work. You have been very good to me. God has been very good to me. I pray with my whole heart that he may bless you all. Amen. Amen."

The mist cleared into tears, and she could see him again gazing down at her. Was it at her? He was surely seeing something—some vision sweeter than reality, something he loved more dearly. She fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands. All through the hymn she knelt, and through his clear, slow benediction: "The

peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always." And still she knelt on till she was alone in the church. Then she rose and stole home. He did not come in; she did not expect him. "It's over," she kept thinking; "all over. My beloved daddy! Now he has no home. Nollie and I have pulled him down. And yet I couldn't help it, and perhaps she couldn't. Poor Nollie!"

2

Pierson had stayed in the vestry, talking with his choir and wardens; there was no hitch, for his resignation had been accepted, and he had arranged with a friend to carry on till the new vicar was appointed. When they were gone, he went back into the empty church and mounted to the organ-loft. A little window up there was open, and he stood leaning against the stone, looking out, resting his whole being. Only now that it was over did he know what stress he had been through. Sparrows were chirping; but sound of traffic had almost ceased in that quiet Sunday hour of the evening meal.

Finished! Incredible that he would never come up here again, never see those roof-lines, that corner of square-garden, and hear this familiar chirping of the sparrows.

He sat down at the organ and began to play—the last time the sound would roll out and echo round the emptied house of God.

For a long time he played, while the building darkened slowly down there below him. Of all that he would leave, he would miss this most—the right to come and play here in the darkening church, to release emotional sound in this dim, empty space, growing ever more beautiful with darkness. From chord to chord he let himself go deeper and deeper into the surge and swell of those sound-waves, losing all sense of actuality, till the music and the whole dark building were fused in one rapturous solemnity.

Away down there, the darkness crept over the church till the pews, the altar—all was invisible save the columns and the walls. He began playing his favorite slow movement—from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—kept to the end, for the visions it ever brought him. And a cat, which had been stalking the sparrows, crept in through the little window and crouched, startled, staring at him with her green eyes. He closed the organ, went quickly down, and, blowing out the candles, locked up his church for the last time.

It was warmer outside than in, and lighter, for daylight was not quite gone. He moved away a few yards, and stood looking up. Walls, buttresses, and spire were clothed in milky, shadowy gray. The top of the spire seemed to touch a star. "Good-by, my church!" he thought. "Good-by—good-by!" He felt his face quiver, clenched his teeth, and turned away.



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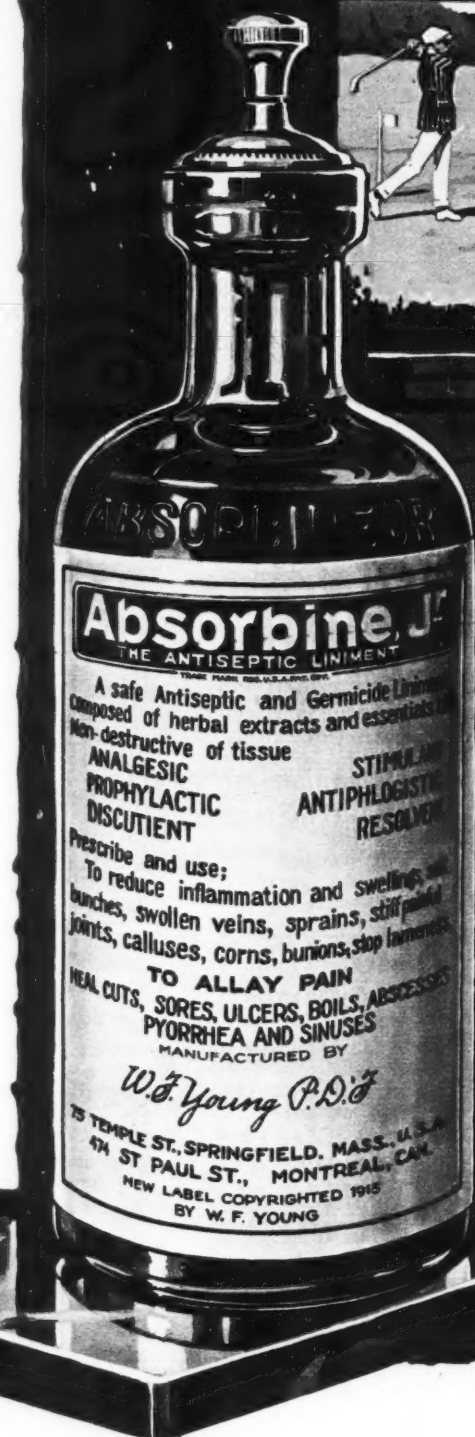
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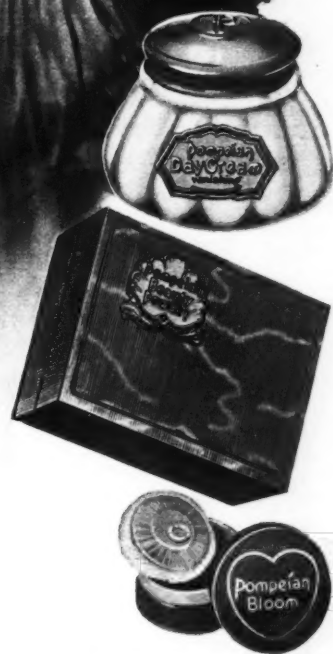
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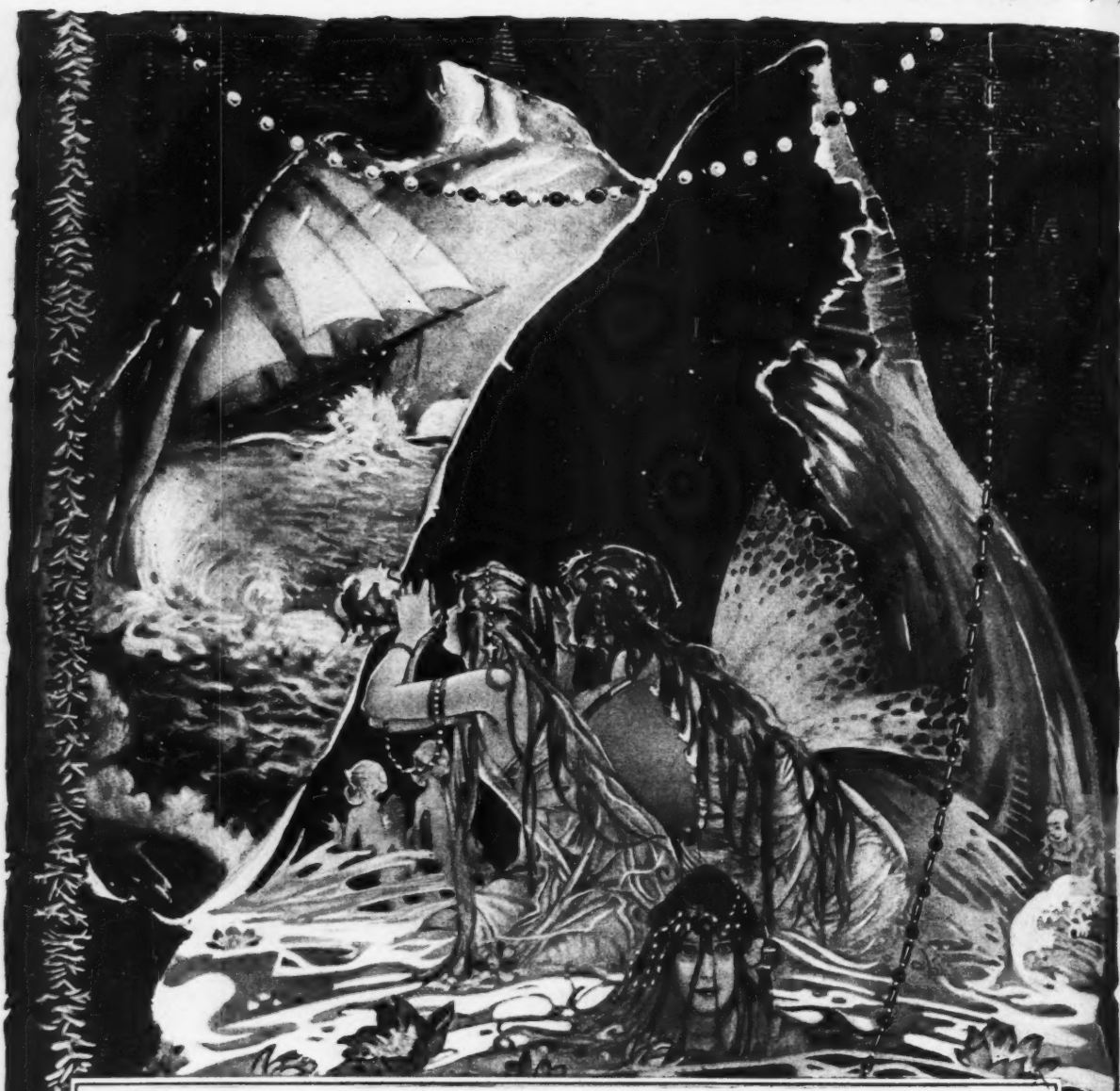
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(Continued from page 48)

character have changed; and in the second, it would be a low-down German trick for a helpless lump like me to grab you fresh from your volcano and marry you before you had a chance to pick and choose for yourself."

"But I have picked and chosen," Lucia protested. "I have chosen you, Wade. You are the only man I have told that I should like to marry, though I did tell Mr. Brown that I thought he would make a very nice husband. And you are not a helpless lump. You may seem so to yourself and to other people, but you don't to me. You see, I have always known you as you are now, so I don't make unpleasant comparisons."

I could see from Wade's face that she had played a trump-card here. An old man takes a natural pleasure in having his worth assayed for what it has been, but a young man desires to be esteemed at his actual value, and it was perhaps here that Wade had most suffered. His usefulness had become a thing of the past to most people who knew him, and they were fools enough to show it in their tactless sympathy. Lucia was no doubt the first that had taken him for granted as a perfectly serviceable and highly desirable individual, ignoring the defect of blindness as if it had been a stammer or flatfoot. And her next remark proved how rich her nature was in that rare and inestimably precious gift of tact which, when blended with native sweetness of soul, is known as "charm," for she said, softly,

"I think I like you better as you are, Wade, because if you love me without being able to see me, I will know that you love me with your heart and not with your eyes." She smiled. "That is the way I loved my goat, who was not at all pretty to look at."

This was too much for the poor boy's self-restraint. He drew her to him and kissed her, and as he loosed her again, I saw that his eyes were glistening. My word! I have seen some love-making in my time, but never anything just like that, and, being an emotional sort of ass, I felt my throat swell. It was so sweetly natural, so unconscious. There was no more about it to embarrass one than if they had been a pair of wood-doves billing and cooing on a branch, and the female feeding her mate which had been blinded by some swine of a pot-hunter.

"I do love you with my heart, darling kid," said Wade huskily, "and I love you with my eyes, too, even if they can't see what a peach you are. But we can't talk about marrying until we put our house in order. Come on; let's go down to the beach and let this long-suffering paint-slinger get on the job again."

III

ELLIOT got to work on his full-length portrait of Suzanne that afternoon, using ordinary colors on my advice, and, as the picture proceeded, this proved to be good, the more refined medium being, in hands accustomed to a crude one, like giving a keen-edged, tempered tool to a primitive bone-carver who had been digging at his designs with a jagged chunk of flint.



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It speedily became clear to me that I had a great portraitist in captivity. The same thing became evident to others who looked in—lay brethren—for it really does not need a Ruskin to tell one how to

man would do if he were to spend fifty years on a desert island."

"I quite agree with you," I answered. "In fact, he would be much less apt to do them."

She bit her lip to keep it from twitching. "Of course, you artists are bound to defend each other," said she. "But this is really a very serious and painful matter, the more so as Mr. Fiske has known from the first that Suzanne Talbot was engaged to marry my son. Besides, artists who were men of honor have given me to



Cynthia Stockley at her writing-table

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begins in

May Cosmopolitan.

judge a painting, given the straight goods without any "ists" and "isms." Suzanne got interested in the picture from the first, and she must have got interested in the painter, too, for she let Elliot take her joy-riding in my little two-seater, which he had learned to drive in an unholy fashion. He was, like myself, a garrulous worker, and when the sittings were in progress, one could hear his steady patter from the front of the house. He was also very rapid in his work.

Meanwhile, deeply immersed in my own job, I had ceased to serve as time-keeper on Lucia and Wade and left the business to work out according to the laws of nature and human events. Then, suddenly, the wind struck in at a different slant, which made things look as if it might work out according to the law of storms. Mrs. Smith, with an Elizabethan countenance, dragged me into her boudoir and delivered an edict *ex cathedra*.

"Mr. Brown," said she, in outraged accents, "I fear that your friend Mr. Fiske has not rid himself of his Latin Quarter principles—or lack of them."

"The latter, as I remember the life," I answered. "But why this stern impeachment, *chère madame*?"

"You need not try to gloss it over on the plea of his having spent twenty years on a desert island," said she. "There are certain things which no honorable

understand that their studios were to be considered in the same light as the consulting-room of a surgeon."

"Some are even more expensive," I said; "but we are not required to take any Hippocratic oath, if that is what you mean."

"I don't know what that is, but it is precisely what I mean," she answered. "Yesterday morning, Mr. Fiske invited me to drop in and see the portrait, but as I was busy all day, I did not go until this afternoon—" She hesitated.

"Well?" I murmured.

"Well, not to go into details I went there about an hour ago, and as I pushed aside the portières, I discovered that your fascinating *confrère* was taking far more interest in his model than in his work. I withdrew unperceived."

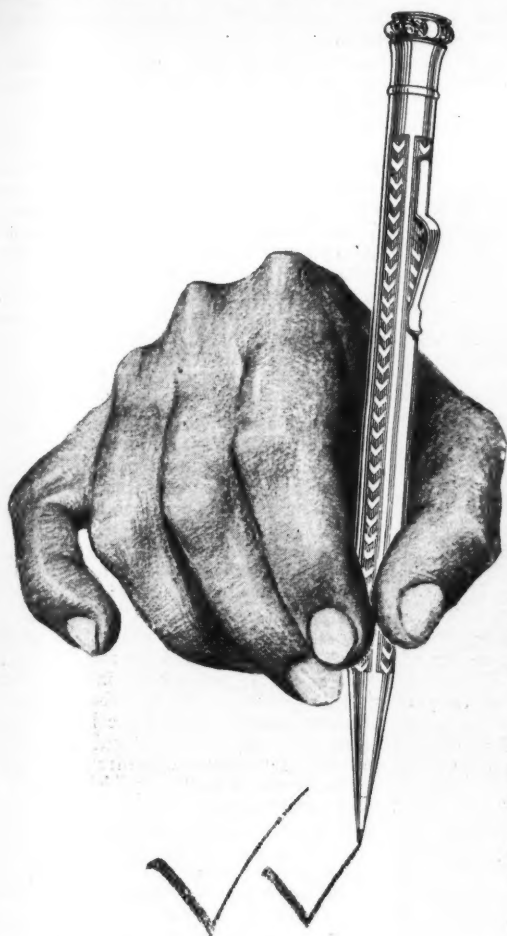
"Such things will happen," I sighed. "Poor Elliot!"

"Poor rubbish! Poor blind Wade, if you like. The man was kissing her."

"Hooray!" I exclaimed. "Was she—eh—resisting?"

"She was *not*!" snapped Mrs. Smith. "She had her hands on his shoulders and looked as if she were there for the rest of her life."

"Let us hope that she was," I answered, "because Wade is not in the least in love with her and has absolutely no desire to marry her. He told me so."



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"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Smith. "I was afraid something of the sort might happen, and I did so want him to marry her. It would have given him an interest in life."

"He has got one already," I declared. Mrs. Smith raised her eyebrows.

"Do you mean the daughter?" she demanded.

"The same. Wade is deeply in love with her, and she is most thoroughly and sanely in love with him. They told me so. At least, they told each other so in my presence. They want to get married—and why not? Lucia is as pure and fresh, or salty, to be precise, as a sea-anemone, and she considers Wade's blindness as an advantage." And I told the anxious mother of what she had said on this score. "She would make him a devoted wife. It is true that she has no dot—"

"Oh, bother the dot!" Mrs. Smith interrupted. "But her father—"

"Her father comes of a good old New England Colonial family," I answered, "and, unless I am very much mistaken, is the coming portrait-painter. You may soon expect to hear him spoken of in the same breath as Sargent, or Brown, the marine painter. And just look at Wade! Can't you see the miraculous change in him?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But do you think that it will last?"

"As long as Lucia lasts," I answered. "and that will be, as she herself pointed out, eleven years longer than Suzanne, based on life insurance expectations. But Wade has been boxing and filling and standing off and on trying to get up the nerve to tell Suzanne that he's lost his taste for her. And from what you tell me, I should think it probable that Suzanne has been navigating the same troubled waters. Fiske, with his high-explosive temperament and love of abstract beauty, is just the man for her."

"But he's old enough to be her father," Mrs. Smith demurred.

"Yes," I admitted; "provided he had been a father at the tender age of thirteen, which, while reported in the case of the Hottentot and—"

"Oh, hush!" She burst into a jolly laugh. "But I never would have thought it of Suzanne. Besides, I can hardly believe she would marry a poor man."

"Perhaps she does not intend to marry him," I suggested.

"Mr. Brown, you painters are absolutely shameless. I think I had better get you out of here before you start making love to me."

"There is no immediate danger," I answered. "I am waiting until next week when your husband goes to San Francisco."

This terminated the interview, and I went home, very pleased with the turn of events, being convinced that Mrs. Smith would thoroughly approve the marriage of Wade and Lucia on thinking the arrangement over. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and on going into the studio to get my favorite pipe, I came upon Elliot and Suzanne standing side by side in contemplation of the finished portrait, which has since received such distinguished recognition. His arm was about her waist, and he did not take the trouble to remove it on my entry. I am sure I do not know why people are

so regardless of my presence when in affectionate relations, or whether this is to be considered as a compliment or the reverse, but it appears to be the case. I might have been a dog or an easel for all they seemed to care.

They turned and surveyed me casually, Elliot then letting his arm drop in a negligent fashion and reaching for a cigarette. Suzanne looked a little dazed, I thought, but not at all embarrassed, and this apparent indifference to my intrusion irritated me, for some reason. As a matter of fact, I suppose they were too utterly engrossed with themselves to notice me, particularly.

"Don't let me interrupt," I said, "I only came after my pipe. But if you don't mind a friendly suggestion, I would advise shoving the bolt of the door during the rests. Of course, it does not matter so far as I am concerned, but Mrs. Smith looked in here about an hour ago to see the picture, and I have been treating her for shell-shock."

This brought Suzanne out of her trance. "Is that really so, Mr. Brown," she asked, "or are you trying to joke?"

"I never try to joke," I snapped, "especially on serious matters. When I desire to make a joke, I get away with it. Mrs. Smith started to come in to see the portrait and was much disturbed by what she saw instead, because she had understood that you were engaged to marry her son. I have just come from pointing out to her the error."

Suzanne shrugged her pretty shoulders and composedly arranged her hair.

"I am sorry that Mrs. Smith was disturbed," said she, "but it seems to me that Wade has made it plain enough that he wanted me to break the engagement. I should have done so long ago, but I wanted people to understand that it was his own wish, and that I was not going back on him because of his blindness. How much better it would be, Mr. Brown, if we could all be as honest and direct as Lucia!"

"Yes," I sighed; "if we could be that way like Lucia. Otherwise, we might make a mess of it."

"Suzanne and I are going to be married, Brown," said Fiske, "and very soon."

I congratulated them warmly, then, being a practical person where others are concerned and having his financial condition in mind, asked him what he meant by "very soon."

"Oh, right off," he answered; "thanks to Lucia."

I was about to inquire in what way Lucia might prove a commercial asset when the girl herself came in, her baby goat at her heels and nuzzling at the feeding-bottle which she carried in her hand. She looked questioningly at the pair, then at me.

"Have they told you, Mr. Brown?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered; "but I don't quite see how they are going to get married on the disposal of one very masterly portrait, even if they were willing to sell it, which would be a hideous crime. Have you waved your wand again, my fairy princess?"

Lucia smiled.

"I waved my pen," said she. "You see, Mr. Brown, when I decided to marry Wade, I told father so and suggested

that he marry Suzanne. He told me that I was talking nonsense, as, in the first place, he was not good-looking enough and, in the second, he hadn't any money. This was quite foolish, of course, as next to you and Wade he is the best-looking man I have seen, and I had thought of a plan for getting some money. It seemed to me that as father was uncle Saltonstall's only nephew and everybody knew that he was some day to inherit all his fortune, it was not fair that he should not get any of it because his uncle thought he had been drowned. So I went to Mr. Culpepper, Mrs. Smith's lawyer, and asked him if he could not get the money back, since there had been a mistake. He found that uncle Saltonstall had left over two million dollars to three distant cousins, so he persuaded them to divide with father. Mr. Culpepper came and told us about it this morning after you had gone. Isn't it nice, Mr. Brown?"

"I believe I told you once, Elliot, that you need not worry about Lucia," I said.

Lucia slipped up to me that evening as I was sitting on the beach, making mental notes of the moon. She took my hand and laid her soft cheek against the back of it.

"If it had not been for Wade, I think that I should have married *you*, Mr. Brown," said she.

"There is absolutely no doubt about it, my dear," I answered sadly.

"I loved Wade from the moment I first saw him," said she, "but I did not believe that I could love him as much as I do now. That must be because he is blind to everybody but me."

"He certainly is," I agreed.

"I might have married you just the same, though," she continued, "if I had not been able to dispose of father and Suzanne, because I should not have wished to leave father all alone, as he is such a child, and it would not have been quite fair to Suzanne, as she had counted on marrying Wade and has very little money of her own. You see, I thought of all this, and that day we first went to the Smiths for tea and I saw how father was watching her, I told her that you said father was going to be the leading portrait-painter of America."

"But I hadn't said anything of the sort," I protested.

"I know it," Lucia answered, "but sometimes you have to anticipate a little to make things come out properly. Suzanne took more interest in him then, and pretty soon I got a chance to suggest to father that I thought she would be willing to sit for her portrait if he were to ask her."

I turned and stared at this sweet and simple child of nature who had first seen light and grown to womanhood on a jumbled heap of volcanic rock. Here in the pretty figure at my side was the outcrop of her sane French ancestry and uncle Saltonstall.

We were silent for a moment; then Lucia said pensively,

"After all, if you really know what you want, all you have to do is to go and get it."

"Yes, my dear," I admitted; "that is all."



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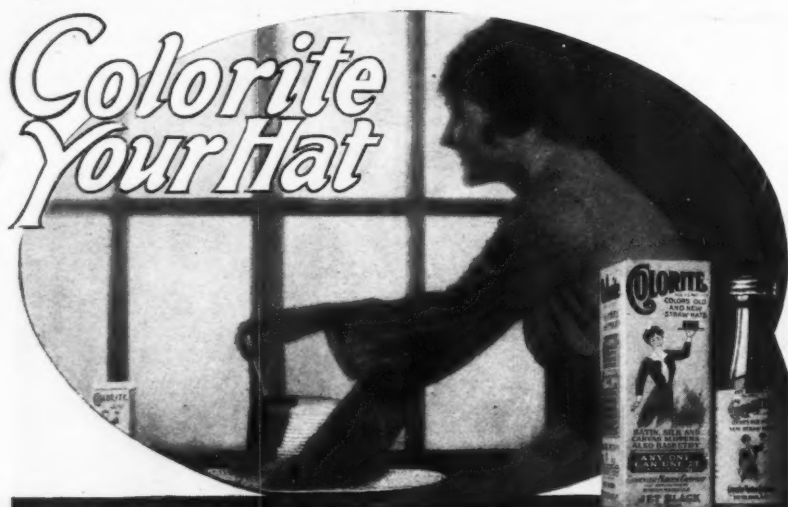
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Swift Lightning

(Continued from page 21)

spectacle and the impending tragedy. The hunters were no longer in pack formation, but were spreading themselves over a front of an eighth of a mile. The strongest and fleetest made up the two ends of the advancing fighting-line. Less than a mile away were the caribou.

A thick gray gloom covered the onswep of the deadly line, and the wind was against the herd of cloven hoof and horn. There was no warning. No sound.

Swift Lightning leaped suddenly ahead. For the first time, he exerted his great speed. Pack-instinct, the law of leadership, the presence of the young she wolf who fought to keep her pace beside him were no longer a part of his existence. He sprang shoulder to shoulder with Baloo. He passed him. His speed was the speed of the wind itself. In half a mile he gained an eighth—and he was alone. The smell of living flesh was hot in his nostrils. Gray shapes loomed up in the night ahead of him, and straight as an arrow he launched himself to the kill. In that same instant came the savage outcry of the pack. Silent until the moment of attack, its throat burst now, and, like an army of pitiless Huns, the white wolves swept down upon the caribou.

The herd was scattered. With their shovel-antlers the caribou had been digging the crisply frozen green moss from under the snow, and Swift Lightning's attack was the beginning of their warning. From him alone they would have fled instantly and without confusion, but terror seized upon them with the coming of the pack, and on the frozen plain there was suddenly the beat of hoofs that sounded like the rumble of distant thunder. The instinct of the sheep is to herd close in time of danger. So it is with the caribou.

Swift Lightning's rush carried him a hundred yards inside the lines of the herd, and his fangs were at the throat of a young bull when the terrified animals began crowding upon him. In a close and crushing mass, they hemmed him in. With his hundred and forty pounds of muscle and bone, he hung to the young bull's jugular. He heard the crash of bodies, the thunder of hoofs, the snarling, howling tumult of the pack, but no sound came from between his own locked jaws. His brethren were at work, two and three and four to a caribou, but it was Swift Lightning's humor to make his kill alone. The great herd began to move, and in the heart of the inundation Swift Lightning and the bull went down. Not for an instant did he loosen his grip at the bull's throat. A mass of bodies swept upon them: hoofs beat against them, and over them was a rattle and crash of horns. Still deeper sank Swift Lightning's fangs. He ceased to breathe; every vital force that was in him rose to the supreme effort, and, with his forefeet braced, he gathered his body like a powerful spring and flung himself backward, and the young bull's blood gushed forth in a stream on the hoof-beaten snow.

Twenty caribou were down when Swift Lightning staggered up from his kill. The tail of the herd had passed. A thousand strong, the main herd was stampeding wildly to the south and west. Again it was like slow-moving thunder. No hunger

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could rise above the lust of the pack for slaughter, and from their victims the blood-crazed outlaws of the barrens raced after other victims. Exhaustion, and exhaustion alone, stopped the killings. Until their jaws were tired and they could run no farther, the wolves hung to the tail of the herd. When the last of them turned back, sixty caribou lay dead over a blood-stained trail three miles in length.

The feast began on the carcasses of the animals last killed. His second kill Swift Lightning had not made alone. It had been a long fight and a hard one. His body was kicked and horned and trampled, and it would have gone still harder with him had not another pair of jaws joined his own. Swift Lightning, in the throes of that battle, caught the inleap of a white, slim body; he heard a fierce and vengeful snarling and the slash of other teeth—and when, at last, the work of death was done, he found that it was the young she wolf who had come to help him. Her jaws were red; she was bleeding from wounds; she was panting like a beaten and wind-run thing—yet she came to stand in triumph and joy at Swift Lightning's side.

They had killed! That was her attitude. They had killed—Swift Lightning and she! And, on that red field of death, a thing came to Swift Lightning which he had not known when Muhekun, the young she wolf, had run at his side an hour before. And on that field, bleeding and winded, the instinct of her sex told Muhekun that at last she had won.

With new inspiration, Swift Lightning tore a great hole in the caribou's side, Muhekun waiting until it was large enough for her to join him. And then, side by side, and flat on their bellies, they began the feast. The young wolf's body lay close and warm against Swift Lightning, and he was filled with the satisfaction of the possessor and the master. He did not eat ravenously, but tore chunks of flesh loose that Muhekun might get at them more easily. And as other wolves passed them, or their jaws and snarling sounded near them, Muhekun's eyes roved jealously. It was she who saw the big white form come up on the other side of their caribou, and pause there, looking down on her with gleaming eyes. Swift Lightning, with his mouth full of meat, heard the warning snarl in her throat. He paid no attention to it. He was not quarrelsome. A dozen wolves might have fed on his caribou without disturbing his temper. But Muhekun's instincts were not roused by their possession of the caribou. The thrill of matehood and of allegiance to her mate ran through her blood like fire. It was Baloo, the big leader, who was intruding. He began tearing at the caribou. The next instant, Muhekun was at him—a white, vengeful flash. Her ivory fangs slashed his shoulder, and Baloo whirled upon her.

It was then that Swift Lightning saw what was happening over the rump of his caribou, and swifter than had been the young she wolf's leap was the leap that carried him to Baloo. The leader's jaws were at Muhekun's throat when he struck, and there was a rending of flesh as the two great beasts rolled in the snow. Swift Lightning was up an instant quicker than his enemy. On her belly, Muhekun was dragging herself toward him. Blood streamed from her torn throat and there was a strange sobbing in her breath. Swift



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Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including

yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this in *Cosmopolitan*, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well? (Advertisement.)

Lightning heard her choking whimper, and there rose up in him—stronger and mightier than it had ever come to him before—the spirit of Skagen, the great Dane. And that ghost of Skagen called for vengeance—out of the mists of the past the heart of a dog cried out, not alone for that vengeance but for justice, for the defense of the weak, for that brute chivalry of the dog—alien to the wolf—which demands the protection and championship of the female. To Baloo, the gashing of a she wolf's throat meant no more than the slashing of a male's. To Swift Lightning, for the first time in his life, came a blind and terrific desire to avenge.

Baloo was up and facing him, even as the dying whimper in Muhekun's throat ended in a choking gasp. Slowly, hardly more than an inch at a time, they began to circle, and as they circled, those wolves that were near left their feasting and gathered in a red-eyed and watchful ring about them. *Uchu-nipowin*—the death-ring—out of which only one of them would come alive. Baloo, the true wolf, circled with a cautious, slinking movement. His ears were alert, but his body sagged like a gathered spring, and his bushy tail dragged on the snow. Swift Lightning, with all the appearance of the wolf, stood differently. From head to tail he was erect, tense, every muscle in him ready for the life-and-death struggle. He was only half as old as Baloo, which was to his advantage in the matter of strength and endurance. But Baloo all his life had been a fighter. He was cunning, a trickster, sharp as a fox in his strategy, and suddenly he swung inward, and so unexpected and lightning-like was his movement that before Swift Lightning could either evade or meet him, Baloo's fangs had laid open a six-inch gash on his rump.

Clever as the old warrior's attack had been, his getaway was still cleverer. Scarcely had he struck his blow when Swift Lightning lunged at him with all his gigantic strength, and Baloo—instead of leaping to right or left—did the unexpected again, and flattened himself so adroitly that Swift Lightning passed half over him. Baloo flung his head sideways and upward, and his teeth slit like knives in the other's belly. It was a deep cut, and Swift Lightning's blood flowed freely. Both strikes had covered a space of not more than twenty seconds, and in an ordinary wolf-battle an immense advantage would have rested with Baloo, for a twice-stricken wolf whose own attack has met with defeat is no longer a game fighter, but accepts the great handicap and greater hazard of defensive instead of offensive action. Here was where Swift Lightning's heritage from old Skagen put a checkmate to Baloo's triumph and strategy. A second time he leaped at his enemy, and a third time he was slashed—this time in the shoulder. For an instant he was down, but only for an instant—perhaps the half of a second. A third time he rushed Baloo, and for the first time jaw clashed against jaw. A roar filled his throat. His fangs closed with a terrific crunch, and Baloo went down and under, twisting and snarling. For a quarter of a minute their jaws were locked. Then Baloo twisted himself free, and again with that deadly sideways fling of his head he knifed Swift Lightning deep in the chest.

Swift Lightning's blood already reddened the wolf-ringed arena and the scent of it filled the air. Baloo was bleeding from his

jaws. Thirty or forty of the pack had gathered in that ominous circle about the fighters, and the others were joining it. Muhekun had not moved since her last effort to drag herself to Swift Lightning. A pool of blood had gathered under her throat, and her eyes were growing dim. But she faced the fighters, keeping them within her vision as long as she could see.

Swift Lightning saw his elusive enemy now through the flame of a blind and terrific rage. He did not feel his wounds. It was the soul of Skagen that fought in Swift Lightning's great body now. He no longer pranced and circled in the wolfish way. His huge shoulders hunched aggressively; he lowered his head; his pointed ears lay flat, and there was no sound in his throat as he drove at Baloo. No two wolves in all the Northland could ever have stood up against Skagen, and now Swift Lightning was Skagen. Again and again Baloo cut and slashed, and through those slashings Swift Lightning rushed for the death-hold. Twice he almost had Baloo. The third time, he got his hold—at the back of his enemy's neck. It was an all-dog hold. He did not rip. His jaws simply closed—as Skagen's jaws would have closed—and even as the circle of red-eyed wolves edged nearer, Baloo's neck snapped, and the fight was over.

It was a full minute before Swift Lightning gave up his hold and staggered away. In that instant, the waiting horde piled upon Baloo, tearing his dead body into ribbons. It was the law of the pack, the wolf's age-old instinct to outrage the fallen.

Alone, Swift Lightning stood at the little she wolf's side. Muhekun had tried to raise her head, but had failed. Her dying eyes closed. Twice she opened them, and, with a whine, Swift Lightning touched her muzzle with his own. Muhekun tried to answer, but all that came was a strange sob in her breath. And then, suddenly, a tremor ran through her beautiful young body, a last sigh, and she no longer struggled to breathe or open her eyes.

Over her Swift Lightning stood, and he knew that death had come. He waited a moment, and then sat back on his bleeding haunches and pointed his head to the sky. And the wolves that were tearing at Baloo heard and understood, for out of Swift Lightning's throat came the cry of mastery, of triumph, of leadership of the pack—and in that cry was a note of grief and of sorrow. The soul of Skagen, after twenty years, had come to overlord the wolves.

A few days later, in the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, Corporal Pelletier added another and final postscript to his official communication to the superintendent of "M" Division, at Fort Churchill. It read:

Since writing the above, the wolves have made another big kill, and the caribou are drifting still farther south and west. With Constable O'Connor I shall organize at once a great hunt of the Eskimo along this part of the coast in an effort to exterminate at least a part of the monster pack that is driving all game from the eastern barrens. I fear that, if this adventure fails, I shall be compelled to report to you for famine relief.

Respectfully,
FRANÇOIS PELLETTIER.

The next *Swift Lightning* story,
The Hungry Horde,
will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

My 10 years with a corn

By a woman who typifies millions



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

B & B Blue-jay

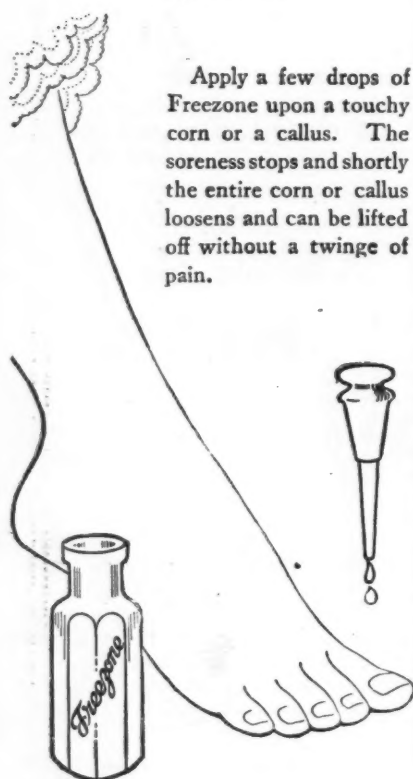
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The Dissolute Brothers

(Continued from page 59)

mured, "or, 'Saved by a Nephew!' Give a quid if mater could see you both now!"

Stephen frowned. The vision of his sister Amelia, a feminine edition of all that was primmest and most narrow in their past lives, rose up and reproved him.

"Your mother," he observed, "would, I trust, understand the position in which we were placed. The gratitude of those young ladies and gentlemen, the former especially, certainly took a most embarrassing form of expression."

Harold pursued his sleepy ruminations.

"Little Rose Matthews," he went on, with a quiet grin of enjoyment, "seated on uncle George Henry's knee and tickling the back of his neck! Ye gods for a snap-shot!"

"I should be obliged if you would desist, Harold," George Henry begged. "I made no response whatever to the young lady's overtures of friendship."

"Peggy saw to that. The green-eyed monster—what?" their young tormenter continued. "If it had gone on much longer, there'd have been trouble in that quarter. And uncle Stephen, with Tessie's arm round his neck and Tessie whispering in his ear! By the bye, what did she say, uncle Stephen? Stretched herself a bit—what? Brought the color into your innocent cheeks, what ho!"

"I was unable to gather the exact import of her conversation," Stephen replied, with dignity. "Much allowance, however, must be made for these young ladies of emotional temperament under such circumstances."

"You came the millionaire, all right," Harold admitted. "Jolly sporting, too, I call it! Tom Dixon was working it out that it would mean at least thirty bob a week for life, even to the chorus."

"Your uncle and I," Stephen observed, "will never regret having added something permanent to the emoluments of an exceedingly precarious profession."

"Can't think how you do it after fizz," Harold confessed, with drowsy admiration. "The third or fourth glass generally muddles me up."

Stephen, who had forgotten his tie and was fast recovering his poise, frowned severely at his nephew.

"At your age," he said, "such comments and such a style of conversation are most unbecoming. I do not recognize any personal responsibility with regard to your actions or mode of life, but I am convinced that your mother would consider that your own presence at such a bohemian gathering as to-night's required some explanation."

The young man's grin was broader than ever.

"That's the top-hole part of it all," he pointed out joyfully. "I got asked because you two were my uncles, and you two are the syndicate behind 'The Singing Bird.' What ho—the mater's joy! Shakespeare once a year at a matinée, with tea at an A. B. C. afterward, and thinks a revue sinful! Let's all have a drink."

Stephen accepted the suggestion without enthusiasm. He pointed to a table, on which was set out a bottle of Perrier water and some sliced lemon upon a plate.

"Our customary evening refreshment is there," he said. "Pray help yourself."

The young man staggered to his feet and helped himself unsteadily. He took only the briefest sip from his tumbler, which he set down with a grimace. He glanced reproachfully at his uncle.

"Nasty flat-tasting stuff, that!" he complained. "Why not a bottle of the boy? Wind up the evening! Clear up all unpleasantness, what?"

"If you are referring to champagne, certainly not, Harold," Stephen said sternly. "You have had quite as much to drink as is good for you. At your age, the stimulus of alcohol should be unnecessary."

"Unnecessary," Harold repeated, with a slight hiccough and a fixed stare. "Quite so."

"You will oblige us, Harold, by taking your departure now," Stephen directed. "Your uncle George Henry and I wish to retire."

"And quite time, too—quite time," their refractory nephew declared, frowning upon them both. "Kept me up to a shocking hour as it is—what? Before I go—duty I owe you both—just a word of warning. I know the world. You two innocents don't. Keep off the fluff, nunkies, or you'll get stung."

Stephen opened his lips but found himself speechless. He glanced toward his brother for support, and George Henry made a brief protest.

"We find your attitude, Harold," he pronounced, "most unbecoming."

"Boil yourself, nunky!" was the prompt but inelegant reply. "You've got your own little kettle of fish stewing. It's—it's uncle Stephen here I'm worried about. Terribly worried about you, uncle Stephen."

"You may spare yourself any concern as to my affairs," Stephen assured him sternly.

Harold adopted a more man-of-the-world and friendly attitude. Needing the support of the table, he clutched it with his left hand and laid his right kindly upon his uncle's shoulder.

"That girl Tessie," he continued confidentially, "she's out for the beans. She's a red-hot 'un after the oof. Draw in your horns, uncle Stephen, or she'll have you bottled. What ho, the four-figured check, the sobbing child upon your shoulder, or the head-line in the evening papers!"

Stephen shivered a little, but he showed a curious and not altogether displeased interest in his nephew's warning.

"I fancy," he said, with dignity, "that both your uncle George Henry and I can be trusted to meet in a becoming manner any untoward incident which might arise out of our friendship with these young ladies. You will excuse my hurrying you, Harold," he added, holding out his nephew's hat and opening the door. "It is long past our usual hour for retiring."

"That's all ri," the young man declared amiably. "What a night we've had, eh? Look you up in the City to-morrow morning, uncle Stephen. Mater told me, 'Always go to your uncle Stephen when in trouble.' Beast of a tailor—and not enough of the ready. So long!"

The young man departed. They listened to his unsteady footsteps and vehement summons for the lift.

"Blackmail," Stephen murmured.

"I fear so," George Henry assented.

There was a moment's somewhat embarrassed silence. Both had chanced to glance into the mirror, and both made abortive attempts to improve their disheveled appearance.

"I fancy," Stephen remarked, in a gratified tone, "that Harold was right about the young woman, Tessie."

"Indeed!" George Henry exclaimed, much interested.

"She was exceedingly anxious that I should escort her home," Stephen continued, drawing a small latch-key from his pocket. "She absolutely refused to permit me to restore this to her. She lives with another young lady, though, so she will probably not be inconvenienced. I have invited her to join us at luncheon to-morrow, George Henry."

"Most fortunate," his brother declared. "I have invited Miss Peggy."

"You found the young lady amenable?"

"Amenable but somewhat affectionate," George Henry replied, closing his eyes and painfully conscious of that patch of powder.

"Miss—er—Tessie possesses the same weakness," Stephen confessed. "I think, however, that there is no doubt as to their intentions."

"I trust not," George Henry groaned. "It would be a pity if we went through all this for nothing."

"I have no fears whatever on that score myself," Stephen pronounced. "As a matter of fact, the attitude of Miss Tessie toward financial matters is already defining itself."

"Peggy, too," George Henry confided cheerfully, "is in some slight trouble owing to having assisted a friend. There are also some articles of jewelry which it appears are in the hands of a pawnbroker."

"Poor child!" his brother remarked sympathetically. "Good-night, George Henry. This time, I fancy, to use one of Harold's most objectionable phrases, we are on a winner."

"Good-night, Stephen. Things certainly appear promising," was the hopeful reply.

Harold made a somewhat unwelcome appearance at the Milan restaurant on the following morning, when the luncheon-party was in full swing. His uncles viewed his approach coldly, and the two young ladies, who were fully occupied, hardly glanced in his direction.

"More festivities!" he exclaimed reproachfully, as he paused in front of the table and essayed light-hearted greetings with his uncles' guests. "Food, too! How horrible! What price an absinthe cocktail?"

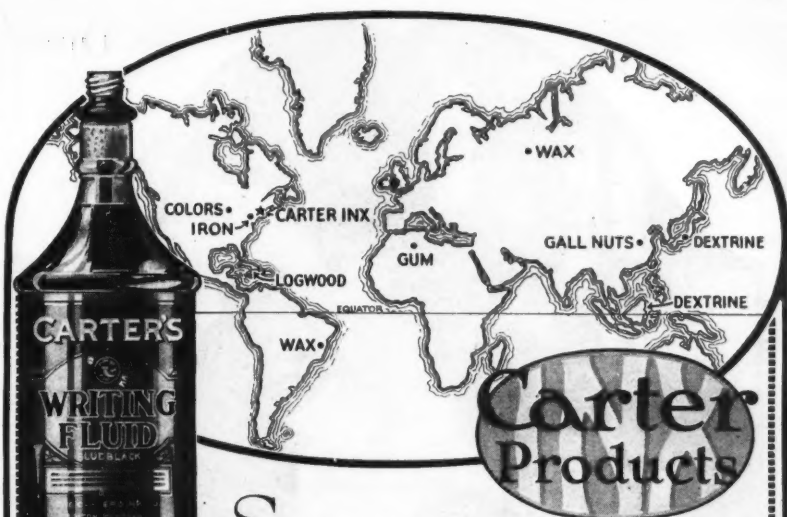
"At some other table this morning," Stephen said firmly. "There is no accommodation here for five."

"You can go and lunch with Dolly Leslie," Tessie suggested. "She's round the other side somewhere."

Harold surveyed the little party sorrowfully.

"Makes one feel like old Lear," he sighed. "The ungrateful uncles—what? Who brought you four together, I should like to know? To whom do you owe your happiness, children? Who—"

"You are interfering with the service of luncheon, Harold," Stephen pointed out



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sternly. "You are also interrupting our conversation. I trust that this hint will be sufficient for you."

Harold sighed deeply and wandered away with the air of one whose feelings are past speech.

"One gets so weary of these boys," Tessie murmured, looking into Stephen's eyes.

"They are all exactly alike," Peggy echoed, touching George Henry's hand by accident. "If men only realized how we girls long for a little common sense!"

"Some one to look up to," Tessie put in.

"Some one strong enough to guide us through life," Peggy whispered, looking sadly into vacancy.

"It's like going back to the nursery and playing with dolls, wasting time with these boys," Tessie said. "They think themselves so irresistible, too. If they only knew how they bored us!"

"It isn't as though it led anywhere," Peggy sighed, a little indiscreetly.

"Even if it did, who wants to marry one of these brainless young men?" Tessie demanded. "Selfish, empty-headed creatures, with only one idea in their heads. Give me the man of fifty every time."

"Or even fifty-five," Peggy assented, studying George Henry through half-closed eyes. "A man's at his very best from fifty to sixty."

"This is very flattering," Stephen declared, with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"Most reassuring," George Henry echoed, mechanically straightening his tie.

"What are you two old dears going to do this afternoon?" Tessie inquired.

"We return to the office at three o'clock," Stephen announced.

"How early!" Tessie pouted. "Peggy and I are going shopping in Bond Street. Couldn't you find time to drive us there?"

"There must be presents," George Henry whispered furtively to his brother.

"We shall be at your disposal for half an hour," Stephen assented graciously. "You must let us know where to take you."

After that, luncheon was speedily concluded, and the shopping expedition was a complete success. On the way back to the City, however, the brothers were a little thoughtful. There was a gently reminiscent smile playing about Stephen's lips. George Henry, too, seemed to find some humor in his thoughts.

"One cannot help wondering," the former observed presently, "what would have happened to Miss Tessie's purchase of hats in our absence."

"The fact that she had left her purse at home seemed to amuse the French lady who served us," George Henry remarked. "I saw her go behind the partition to laugh."

"Miss Peggy was most candid," Stephen said approvingly. "I saw her pointing out to you with great care the things she would like to have and couldn't afford."

George Henry nodded.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "and I noticed that the salesman immediately made out a bill for those articles and presented it to me. It saved me the embarrassment of pressing her to accept them, of course, but in other respects it seemed a little premature."

Stephen glanced toward his brother with a pleasant glitter in his keen blue eyes and a rare smile upon his lips.

"They took us, George Henry," he observed, "for a couple of simpletons."

"I had no objection to that in the least," George Henry assented, with a kindred relaxation of expression, "but I must certainly have an understanding with Peggy with reference to embraces in public."

"I quite agree with you," Stephen declared heartily. "The gratitude of both young ladies was pleasing but decidedly embarrassing."

"Not to say unseemly," George Henry pronounced.

"Miss Tessie," Stephen said ruminatively, a few moments later, "appears to have met with many misfortunes in life."

"Indeed!" his brother murmured sympathetically.

"Her father was a clergyman," Stephen continued. "He was led into an unfortunate speculation and obliged to resign his living. He is occupied now in the uncongenial avocation of scene-shifting. For the sake of her two younger sisters, Tessie is obliged to eke out his slender salary from her own savings."

"The study of these poor girls' lives," George Henry declared, "reveals a great deal of silent heroism. No one would guess, to see them at the Milan and these places day after day, what a burden of sorrow some of them must carry about with them. Peggy's father, for instance, was a country doctor with a very unremunerative practise. He is now, unfortunately, dead, and the care of her mother and a delicate sister seems largely to devolve upon Peggy. She has her periods of great financial anxiety."

The car drew up outside the offices of Messrs. Underwood & Sons.

"There is no doubt," Stephen observed, as he descended and led the way to the scene of their labors, "that we have been exceedingly fortunate in coming across two young ladies who are so thoroughly deserving of the small financial assistance which we are able to tender them."

The two brothers were seated, one morning about a fortnight later, before their respective desks. Their business correspondence had already been dealt with, and there remained only two private letters, one addressed to George Henry in a distinctly feminine and familiar handwriting, the other to Stephen in a typewritten envelop, with the name of a firm of solicitors on the back.

"Miss Tessie," Stephen remarked gladly, "has lost no time. My letter is from an unknown firm of solicitors. I understand that she declines to communicate with me personally in any shape or form—most correct."

"Peggy appears to have written me herself," George Henry declared, a little nervously. "There can be no doubt, however, as to her course of action. She has my letter, deliberately offering marriage, and my subsequent note of withdrawal without explanation or apology. My behavior has been disgraceful. I imagine that it will cost me at least ten thousand pounds to hush this thing up."

"Tessie is, I am convinced, intensely mercenary," Stephen remarked, in a cheerful tone. "You see, she has placed the matter in the hands of a solicitor within twenty-four hours. Most promising! George Henry, I suggest that you open your letter."

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Cosmopolitan for April, 1919

George Henry did so, and his brother read it over his shoulder.

DEAR OLD MAN:

Your note this morning gave me a nasty start. I don't mind confessing that I have been crying most of the time since. What a beast you are to make me so happy, and then—just change your mind!

However, you're right. I should make you a rotten wife. I'm sending you back your letter in which you asked me to marry you—and let me give you a word of advice. Don't write to a girl in that way again unless you mean it. You might get into trouble. That letter would cost you a fortune if the wrong sort of girl got hold of it.

I am going to keep your presents for luck—and the ring. You won't mind that, will you?

You are a funny old thing, and I'm rather sorry, dear.

PEGGY.

George Henry looked blankly into his brother's face. There were little beads of perspiration upon his forehead.

"This is horrible!" he muttered. "Stephen, do you realize I'm a cad?"

"The young lady's attitude is astonishing," Stephen acknowledged. "The luck appears to be with me."

He tore open the solicitor's letter. They both read it breathlessly.

SIR:

Our client, Miss Tessie Hamilton, has consulted us with reference to bringing an action against you for breach of promise of marriage.

"The real thing," Stephen murmured.

It has come to our knowledge, however, that the lady in question has already a husband living—a Mr. James Tanner, commercial traveler in the ironmongery business, residing in Hampstead. We have accordingly returned all documents in the case, and beg to advise you of the above-stated fact, in case any proceedings might be taken against you in other directions.

Trusting that you will appreciate our action in the matter,

We are, sir,

Faithfully yours,

DAVIS & DAVIS.

George Henry's chuckle was significant and vociferous.

"You're no better off than I am, Stephen."

"Our scheme," his brother admitted grimly, "seems to have ended in failure."

"After all we have been through!" George Henry groaned.

They gazed at one another blankly for several moments. Then George Henry rose to his feet and took down his hat from the peg.

"Where are you going?" Stephen inquired.

"I am going to buy an annuity for Miss Peggy and to beg her pardon," George Henry announced.

Stephen frowned. "That," he protested, "is rather taking advantage of me."

George Henry looked back from the door.

"You can buy an ironmongery business for Mr. James Tanner," he suggested, "if you feel like it."

The next venture of
The Inevitable Millionaires
will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

A Case of Nerves

(Continued from page 88)

it in the house. Just wait till I get it."

"Can't, John; I'm in a tearing hurry!" And Jed tightened his reins. "I—"

"Hold on!" A strong, weathered hand caught Dolly's bit, and John Peppin listened. From across the hill came the distant sounds of the bellowing and mooing of kine.

"Timerazzamus! Is that your cattle, Jed?"

"Mine— I reckon not!" And Jed moistened his thin lips.

"Sounds like it. Looky here, Jed: If your cattle's got the timerazzamus and you don't condemn 'em, the farmers in this district'll lynch you!"

"Aw, phsaw, John!"

"I mean just what I said, Jed Snipper. We'll string you up, so help me Moses!" And long John Peppin meant every word of it. Joy of the job was in his stern eye, his stern voice, his stern forefinger. "We'll lynch you. And don't you forget it. Gid-dap, Dolly!" And slapping the little mare a crack on the flanks, he stepped back.

Old Mort Peevy was out at his gate, with his gray goatee upturned to the morning sky, when Jed tore past. There was no stopping now, but Jed caught the word "lynch." He could get the word "tizzerazzamus" without hearing it. All down the line, gaunt farmers and heavy farmers and tousled farmers stood at their gateposts, with their night-shirts tucked in their trousers, yelling at Jed as he rattled by; but Jed Snipper stayed for no man until he drew up in front of the Jenkins Hotel and insistently demanded to see J. Rufus Wallingford.

That large gentleman, clad in blue-silk pajamas, received Inspector Snipper with suave cordiality, in spite of the unseemly hour, and courteously inquired his errand.

"Well, Mr. Wallingford," said Snipper, casting his eyes on the magnificent J. Rufus's tasseled Turkish slippers, "I found a place yesterday where I could use a lot of ready cash to advantage." He paused and cracked his knuckles one by one. "So I've decided to take your offer."

Wallingford picked up a diamond-monogrammed case from the dresser, took out a cigarette, and lighted it.

"Too late," he said, with a complacent puff. "The price has dropped ten per cent. since yesterday morning."

"Aw, nonsense!" And Mr. Snipper affected to laugh. "Why, Mr. Wallingford—"

"Will you take it or not?"

"Why, look here, Mr. Wallingford"—and Snipper's knuckly right hand strayed everywhere for something to clutch—"ten per cent. is—"

"Yes or no?" J. Rufus tossed his gold cigarette-case on the bed with a slam. Jed Snipper opened his mouth. "Yes or no?" roared Wallingford.

"By gosh, if I didn't need money—"

Wallingford jumped up and started for the door of the adjoining room.

"Yes!" suddenly blurted Snipper.

"Oh—so you'll take it?" Wallingford inquired, stopping and turning.

"Yes; but—"

The large cattle-buyer walked slowly back and stood over Cow-Inspector Snipper and grinned down.

"So you'll take it, eh? Well, Mr. Cow-Inspector, if you've come down here so early in the morning to accept ten per cent. less than the low offer I made you yesterday, your cows have the new nerve-disease. I'll give you ten dollars a head for them."

Inspector Snipper fairly howled at that atrocious proposition; he writhed; he argued; he twisted; he pleaded; he beat his knuckles together, but to no purpose. Ten dollars apiece was all that he could get for those cows, and it was that much money found; so he took it. He folded five thousand and sixty dollars of Wallingford's good money in his pocketbook. He gave Wallingford a bill of sale for five hundred and six cattle, the document being witnessed by the red-eyed proprietor of the Jenkins Hotel and the straw-headed porter, clerk, and stableman. Then Mr. Snipper, smiling his thin-lipped smile for the first time, drew out his little pad and wrote and handed to Wallingford a condemnation-order for five hundred and six head of cattle, afflicted with timerazzus.

"And you can't kill 'em on my place!" he triumphantly yelled to the astonished Wallingford. "You got to take 'em away to-day! There ain't any time of delivery in this bill of sale!"

IV

COW INSPECTOR JED SNIPPER, returning from the bank at Tightstown, stepped off the train at Jenkinsville and unhitched Dolly from the post where she had been standing patiently since morning. As he passed Jing Wampus's place, he opened his eyes and stared. Wampus had more cattle than usual. A longer look revealed to Jed the startling fact that some of those cattle had been his own, and they were quiet and well behaved as cattle which had but another day to live should be. Mightily puzzled, Jed stopped at Wampus's house.

"Where's your pap?" he inquired of young Enrod Wampus.

"He's up to Dan Cragg's," bellowed that orator, raising his arm like the lifting of a toll-gate.

"How do my cattle come to be in your field?"

"Danged if I know," returned young Enrod, looking curiously down at the new cattle. "Pa don't tell me none of his affairs, and I don't tell him none of mine."

In Henry Rawsin's field there were forty of Jed's ex-cattle, all placidly munching—and Henry Rawsin was up at Dan Cragg's. All along the road, in the wayside fields, were scattered the condemned cattle which J. Rufus had bought, and every farmer of importance, Peevy and Wampus and Barnes and Peppin—a dozen of them—were at Dan Cragg's. Jed stopped there and went back to the big new barn. There were two hundred of his former cattle in Dan's fields!

A crisp, well-dressed stranger with a smoothly cropped, silvery mustache was in the barn with Jed's neighbors, and a dozen or more sad-eyed cows stood tethered in front of the stalls, munching their cuds.

"That's Snipper now," said Dan Cragg, as Jed came in, and they all turned to

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him. "This is State Inspector Tompkins, Jed."

"Yes: I know him," said Tompkins, without shaking hands. "Snipper, what's all this foolishness about a new cow-disease? There's nothing the matter with these cattle."

"There ain't?" bristled Snipper. "I guess I know what my own eyes tell me! These cattle was prancing around here like if they was crazy. They got tizzmer-azzamus, every dang one of 'em! They're past the dizzy stage now—that's all!"

"That's a new one on me." And the state inspector glanced at the sheaf of condemnation-slips which he held in his hand. "Until Mr. Cragg telegraphed me, I had never heard the word. And you've spelled it a dozen different ways. Say, where did you get this disease?"

"A stranger told me about it. He—" Jed Snipper suddenly stopped, and his knuckled face slowly turned a yellowish green. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat," he suddenly howled, "I've been swindled! I tell you, I been swindled!"

"I heard you the first time," observed State Inspector Tompkins dryly. "You needn't tell me, moreover, because that's out of my department. I was sent here to inspect these healthy cattle and to get your badge. Hand it over. There is no such cow-disease as tizzer anything. I'll take your badge."

When the bewildered ex-Cow-Inspector Snipper and the businesslike Tompkins had gone their separate ways, Dan Cragg and his neighbors stood in a ring and haw-hawed, holding their sides and stamping their feet, and, at that signal, there came from the big empty mow their two suave and smiling city friends, J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, the latter with his saxophone-case under his arm.

"Well, boys," called Dan Cragg heartily, "we might as well go in to the cider-room and settle up for those half-price cows we bought of you."

Old Mort Peevy, his shrewd eyes twinkling, shook hands heartily with both of them.

"You want to be careful of Dan's four-year-old cider," he warned. "It's liable to give you as big a spree as you give our cows. Say, what was that powder?"

"Hush!" chuckled Wallingford. "The last of that dope went in Snipper's wind-mill tank, and there's no evidence; so let's forget it. Blackie and I have made about twenty-five thousand on that harmless bag of hop, and you, gentlemen, have made as much among you, besides getting rid of an unfair inspector. Just the same, I don't believe that powder is a safe thing to leave in a cattle community."

"No," proclaimed Blackie Daw, thrusting his right hand among his vest buttons and raising his saxophone-case on high. "The cattle might form the habit."

"Come and have some cider," laughed square-headed Dan Cragg.

"In one moment," agreed Blackie, taking out his saxophone with a flourish. "I wish to play you the opening bars of a new prance I have composed for to-night's barn-dance. I have named it—"

"Tizzerazzamus!" they all yelled, and the beams resounded with a mighty chorus of haw-haws.

The next Wallingford story will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.



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WHILE YOU'RE READING THE SUNDAY PAPER

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*"**Had I only put on my tire chains** that eventful morning, as I well knew I should, I could easily have controlled my car and thus have saved all this remorse.*

*"**Just suppose** it was one of **my** little girls that had been hurt by another motorist as careless and thoughtless as myself?*

*"I wonder if I could complacently have accepted the flimsy excuse—that he 'couldn't help it'—that 'it was unavoidable'—**when I knew** that it was nothing but downright carelessness—an utter disregard of that first principle of careful driving—'Put on your Weed Chains **at the first drop of rain.**'"*

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Our National Faith-Cure

(Continued from page 33)

teachers, spoke of the unequal distribution of wealth in America and the need for industrial reforms. His loyalty was undoubted, and his long record of public service well known. Nevertheless, he was promptly attacked as a German propagandist and compelled to cancel his second lecture. As a result of the consequent newspaper notoriety, he temporarily left the lecture platform.

Professor S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, came to Colorado to speak under the auspices of the Red Cross and solicit contributions to its funds. In the course of one of his appeals, he spoke of how small an amount of money it was that the Red Cross needed as compared with the yearly income of the nation. The entire amount required, he said, was only a fraction of the yearly dividends of one corporation, the steel trust. He was not permitted to finish the speeches booked for him in Colorado.

Remembering my conversations with the junkers in Berlin, I watched our Western developments with interest. I watched, also, the public but disguised campaign which the junkers all over the United States were making against every member of the Wilson administration whom they suspected of being Progressive.

Before the war, they had concentrated their fire on Secretary Daniels. He had offended them by trying to democratize the navy and by daring to protect it from those business interests who were supplying it with armament and munitions at exorbitant prices. They started a nationwide campaign of ridicule against him, financing it out of what their publicity agents called "the Daniels pot." They made the nation believe that Secretary Daniels was only a greater joke than the ridiculously inefficient navy which he had disorganized. As a matter of fact, the navy was in the pink of condition, as the first three months of war showed. Secretary Daniels' work, as the English experts admitted, was "one of the really great performances of the war." The campaign against him had been one of slander and facetious lies.

That did not prevent the junkers from making an exactly similar campaign against Secretary Baker as soon as he showed that he would not allow labor to be exploited under any government war-contracts. The sweat-shop employers among the clothing manufacturers would not make overcoats for the army on those terms of decent hours, wages, and working conditions which the War Department demanded. When the severe cold weather came, the soldiers were short of overcoats; Secretary Baker was being denounced and investigated in Congress, and his opponents were giving interviews to the New York papers, declaring that they could not get War Department work for their idle employees because of Secretary Baker's "sociological theories."

The campaign of lies and ridicule against Mr. Baker, which still persists, was only equaled by a like campaign against George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, who was marked as a radical by the junkers and denounced beyond all whooping. There was never any better

case against Baker or Creel than there had been against Daniels. When I was in France in the last year of the war, Marshal Joffre spoke to me of Secretary Baker as "one of the most efficient men that the war has produced," and the miraculous performance of the American army in France has since given Marshal Joffre's expert judgment the vindication of subsequent events. Those who watched Creel's work know that he did a big job in a big way; and the unanimity of America's effort and the amazing force of our civilian morale in the war were as much due to him as to any other one man except President Wilson himself.

I went abroad again in 1918 for the Committee on Public Information and the British War Mission at Washington. And what I saw in England—as contrasted with what I had been watching in the United States—can be indicated in a single incident.

One Sunday, we were invited to the Astor country home at Cliveden, where I was to make an address to the wounded soldiers who were in hospital on the Astor estate. Among the other week-end guests was Mr. James Thomas, one of the leaders of the British Labor Party, who had been an engine-driver. He was a friend of the Waldorf Astors and a frequent guest at Cliveden. At the close of my address, Mrs. Astor, presiding at the meeting, invited Mr. Thomas to move the customary vote of thanks to the speaker, and when he had finished, she said to the assembled Tommies,

"Now, boys, while we have Mr. Thomas here, let us see if we can't persuade him to give us a talk next Sunday afternoon."

The hall full of soldier boys applauded the suggestion, and Mr. Thomas, in response to them, accepted the invitation.

"Thank you," Mrs. Astor smiled. "And may I announce the subject of your address?"

Mr. Thomas bowed.

"I should like to talk," he replied cheerfully, "on what the British Labor Party proposes to do with Cliveden and the other Astor estates after the war."

The soldiers laughed. Mrs. Astor laughed. Mr. Thomas joined them.

"That will be very interesting," Mrs. Astor said. "I'm sure you'll be glad to hear, boys, what Mr. Thomas's party intends to do with Cliveden after the war. I know I shall be glad to learn. I have been trying to find out. And if I may make a suggestion, Mr. Thomas, I should very much like to have you turn it into a boarding-house and make me the landlady, although, in that case, Mr. Thomas, you will have to pay your board—a thing, you know, which you have never done in the past."

The joke was on Mr. Thomas. He acknowledged it, and the meeting broke up in laughter and applause.

Do I need to emphasize the difference between such a scene and what would have happened to any speaker in America who offered to discuss in a hall on the Rockefeller estates what this nation should do with the Rockefeller fortune after the war?

Mr. Thomas and his party in England.

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were proposing that all such great landed estates as Cliveden should be nationalized and brought back into use for the good of all the people of England. The owners of those estates were saying, as one of them said to me: "It's for the good of old England, and it's in line with the new justice, and why shouldn't the land be put to a better use than most of us have made of it? God Almighty put the land here. We didn't make it—or anything in it." And, under the supervision of the minister of Agriculture, these estates were already being brought under cultivation, by tenants, on terms dictated by the government and accepted without complaint by the owners.

This difference between the attitude of the privileged classes in England and in the United States was not a difference that was due to any inherent virtue over there or any natural depravity over here. It was due to the fact that the war had taken England by the throat and frightened all classes into the realization that they were the heads and legs and arms of a common body, which could not defend itself successfully unless it had the use and service of every member of its make-up. Wealth had found that money has no hands with which to fight, that it could not buy men to lay down their lives for it. The privileged classes had learned that "a man would fight for a home but not for a boarding-house," that he had to be given a greater stake in the country than the right to earn his food and lodging there, that it had to be made his country, too. The heads of industry discovered that the working man had to be given a proprietary interest in the business, sitting with the board of management, and helping to set his own wages and arrange his conditions of work. The working man had found it necessary to give up his own class privileges, when these interfered with the fighting efficiency of the nation, and to accept the greater privileges of equality and common responsibility that had arisen from a common danger. In America, the pressure of the war had not been strong enough to force such facts upon us.

England, like a slothful and enervated man, had suddenly been summoned to a violent struggle for life. She had to get herself hardened and trued up, or die. The United States faced no such desperate crisis. We had time to move slowly, without strain. Such strength as we had we put into play craftily. We had only just begun to discover our weaknesses when the war closed. And up to that time we had been able to conceal those sore spots from ourselves by refusing to notice them, by denying that they existed, and by chloroforming into silence all the protests that were the symptomatic aches and twinges of our constitutional weaknesses.

We were trying to strengthen ourselves by a sort of faith-cure. The English had gone almost to the other extreme. They were watching themselves, for political ills and social debilities, like a hypochondriac. The dinner-table conversations that we heard among distinguished people were discussions of all sorts of national problems—child labor, divorce reform, children's courts, mother's pensions, maternity laws, the rights of illegitimate children, the new social conscience, the use and misuse of land, the war between capital and labor, the problem of Ireland, the



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abolition of special privileges, and so forth. And these questions were discussed without bitterness, with a tolerance that was engagingly frank, in a sincere desire to find solutions that should be just and fair to all, and wholly to the national advantage. Imagine such discussions at the dinner-tables of Fifth Avenue or Newport!

While the American Federation of Labor was gingerly acquiring an eight-hour day and the right to collective bargaining, the British Labor Party was moving for the common ownership not only of the nation's land but of its railways, canals, coal, iron, and electric power. They were demanding a democratic control of all industry, of the insurance business, of the food supply, and of the importation of raw materials. They did not stop at proposing almost confiscatory income taxes and death-dues; they contemplated finding a way to take over all the nation's surplus wealth for the national use. And they proposed to use that wealth to abolish ignorance, preventable disease, unemployment, and all the ills in England that came from lack of education and lack of work—to secure, in fact, "all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship."

In America, we would have denounced such aims as pure Bolshevism. In England, I did not hear them denounced at all. The argument was all upon the means by which they could be attained—whether the ills could be cured in the way that the British Labor Party advocated or whether it could be done more safely and easily in other ways. My experience had taught me that the employing classes in the United States regarded the labor problem as a servant problem. They were determined to be masters in their own house. The servants could work or quit. The war had taught the English that labor was not a servant but a member of the family. The employees were not merely working in the house—they were also owners of it. They were defending it, fighting for it, dying for it. They were more necessary to its success and safety than the members of the family who lived on the upper floors. Their health and happiness, their comfort and loyalty had to be provided for, or the house would fall.

I found no fear of Bolshevism. That tyranny of the lower floors over the upper had been made impossible by the realization that all the floors were inhabited by one family, working together for the common safety and the happiness of all. There was no more danger of tyranny from below than of tyranny from above. Every class was willing to do whatever was "for the good of old England." War had taught them their lesson, and they were looking forward to put the lesson to good effect.

When I returned to the United States, it seemed to me that our junkers had learned no lesson at all. One of them—high in the National Council of Defense, but in no way connected with the government—was privately arguing in Washington that all the government's price-fixing had been a mistake. "We would have had no trouble with the laboring man," he said, "if we had let prices soar. He would have been so busy earning his daily bread that he'd have been willing to work eighteen hours a day." Another, a national figure in finance, was saying confidentially that President Wilson was not to be trusted. "He has too much sym-



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pathy with labor. So has the whole Democratic party." The Democratic junkers were as outspoken among themselves. They were preparing to elect a reactionary anti-Wilson Congress. And in Colorado, they boasted of their success openly. Mr. Gerald Hughes, a Democratic leader in Colorado, celebrated the Republican victory with Mr. Lawrence Phipps, the Republican senator-elect from Colorado.

Then came the armistice, and at once all pretense of fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" was abandoned by all our commercial junkers, who saw in the defeat of Germany only their opportunity to divide with our allies the trade empire of the world. Their representatives in the Senate promptly attacked all President Wilson's peace-terms. They denounced his League of Nations, by means of which President Wilson wished to reconcile those conflicting trade ambitions that have been "among the pre-termining causes of war," as he has said. Our junkers wished no such settlement. They desired to share with the conquerors in a new exploitation of the needs of humanity. They had the support of the trade junkers of England who again found their voices, and the men in France who saw only the opportunity to profit by Germany's commercial ruin, and the circles in Italy that were all for trade imperialism and the seizure of conquered territory. The whole junker press of the United States opened out in ridicule of the "absurd idealism" of President Wilson's program. And when he prepared to go to Europe in defense of that program, every one of our junker representatives opposed and impeded him.

He went. Our junkers pursued him with cries that he did not represent America, that no one in the United States wanted his absurd League of Nations, that Europe should not listen to him. But Europe listened. His reception by the people of France and England and Italy convinced the junkers of those countries that a junker peace would mean a popular revolution. Our President sat down to the peace-table with the masses of the European people at his back and the protests of our American junkers coming very faintly from a great distance.

If he gets his terms of peace, it will be impossible for the invisible government of the United States to maintain a policy of trade imperialism in a world that has abandoned that fertile cause of war. It remains to be seen whether the heads and servitors of that invisible government will attempt to maintain an equally undemocratic and junker policy in our domestic affairs. Will they continue to treat the labor problem as a servant problem? Will they continue to believe that the affairs of our great family, the nation, can be administered for money profit only, or will they learn that a home must be administered as a place of happiness and affection also, and the things that money cannot buy? Will they promote Bolshevism and the tyranny of the lower floors over the upper by insisting on junkerism and the tyranny of the upper floors over the lower? Will they welcome reform as it has been welcomed in England, or will they force revolution, as revolution has been forced in Russia and in Germany?

Judge Lindsey's next article will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.



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The Moonlit Way

(Continued from page 66)

from his son to Westmore through his monocle. "Where have you been keeping yourselves all day?"

"I'll tell you all about it later, dad," said Garry, emerging from the garage with Westmore. "Where is mother?"

"In the kennels, I believe. What do you think of this cast, Jim? A whirling dervish for a dropper, a hare's ear for a—"

He checked himself, glanced doubtfully at the two young men. "You're somewhat muddy," he remarked, and continued to explore his fly-book for new combinations.

Westmore, very weary, started for the house; Garry walked across to the kennels.

His mother, in smock and apron, and wearing rubber gloves, was seated on the edge of a straw-littered bunk, a bottle in one hand, a medicine-dropper in the other. Her four-footed patient, swathed in blankets, lay on the straw beside her.

"Well, dear," she said, looking up at her son, "where have you been?"

"I'll tell you about it later, mother. There's something else I want to ask you—" He fell silent, watching her measure out fourteen drops of a specific for distemper.

"I'm listening, Garry," she said, bending over the sick pup and gently forcing open his feverish jaws. Then she dropped her medicine far back on his tongue; the pup gulped, sneezed, looked at her out of dull eyes, and feebly wagged his tail.

"I'm going to pull him through, Garry," she said. "The other pups are doing well, too. I only hope and pray that the distemper doesn't spread." She looked up at her son. "Well, dear, what is it you have to ask me?"

"Mother, do you like Dulcie Soane?"

"I hardly know her yet. She's very sweet—very young—"

"Do you like her?"

"Why—yes!" She looked intently at her tall, unsmiling son. "But I don't even know who she is, Garry."

Her son bent down beside her and put one arm round her shoulder. He said:

"Dulcie's name is Fane, not Soane. Her grandfather was Sir Barry Fane, of Fane Court—an Irishman. His daughter, Eileen, was Dulcie's mother. Her father—is dead—I believe."

"But—this explains nothing, Garry."

"Is it not explanation enough, mother?"

"Is it enough for you, my son?"

"Yes."

Her head slowly drooped. She sat gazing in silence at the straw-littered floor. He looked earnestly, anxiously at his mother's face. Her brooding expression remained tranquil but inscrutable.

He said, watching her intently:

"I wasn't sure about myself until last night. I don't know about Dulcie—whether she can care for me—in this new way. We were friends. But I am in love with her now. Deeply."

It was one of the moments in his career which remain fixed forever in a young man's memory. In a mother's memory, too. Whatever she says and does then, the son never forgets. The mother, too, remembers always.

He stood leaning over her in the dim light of the kennel, one arm round her shoulders, waiting. And presently she



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lifted her head, looked him in the eyes, bent forward very gently, and kissed him.

Dulcie was not in the house, nor was Thessalie. Barres and Westmore exchanged conversation between their open doors while bathing and dressing.

"You know, Garry," admitted the latter, "I feel all shaken up yet over that ghastly business."

"So do I. If they hadn't died so gamely! But Skeel was a man!"

"You bet he was, crazy or sane! What a pity! And that poor devil, Soane! Did you hear them cheering there at the last? And what superb nerve—breaking out that green flag!"

"And think of their opening on that big patrol-boat! They hadn't a chance."

"They had no chance, anyway," said Westmore. "It meant execution if they surrendered—at least, they probably thought so. But how do you suppose that cowardly straggler, Ferez, felt when he realized that Skeel was going to fight?"

"He certainly got what was coming to him, didn't he?" said Barres grimly. "You'll tell Thessa, won't you?"

"As soon as I can find her," nodded Westmore, giving his fresh bow tie a most killing twist.

He was ready before Barres was, and started out to find Thessalie.

Barres, following him later, discovered him on the library lounge with Thessalie's fair cheek resting against his.

"I'm s-sorry," he stammered, backing out, and very conscious of Westmore's unconcealed annoyance. But Thessalie called to him in a perfectly calm voice, and he ventured to come back.

"Are you going to tell Dulcie about this horrible affair?" she asked.

"Not immediately. Are you feeling all right, Thessa?"

"Yes. I had a horrid night. Isn't it odd how a girl can so completely lose her nerve after a thing is all over?"

"That's the best time to lose it," said Westmore. And, to Barres, "She's bruised from head to foot."

"It is nothing," murmured Thessalie, looking smilingly at her lover. Then they both glanced at Barres.

There was a silence. Side by side on the library lounge they continued to gaze expectantly at Barres. And when he got it into his head that this polite expectancy might express their desire for his early departure, he backed out again, embarrassed and slightly irritated.

Thessalie called to him very sweetly, "If you are looking for Dulcie, I left her a few minutes ago, over by the wall fountain in the rose-arbor."

"Thanks," he said, and turned back through the hall.

There was no sign of Dulcie in the garden or on the lawn. He walked slowly across the clipped grass, past the pool, and, turning to the right past a sun-dial, stepped into the long rose-arbor. At the further end of the blossoming tunnel he saw her seated on the low wall in the rear of the tea-house. Her head was turned toward the woods beyond. When he was near her, she heard him and looked round, was on the point of rising, but something in his expression held her motionless.

"Where have you been, Garry?" He ignored the question, seated himself beside her on the wall, and drew both her

hands into his. He saw the swift color stain her face, the lovely, disconcerted eyes lower.

"Last night," he said, "did you come back as you promised?"

"Yes."

"And you found me gone." She nodded. "What could you have thought of me, Dulcie?"

"I—my thoughts were—not very clear."

"Are they clearer?"

Her head remained lowered, but she raised her gray eyes to his. Her face had become very still and white.

"Dulcie," he said, under his breath, "I am in love with you. What will you do about it?"

And, after a little while,

"W—what shall I do, Garry?" she whispered.

"Love me. Can you?"

She remained silent.

"Will you—Dulcie Fane?"

Her lips stirred, but no sound came.

"You are so wonderful," he said. "I am just realizing that I began to fall in love with you a long time ago."

The declining sun sent a red shaft across the fields. A single ray touched the girl's white neck and turned her copper-tinted hair to burning gold.

"Do you love me? Can you love me—that way, Dulcie?"

She rose abruptly, and he rose, too, retaining her hands; but, as she turned her head from him, he saw her mouth quiver.

"Dearest—dearest—"

But she interrupted him.

"I want to tell you—that I don't understand why I should be called by my mother's maiden name. I w—want you to know that I *don't* understand it—if that would make a difference—in your c—caring for me. And I wish you to know that—that I love and worship her memory—and that I am happy and proud to bear her name."

"My darling!"

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dulcie."

"And do you still want me?"

"You adorable child!"

"Do you?"

"Of course I do!" He caught her in his arms, held her close. "Now tell me whether you can love me! Tell me everything that's hidden in your mind and heart."

"Oh, Garry," she faltered, "I do belong to you. I belong to you anyway, because you made me. And I've always been in love with you—always—always from the very beginning of the world, *asthore!* And now—if you want me—this way—Garry, *mo veel asthore!*" Her hands crept from his breast to his shoulders, stole up round his neck. "*Asthore!*" she murmured, and their lips met in their first kiss. Then she gravely turned her head and laid her cheek against his; and he heard her murmuring to herself:

"*Drahareen o machree, mo veel asthore!* This man—this man who takes my heart—and gives me his!"

"What are you murmuring there all to yourself?" he whispered, laughing and drawing her closer. But she only clung to him passionately, and her closed lids kept back the starting tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"H—happiness," she whispered, "and pride, perhaps. And my love for you, *asthore!*"

THE END

Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between \$50,000 and \$70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young growing company for \$1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth \$5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months at a profit of \$4,300.

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars? And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began a few months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of \$20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had \$30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over \$200,000 and is now earning between \$50,000 and \$70,000 a year. **Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!**

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow \$20,000 to invest in a business which had previously been a failure, after being unable to borrow \$1,000 for an investment that seemed secure? It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—**WILL POWER.**

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power, or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

When I heard that the man sold those shares at a profit of \$4,300, it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving, over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men became wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me **what to do.**

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page, including such articles as, The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against

Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a \$50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only \$3, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster General Brit; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 15-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour?

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Powers.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETEEN METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
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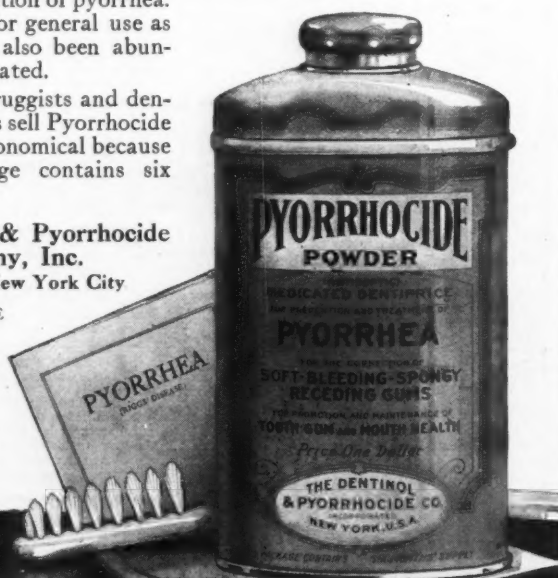
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W. H. Dwyer
President

Strangers

(Continued from page 77)

can't do it, neither. You and Ruth ain't settin' the store by each other that you used to. What you been doin' to that baby that you hadn't ought to?"

"I don't know, grandmother. I don't think I've been doing anything. Neither of us has. But Ruth doesn't love me any more."

"Um. She don't, eh? Tell you so?"

"Yes."

"How about you? Still love her like you did once?"

"I—well, everything is different, somehow."

Grandmother nodded.

"You found it out all to once when you got home from that war?"

"All at once. I thought I loved her better than anything in the world until—well—until the minute I saw her again."

"And then she didn't seem like Ruth at all, but kind of like somebody you never seen before."

Stone was surprised at grandmother's penetration—and yet he was not surprised. He was accustomed to her ways.

"Yes."

"Calc'late she felt the same way toward you?"

"Why—I guess that's it. Only, I would have gone along and—and everything would have come right. But she wouldn't kiss me. Turned her cheek. And she was afraid of me. I could see it."

"To be sure." Grandma nodded. "She would be. Now, sonny, ain't you wishin' that things was like they used to be before you went off to war?"

"More than anything in the world!"

"They was satisfactory then, eh? Everything—all right?"

"We were happy. Everything was just as—as I imagined everything ought to be when people were married."

"I kind of figgered they was—and now it looks like they wouldn't never be again. Looks as if you'd up and lost something that was mighty valuable to you, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Sonny, if you could git it back—just like you had it, only maybe better—would you be willin' to use a lot of patience and foolishness?"

"I think I would do anything."

"Sonny, did you ever come to think that you ain't the only man that ever went to war and left his wife a couple of years? Because you ain't. Lots of folks have. Maybe you might 'a' heard that your grandpa Jowett went off to war and left me behind, and it was mortal nigh three year that I never set eye on hide or hair of him. Well, it was so. I was youngish then, and full of notions and things, like girls git to be. Girls is some different from men, and that's a thing men don't git to understand until they're romped in like overgrown puppies and mused things all up. Well, your grandpa Jowett come back to me after three year—and him and me had been as lovin' as ever young folks was—and when he got off'n the train and come and took me in his arms, I thought I was goin' to scream and run. I done so. I had a feelin' all over me that this man hadn't no right to go pawin' me over and kissin' me any more than the conductor of the train had—because he wasn't nothin' but a stranger

to me. But I kept my mouth perty shet—for a girl. He seen somethin' was wrong—maybe because he felt like I was a stranger himself. I'll say this for grandpa Jowett: He had more sense 'n you're ever like to have." She broke off and smiled up at Stone.

"So I've been told," he answered.

"Well, what did your grandpa do? Did he come rompin' and ragin' in and actin' like a husband all over the place? He did *not*. There was consid'able of a onpleasant time for me for a spell, and I was afraid every time he looked toward me—but he never done more than look. And gradual, day by day, I found out he wasn't figgerin' himself out to be my husband at all, but a sort of a visitor—yes, sir, a sort of visitor that was int'rested in me and was courtin' me. He was a big-enough man to do that, sonny, and he kep' right on a-courtin' me like we never had been married at all. He seen and understood things—how folks accustom themselves to conditions like. Love ain't different from other things that's human, except that it's sweeter to have—and love gits used to bein' without the person that's loved. And after a while it jest goes to sleep rolled up in a leaf like one of them caterpillars that gits to be a butterfly next spring. It's apt to stay asleep forever, or to be clean killed if anybody tried bustin' through the leaf to wake it up. But it kin be waked natural—and then you got your beautiful butterfly back again."

Stone was staring at his grandmother, staring in silence, and thinking.

"So your grandpa Jowett, he come a-courtin' me, and he kep' it up nigh to three months—figgerin' that he'd been able to make me love him once, and, it stood to reason that, bein' the same himself and me bein' the same, he could do it over ag'in. And, sonny, he done so. It was three months—but I calc'late he always figgered it was wuth it. It was to me. So, sonny, you needn't to think you're the only couple that's ever got into sich a mess—nor that there ain't no way to git it straightened out—if you ain't one of them rampagin', rip-snortin' kind of men that roars about husbands and their rights and sich like nonsense. Now I've said my say, and my mouth's shet for all time. I ain't give to interferin' between man and wife. If I've give you an idee—and if you ain't ruined things already—why, then, I calc'late I'm glad of it."

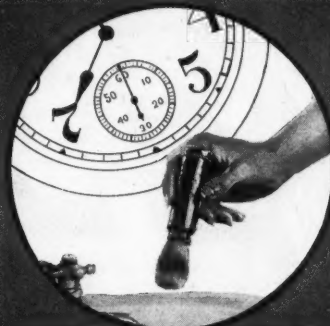
When Ruth returned, Stone was not in the house; he had gone for a walk—a thinking walk. When he came back, he went into the room where grandmother Jowett sat and nodded. That was all.

"That's a good boy," said grandmother, and smiled to herself and went on with her knitting.

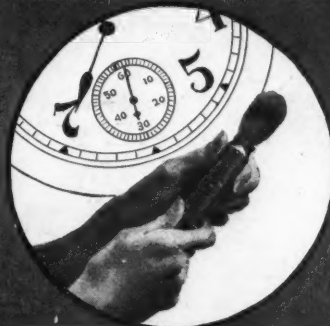
At dinner, Stone opened the conversation by referring to his idleness since he returned from France.

"I've got to be doing something right away," he said. "I think matters have shaped up now so that I can begin. If you don't mind, Ruth, I'll run out to Detroit for a week to go over things with the company. I'd better start to-morrow, now that my discharge has come."

He caught the glint of relief in Ruth's eyes, and so did grandmother Jowett, and knew that his going-away was a sort of reprieve for her.



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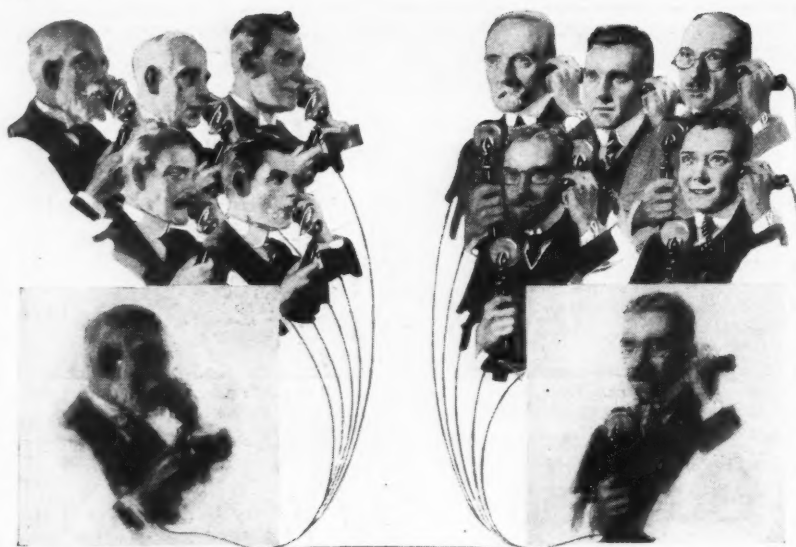
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Multiplexing the Telephone

Marvel has followed marvel since Alexander Graham Bell invented his first simple telephone, the forerunner of the millions in use today.

In these last four decades thousands of Bell engineers have developed a system of telephonic communication, so highly perfected, that the same crude instrument which at the beginning could hardly carry speech from one room to another can now actually be heard across the continent. This is because of the many inventions and discoveries which have been applied to intervening switchboard, circuits and other transmitting mechanism.

The vision of the engineers has foreseen requirements for increased communication, and step by step the structure of the art has been ad-

vanced—each advance utilizing all previous accomplishments.

No one step in advance, since the original invention, is of greater importance, perhaps, than that which has provided the multiplex system by which five telephone conversations are carried on today simultaneously over one toll line circuit, or by which forty telegraphic messages can be sent over the one pair of wires. As in a composite photograph the pictures are combined, so the several voice waves mingle on the circuit to be again separated for their various destinations.

By this wonderful development the Bell System obtains for the public a multiplied usefulness from its long distance plant and can more speedily and completely meet the needs of a nation of telephone users.



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Stone went, and remained not a week but ten days. When he came home again, Ruth, who had looked forward to his arrival with dread, noted, with a little wrinkle of puzzlement, that he was different, intangibly different. She couldn't just place her finger on the change, but his manner was not the same. He had not offered to kiss her, to touch her when he came, but had only offered his hand and shaken hers as any arriving guest in the house might have done. And from that day, with what care and schooling of himself Ruth did not know, he conducted himself scrupulously as a guest. He had brought her a great bunch of roses when he came. Now, day after day, he was absent from the house from early morning until dinner-hour. Some evenings, too, he was absent, though Ruth did not know that business had no part in his absence. It made things easier for her. She saw him three or four evenings a week, and then he was courteous, thoughtful—almost eagerly thoughtful. Diffidently, at first, he invited her to dinners in town and to the theater. He planned surprises for her. He brought her gifts. And never for an instant allowed himself to appear in the character of a husband—always as a guest, possibly a suitor.

Women are keen, but the situation was abnormal. Ruth did not perceive the suitor in the husband, but she did perceive the gentleness and the thoughtfulness—and day by day she postponed the determination she had taken of leaving his house to shift for herself in the quest of happiness.

It was not that her attitude had changed. She felt now as she had felt at the beginning, except that her fear of him was going, finally was gone. She was able to tell herself that she had nothing to fear from him. Which was no mean advance. And he was undeniably good company. Actually she enjoyed some of the parties they had together—and was quite unconscious of it. But day after day, week after week, they seemed to be growing no closer to each other. Still, they were strangers.

Then Stone realized—and the realization was sudden, alarming—that he loved Ruth—loved her as a lover. He had been simulating the suitor, and his simulation had changed to reality. He loved her, and this courtship had become no sham, no pretense, but the great business of his life. He was fighting now, not to regain something that had been beautiful in his past life but to win something new and wonderful. It was as if his youth had returned, and the longing, throbbing uncertain days of his youth and his devotion to a girl.

With love came fear. It was as if he wooed a maid whose love had never been awakened, and which he stood the common chance of man to win; he was wooing a woman who had been his wife and to whom his presence had become repulsive. It seemed a hopeless quest, an impossible task. He was afraid with a great fear.

He persisted now, not from a sense of duty, not from mere hope of piecing together broken fragments, but driven by that which through all the ages had urged men on to miracles of endeavor. He was all lover; his every thought and every action were devoted to the winning of his love. And he met with nothing but discouragement. That intangible curtain was still between them, and he could not pierce

it. Ruth tolerated him now, or so he fancied, but that was all. He could not bear to look forward to a life of toleration by her—and nothing more. It were far better to end the situation, to allow her to go, to make it possible for both of them to take up new lives amid new events. This he often told himself in his discouragement, but he could not endure the thought. He would persevere another day, another week, another month.

So another day and another week and another month were left behind, and his discouragement was only the greater. It often seemed to him that they were farther apart than ever, that they had settled in this new rut, that Ruth had resolved to endure him as long as his conduct remained unchanged, and that matters were hopeless.

More than once he was compelled to restrain a boyish declaration of his love—on evenings when they had returned from theater or party and she entered their home more beautiful, more alluring in his eyes than she had been in her first youth. But he had repressed these declarations, had made no sign—never had he attempted an advance, even such an advance as a hopeful lover might have dared. There was too much at stake, and he stood appalled before the possibility of making a false step and ruining everything—even hope.

It was toward the end of the third month of the experiment that Stone took Ruth into town to see a new musical show that had the city by the ears. Afterward, they went to the sort of foolish place to eat that young men take their sweethearts to. It was a delightful evening. Ruth seemed more like her old self than she had seemed since he came home from France; she was bright, laughing, rather excited, delightful. He fancied there was a difference in her attitude toward him, a swaying toward him, and the thought of the possibility of it went to his head giddily. For that night, he had made her forget. That was what he did not realize—that he had made her forget that she was abroad, not with a delightful companion but with her husband.

It was well past midnight when they opened their door. Ruth sighed a tired sigh and sank down, without removing her wraps, on the big davenport, and, leaning back, closed her eyes. Stone stood in the door, gazing at her, and, as he gazed at the allurements of her, he felt again that impulse to declare his love, to ask the boon of her love in return. But he dared not. He set his teeth, clenched his fingers—his face was stern and forbidding with the effort. And she opened her eyes and looked up at him. She leaned forward suddenly, staring; then, with a little cry of fear, she pressed her handkerchief to her face, brushed past him hurriedly, and ran up the stairs.

Stone did not turn. He had seen enough, heard enough. That sudden movement, that little cry of fear! He understood. The three months of patient courtship had been in vain. He was still a stranger, repulsive to her. It was the end. He had reached the limit of his forbearance and of his patience. He was defeated. Nothing remained now but to admit defeat, and to release her. Anything—*anything* was better than this! He went to the stairs and called. She did not reply.

"Ruth!" he called again. "Ruth!"

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"Will you come down, please? There is something I must say to you."

"Not to-night. I'm tired, Stone. Tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, Ruth—but it must be to-night. Now."

He heard her coming, saw her descend the stairs, lovely in her evening gown—lovely until one saw the expression of her face, which was one of terror and grief.

"I won't be long," he said hurriedly, "but this thing has to have an end. You must see that. You wanted it to end months ago. You remember what you said to me then. Well, I think you were right. When you are ready, you may go—or I shall go. It is as you prefer—anything you want, so long as this condition is ended."

She stood leaning against the arm of a big chair for support. She was white, big of eye, frightened. It cut to his heart that she should be afraid of him, even now when he was giving to her her freedom.

"You—want me to go?" she said.

"Yes."

"Very well," she said, standing straight and looking into his eyes. She even tried to smile. It was only by an effort that he stayed himself from crushing her in his arms.

"Yes," he repeated, and then, impetuously: "I have loved you, Ruth—loved you. I thought—well, I thought that if I were patient, if I waited, if I began at the very beginning and made love to you again as I did when we first met—that things would come right. I was foolish enough to believe that if I could make you love me once, I could make you love me again. It was foolish. I have only ruined another three months for you—when you might have been rid of me. But you mustn't blame me too much. I couldn't let you go. I don't know how I can let you go now—because I love you, Ruth—you must always remember that—that I love you. I loved you even when I saw fear in your eyes a moment ago. Even when I saw that you dreaded to have me near you for fear that I might touch you. I loved you even then—and God help me!—I think I shall always love you."

He stopped and stared at the floor. He did not look into her face, did not see that she was staring at him with eyes that refused to believe, with lips parted, with bosom rising and falling. He did not see that she opened her lips to speak but that words would not come. He did not see that she took a tottering step toward him, and that her hands lifted a trifle toward him—pitifully—and dropped again to her side.

"Stone!" she whispered.

He looked up with eyes that saw nothing.

"Yes?"

"You—that is true? You—mean that—that you love me?"

"Yes."

She laughed queerly.

"You saw fear in my eyes—yes. It was fear—a dreadful fear—Oh, Stone—I looked up and saw your face. It was so stern, so forbidding. I was afraid it meant that I had lost you. That was the fear. You have held me at arms' length so long, Stone. Always I remembered those awful words I said to you—and I knew you must remember them. And you kept me at arms' length—treated me like a stranger—



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acted like a strange guest in the house. And it was not long before I knew that I loved you and could never love anyone else. Then I was afraid. I knew a time would come when your patience would be gone—and you would leave me—and to-night I thought I saw it in your face that the time had come. And I was terrified."

"Ruth—"

"It's true. We've both been blind—blind! You thought— Oh, how was it you couldn't see? How was it that you couldn't see how I yearned to have you take me in your arms as you used to. Do you remember? And I have cried myself to sleep, thinking that you did not love me, did not want me. Oh, Stone!"

He took a step toward her, and she met him.

"Do I remember?" he whispered. "Was it like this?"

"This," she murmured presently.

"Oh, Stone, this is wonderfully better! You have improved."

"With practise," he said, and laughed gaily, happily.

Next morning, Ruth went to grandmother Jowett's door. Grandmother Jowett was packing her trunk.

"What's this, grandmother? You're not getting ready to go?"

"Calc'late I be," said grandmother, with a wise smile. "Calc'late the job of work I come to do is nigh about finished."

Even as You and I

(Continued from page 20)

enough of how beautiful it is? When I was a kid on my pap's farm out there, eighty miles beyond the ridge, instead of playing with the kids that used to torment me because I was a heavy, I just used to lay out evenings like this on a hay-rack or something and look and look and look. There's something about this soft kind of scenery that a person that's born in it never gets tired of. Why, I've exhibited out in California right under the nose of the highest kind of mountains; but gimme the little scenery every time."

"I'm a lump—that's what I am. Nine months of laying. I'm a lump—on a woman, too!"

"Why, Jas, Teenie's proud to have you on—on her. Ain't we got plans for each other after—you get well? Why, half the time I'm just in heaven over that. That's why, honey, if only you won't let yourself get setbacks! That's all the doctor says is between you and getting well. That's all that keeps you down, Jas, you scaring me and making me go against the doctor's orders. Last week your eating that steak—that drink you stole—ain't you ashamed to have got out of bed that way and broke the lock? You—you mustn't ever again, Jas, make me go against the doctor."

"I gets crazy. Crazy with laying."

"Just think, Jas—here I've drew out the last six hundred ready to be paid down on the place and us ready to begin to farm it. Ain't that worth holding yourself in for? It wouldn't be right, Jas, it would be something terrible if we had to break into that six hundred for medicine and doctors. I don't know what to make of you, honey, all those months so quiet and behaved on your back, and now that you're getting



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well, the—the old liquor-thirst setting in. We never will get our start that way, Jas. We got plans, if you don't hinder your poor Teenie. The doctor told me, honey—honest, he did—one of them spells—from liquor could—could take you off—just like that. Even getting well the way you are!"

"I'm a lump; that's what I am."
"You ain't, Jas; you're just everything in the world."

"Sponging off a woman!"
"Sponging!" With our own little farm and us farming it to pay it off! I like that!"

"Gimme a swig, Teenie. For God's sake gimme a swig!"

"Jas—Jas, I'm going to get me a man nurse out here—honest I am!"

"A swig, Teenie."
"Please, Jas—it's only for bad spells—five drops mixed up in your medicine. That's six dollars a bottle, Jas, and only for bad spells."

"Stingy gut!"
"Looka down there, honey—there's old man Wyncoop's cow broke tether again. What you bet he's out looking for her? See her winding up the road."

"Stingy gut!"
"You know I ain't stingy. If the doctors didn't forbid, I'd buy you ten bottles, I would, if it cost twenty a bottle. I'm trying to do what the doctor says is best, Jas."

"Best!" I know what's best. A few dollars in my pocket for me to boss over and buy me the things I need is what's best. I'm a man born to having money in his pocket. I'm none of your molly-coddles."

"Sure you ain't! Haven't you got over ninety dollars under your pillow this minute? Ain't the boy got all the spending money he wants and nowhere to spend it? Ain't that a good one, Jas? All the spending money he wants and nowhere to spend it. Next thing the boy knows, he's going to be working the farm and sticky with money. Ain't it wonderful, Jas, never no showing for us again? O God, ain't that just wonderful?"

He reached up then to stroke her hand, a short pincushion of a hand, white enough, but amazingly inundated with dimples.

"Nice old Big Tent!"

"That's the way, honey! Honest, when you get one of your nice spells, your poor old Teenie would do just anything for you."

"I get crazy with pain. It makes me ugly."

"I know, Jas—I know—anyway, you fix it, honey. I ain't got a kick coming—a—tub like me to have—you."

She loomed behind his cot, carefully out of his range of vision, her own gaze out across the drowsing countryside. A veil of haze was beginning to thicken, whole schools of crickets whirring into it.

"If—if not for one thing, Jas, you know—you know what? I think if a person was any happier than me, she—she'd die."

"Let's play I'm Rockefeller laying on his country estate, Teenie. Come on; let's kid ourselves along. Gimme the six hundred, Teenie."

"Why don't you ask me, Jas, except for what I'd be the happiest girl? Well, it's this. If only I could wear a cloak so when I got in it, you couldn't see me! If only I never had to walk in front of you so—you got to look at me!"

"You been a good gal to me, Big Tent."



"Holler 'nuff!"

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I never even look twice at you—that's how used a fellow can get to anything. I'm going to square it up with you, too."

"You mean it's me will square it with you, Jas—you see if I don't. Why, there'll be nothing too much for me to do to make up for the happiness we're going to have, Jas. I'm going to make this the kinda little home you read about in the magazines. Tear out all this old rented junk furniture, paint it up white, after we got the six hundred paid down and the money beginning to come in. I'm even going to fix up the little trap-door room in the attic, so that if the baron or any of the old exhibit crowd happen to be showing in Xenia or around, they can visit us. Just think, Jas—a spare room for the old crowd! Honest, it's funny; but there's not one thing scares me about all these months on the place alone here, Jas, now that we bought the gun, except the nightmares sometimes that we—we're back exhibiting. That's why I want to keep open house for them that ain't as lucky as us. Honest, Jas—I—I just can't think it's real, not anyways till we've paid down six hundred and—the fellow you keep joking about that wears his collar wrong side 'fore comes out from Xenia to read the ceremony. Oh, Jas, I—I'll make it square with you. You'll never have a sorry day for it."

"You're all right, Big Tent," said the Granite Jaw, lying back suddenly, lips twitching.

"Ain't you feeling well, honey? Let me fix you an egg?"

"A little swig, Teenie—a little one, is all I ask."

"No, no—please, Jastrow; don't begin—just as I had you forgetting."

"It does me good, I tell you. I know my constitution better than a quack country boob does. I'm a freak, I am—a prize concession that has to be treated special. Since that last swig, I tell you, I been a different man. I need the strength. I got to have a little in my system. I'm a freak, I tell you. Everybody knows there's nothing like a swig for strength."

"Not for you. It's poison, Jas—so much poison! Don't you remember what they said to you after the operation? All your life you got to watch out—just the little prescribed for you is all your system has got to have—wouldn't I give it to you otherwise—wouldn't I?"

"Swig, Teenie. Honest to God, just a swig!"

"No, no, Jas; no, no, no!"

Suddenly Jastrow the Granite Jaw drew down his lips to a snarl, his hands clutching into the coverlet and drawing it up off his feet.

"Gimme!" he said. "I've done it before and I'll do it now—smash up the place! Gimme! You're getting me crazy! This time you got me crazy. Gimme—you hear—gimme!"

"Jas—for God's sakes—no—no!"

"Gimme, by God, you hear; gimme!" There was a wrenching movement of his body, a fumbling beneath the pillow, and Mr. Jastrow suddenly held forth, in crouched attitude of cunning, something cold, something glittering, something steel.

"Now," he said, head jutting forward, and through shut teeth, "now gimme, or by God—"

"Jas—Jas—for God's sake—have you gone crazy? Where'd you get that gun? Is that where I heard you sneaking this morn-

ing—over to my trunk—for my watch-dog—gimme that gun—Jas! You—you're crazy, Jas!"

"You gimme, was what I said, and gimme quick. You see this thing pointing—well, gimme quick!"

"Jas—"

"Don't 'Jas' me. I'm ugly this time, and when I'm ugly, I'm ugly!"

"All right! All right! Only, for God's sakes, Jas, don't get out of bed; don't get crazy enough to shoot that thing. I'll get it. Wait, Jastrow, it's all right—you're all right. I'll get it. See—Teenie's going. Wait—wait—Teenie's going—" She edged out and she edged in, hysteria audible in her breathing. "Jas, honey, won't you please—"

"Gimme, was what I said, gimme—and quick!"

Her arm under his head, the glass tilted high against his teeth, he drank deeply, gratefully, breathing out finally and lying back against his pillow, his right hand uncurling of its clutch.

She lifted the short-snouted, wide-barreled, and steely object off the bed-edge gingerly, tremblingly.

"More like it," he said, running his tongue around his mouth; "more like it."

"Jas—Jas, what have you done?"

"Great stuff! Great stuff!" He kept repeating.

"If—if you wasn't so sick, honey—I don't know what I'd do after such a terrible thing like this—you acting like this—so terrible! God, I—I'm all trembling!"

"Great stuff!" he said, reaching out and, eyes still closed, patting her. "Great stuff—nice old Big Tent!"

"Try to sleep now, Jas. You musta had a spell of craziness. This is awful. Try to sleep. If only you don't get a spell—Sleep—please!"

"You wait! Guy with the collar on wrong side round—he's the one—he's the one!"

"Yes—yes, honey; try to sleep!"

"I wanna dream I'm Rockefeller. If there's one thing I want to dream, it's Rockefeller."

"Not now—not now—"

"Lemme go to sleep like a king."

"Yes, honey."

"Like a king."

She slid her hand finally into one of the voluminous folds of her dress, withdrawing, and placing a rubber bound roll into his hands.

"There, honey, go to sleep now—like a king."

He fingered it, finally sitting up to count, leaning forward to the ring of lamplight.

"Six hundred bucks! Six hundred! Wow—oh, wow! If Sid could only see me now!"

"He can, honey—he can— Go to sleep—sh-h-h-h!"

"Slide 'em under—slide 'em under, Rockefeller."

She lifted his head, placing the small wad beneath. He turned over, cupping his hand in his cheek, breathing outward, deeply, very deeply.

"Jas?"

"Huh?"

"Ain't you all right?" You're breathing so hard. Quit breathing so hard! It scares me. Quit making those funny noises! Honey—for God's sake—quit!"

Jastrow the Granite Jaw did quit, so suddenly, so completely, his face turned

outward toward the purpling meadows and his mouth slightly open, that a mirror held finally and frantically against it did not so much as cloud.

At nine o'clock there drew up outside the coolie-faced house, one of those small tin motor-cars which are tiny mile-scavengers to the country road. With a thridding of engine and a play of lamps which turned green, gray, it drew up short, a rattling at the screen door following almost immediately.

"Doctor, that you? O my God, Doctor, it's too late! It's all over, Doctor—Doctor—it's all over!" Trembling in a frenzy of haste, Miss Hoag drew back the door, the room behind her flickering with shadows from an uneven wick.

"You're the 'fat,' ain't you? The one that's keepin' him?"

"What—what—"

"So you're the meal-ticket! Say—leave it to Will. Leave it to that boy not to get lost in this world. Ain't it like him to the T to pick a good-natured 'fat'?"

There entered into Miss Hoag's front room, Miss Sidonia Sabrina, of the Flying-Fish Troupe, World's Aeronaut Trapeze Wonder, gloved and ringleted, beaded of eyelash and pink of ear-lobe, the teeth somewhat crookedly but pearly white, because the lips were so red; the parasol long and impudently parrot-handled, gilt mesh bag clanking against a cluster of sister baubles.

"If it ain't Will to the T! Pickin' hisself a 'fat' to sponge on. Can you beat it? M-m. Was you the 'fat' in the Coney concession?"

"Who—whatta you—want?"

"We was playin' the Zadalía County Fair. I heard he was on his back. The 'little' in our show, Baroness de Ross, has a husband playin' Coney with youse. Where is he? Tell him his little Sid is here. Was his little Sid fool enough to beat it all the way over here in a flivver for eight bucks the round trip? She was. Where is he?"

"He—who—you—"

"You're one of them good-natured simps, ain't you? So was I, dearie. It don't pay. I always said of Will, he could bleed a sour pickle. Where is he? Tell him his little Sid is here with thirty minutes before she meets up with the show on the ten-forty, when it shoots through Xenia. Tell him she was fool enough to come because he's flat on his back."

"I—that's him—Jastrow—there—O my God—that's him laying there, miss—who are you? Sid—I thought—I never knew—who are you? I thought it was Doc. He went off in a flash—I was standing right here—I—O God!"

There seemed to come suddenly over the sibilant Miss Sidonia Sabrina a quieting-down, a lessening of twinkle and shimmer and swish. She moved slowly toward the huddle on the cot, parasol leading, and her hands crossed atop the parrot.

"My God!" she said. "Will dead! Will dead! I musta had a hunch. God, I musta! All of a sudden, I makes up my mind. I jumps ahead of the show. God—I musta had one of my hunches. That lookin'-glass I broke in Dayton. God, I—I musta!"

"It come so sudden, miss. It's a wonder I didn't die, too, right on the spot. I was standing here and—"

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Suddenly, Miss Sabrina fumbled in the gilt mesh bag for her kerchief, her face lifting to cry.

"He spun me dirt, Will did. If ever a girl was spun dirt, that girl was me; but just the same it—it's my husband layin' there—it's my husband, no matter what dirt he spun me. O God—O—O—"

At half-after ten, to a powdering of eye-sockets, a touching-up with lip-stick, a readjustment of three-tiered hat, Miss Sidonia Sabrina took leave. There were still streaks showing through her retouched cheeks.

"I left you the collar-and-cuff box with his initials on, dearie, for a remembrance. I give it to him the first Christmas after we was married, before he got to developing rough. I been through his things now entire. I got 'em all with me. If there's such a thing as a recordin' angel, you'll go down on the book. Will was a bad lot; but he's done with it now, dearie. I never seen the roughness crop up in a man so sudden the way it did in Will. You can imagine, dearie, when the men in the troupe horsewhipped him one night for the way he lit in on me one night in drink. That was the night he quit. O God, maybe I don't look it, dearie, but I been through the mill in my day. But that's all over now him layin' there—my husband. Will was a good 'strong' in his day—nobody can't ever take that away from him. I'm leavin' you the funeral money out of what he had under his pillow. It's a godsend to me, my husband layin' up that few hundred when things ain't so good with me. You was a good influence, dearie. I never knew him to save a cent. I'd never have thought it. Not a cent from him all these months. My legs for the air-work ain't what they used to be. Inflammatory rheumatism, y'know. I've got a mind to buy me a farm, too, dearie. Settle down. Say—I got to hand it to you, dearie—you're one fine 'fat.' Baby Ella herself had nothin' on you, and I've worked with as fine 'fats' as there is in the business. You're sure one fine 'fat,' and if there's such thing as a recordin' angel—I got to catch that train, dearie—the chauff's honkin'—no grandmother stories goes with my concession. Here's twenty-five for the funeral. If it's more, lemme know. Sidonia Sabrina, care Flying-Fish Troupe, State Fair, Butler County, Ohio. Good-by, dearie—and God bless you!"

Long after the thridding of engine had died away and the purple quiet flowed over the path of twin lamplight, Miss Hoag stood in her half-open screen door, gazing after. There were no tears in her eyes; indeed, on the contrary, the echo of the chug-chugging, which still lay on the air, had taken on this rhythm:

Better to have loved a short man
Than never to have loved at all.

Better to have loved a short man
Than never to have loved at all.

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silhouette



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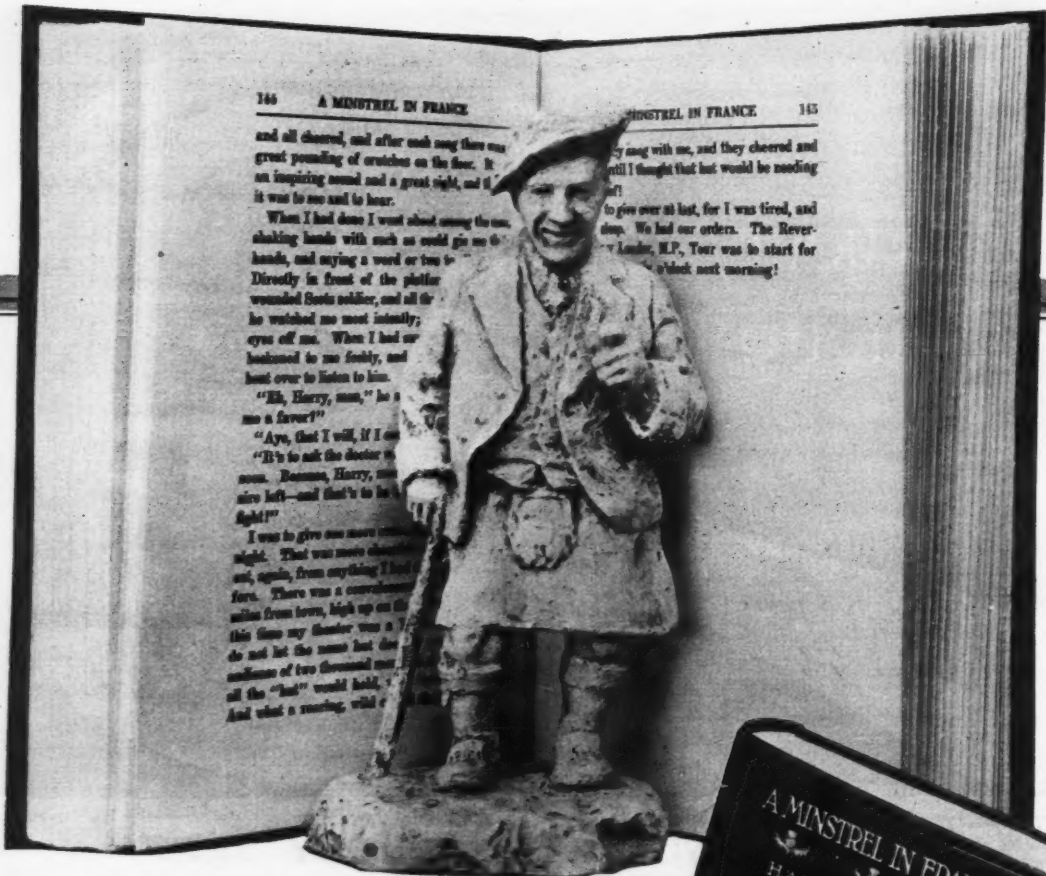


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"I took it and tore it open.
I shall never forget what I
read:

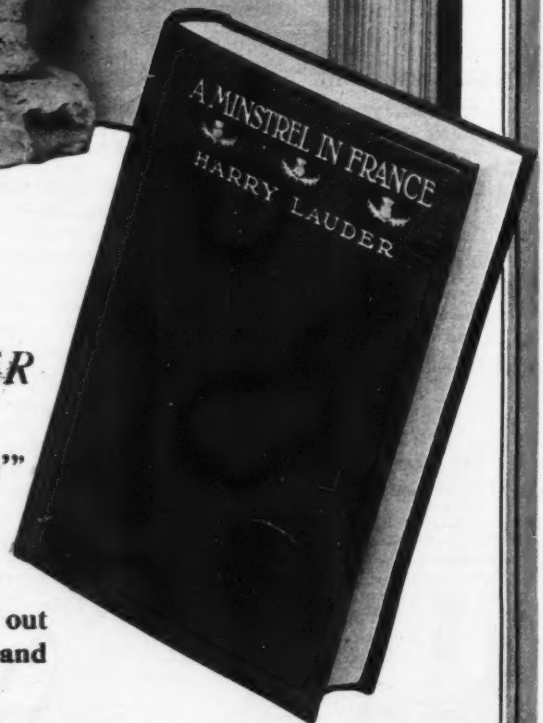
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The Passionate Pilgrim

(Continued from page 83)

purpose. One thing: Miriam must not be allowed to see this man again. He would be coming around in the morning.

Appleby, when she laid the matter rather heatedly before him at the dinner-table, complicated her mental processes by remarking:

"To-morrow? My dear girl, if he's as completely daffy over her as the nurse's story makes out, he won't sit around until to-morrow. He'll be calling this evening. I should say she can look for him about twenty minutes to eight."

Esther laid down her knife and fork.

"Will," she said, "we must go straight over there."

"The thing has awkward aspects. Miriam's most twenty-five. It's her own house. After all——"

"Do you really expect me to sit here and listen to that kind of talk?"

"Well, my dear, I feel about this much as you do—just as you do, in fact—but in all difficult business transactions, we men find it a good thing to——"

"Will, that girl's my own sister, my younger sister! It's high time we stopped feeling delicate about the property. There's such a thing as human responsibility. There's such a thing as duty. You'll admit that?"

"Of course, dearest; but——"

"My own little sister has fallen into the hands of a designing adventurer. It *isn't* the property. It's so much more than that that I don't see how you can hesitate one minute. It's that girl's life, and it's father's name."

Mr. Amme called up then. Will went to the 'phone. He returned with a genuinely distressed countenance.

"Dearest," he said, "I'll never again distrust a woman's intuition. They've run this fellow down. He's Henry Calverly."

"Henry——"

"The writer. A notorious chap."

"Henry Calverly! Wait! I remember. The Watt trial. All that mess."

"He's the fellow. Went to prison. And afterward disappeared off the face of the earth."

"A widower, too, isn't he?"

"A widower and a jailbird, and God knows what else!"

"We must go now, Will. This thing must be stopped to-night."

"Just how, sweet?"

"I'll take care of Miriam. My duty is clear. I'll have to drop everything, of course. But, at a time like this, who wouldn't sacrifice themselves?"

"You're thinking of taking her off?"

"Somewhere—yes. I was just thinking of Bermuda. But——"

"California might be easier to manage. Amme could run your father's car out. And you're not a good sailor, you know, dear."

"You can call Mr. Amme up from her house, Will. We'll go now."

So they set out.

"I suppose it's only fair that Miriam should stand the expense, seeing it's——"

"Well, I should rather think so! It's her fault. We're acting in her interest. And as you'll have to come——"

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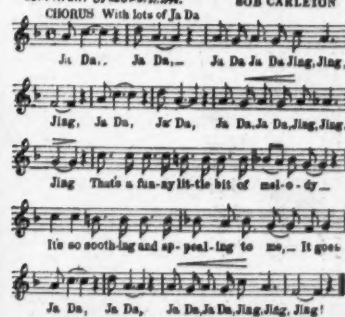
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"Me?"

"Of course, Will. Don't be stupid. You'll have to see us settled comfortably."

"Well—wheew!"

"It's no time for indecision. You must call up Mrs. Harper, too, and have her come in to-night to pack. Miss Russell and Mrs. Bentley can help, too. You'll find Mrs. Harper under 'Wilson & Harper' in the telephone-book. If you can't reach her, call up Genevieve Grant on Harrison Avenue. She does hair-dressing, but she's an experienced packer, too. You must call up Mr. Listerly, too. He's responsible for this."

Esther walked in on her sister, all calm, high decision. Miss Russell, furtively discreet, seeing, hearing nothing, moved about the room and in and out. On the way over, Esther had waylaid Doctor Martin. That somewhat routine person welcomed her decision.

"You're a sick girl, Miriam," said Esther soothingly at the bedside. "I'm going to take care of you for a while."

"I get all the care I need, Esther." She was flushed, utterly exhausted.

"Doctor Martin has sent some medicine."

"I don't want it."

"He says you simply must sleep. You're wearing yourself out."

"Oh, Esther, please leave me alone! I can't talk now. But I don't want to sleep."

"The time has come, child, when we can't stop to consult your wishes. I tell you we're going to take care of you."

"I won't take veronal. I'm through with all that."

"This is something else. He sent it over by me."

"Miss Russell, is this true?"

"Miriam, how can you—" Esther's voice trailed off. She recalled that you humored invalids.

"Doctor Martin telephoned, Miss Canterbury," said the nurse, very quietly. "He instructed me to give you the medicine Mrs. Appleby would bring."

Miriam glanced nervously from one to the other. What did they know? Why were they surrounding her like this? She tried to rally the strength she had felt in the afternoon. Henry's notes were under her pillow. She felt now, as she had never felt before, the disheartening effect of sheer physical weakness on the will. She wanted to tell the truth, but hesitated. Esther, sitting calmly, positively there, subtly, surely held the advantage. Now that the exaltation of the day had passed, one puzzling thought was undermining her secret happiness—her mental efforts to argue it down were unsuccessful—the curious problem of the false name. It felt more serious now. It wasn't serious, of course. But she must know all about it, in order not to be made ridiculous in an argument. For she knew of old that Esther would argue.

Perhaps Henry would come back this evening. He had come last evening. She would make them bring him in. He would face them all. The divine fire that had been in Henry Calverly, that had crept wonderfully into the last few of these little notes of his would be too much for them. During the day, she had glowed with the thought of mothering him. Now, in every conscious thought, she was leaning on what she could remember of his young

strength. The finest quality in him was his utter, naive honesty. She became confused, however, trying to think out the problem of bringing such a literal mind as Esther's to the point of reconciling naive honesty with an alias. Some imp of the fancy popped that ugly word in among her thoughts. She tried to forget it. That was why he had changed his name, of course—because he was naive.

Esther was speaking. It seemed now that she had been speaking for some time. About a journey. California was mentioned—sunshine, rest, and something about a gradual building-up.

"I'm not going away," her own voice said.

"Now, dearie, you just lie quietly and leave it all to us. We're doing everything possible to make you comfortable. Mr. Amme is having father's car got ready. Will and I are going with you. And either Doctor Martin or his assistant. And Miss Russell, of course. Mrs. Bentley will close the house. It's all arranged. You're not to worry about a thing."

The evening and the night that followed remained as little more than a confused memory to Miriam. There were clear but unrelated little mental pictures of Esther, irritatingly deliberate and placid, moving about, and of a quietly efficient mulatto woman whom they called "Mrs. Harper," and of the white-clad Miss Russell, and of the gravely dominant Doctor Martin, who seemed to have been in the room a long time without definitely entering or leaving, and a rather apologetic Will Appleby at the door, whispering and mopping a glistening red face, and of Mr. Amme tiptoeing in and out but staying mostly in the hall. Her skin was hot, her head reeling. She couldn't trust her tongue. In her own thoughts she was eagerly, intensely, defending Henry Calverly, though they didn't speak of him.

Then, after a while—it must have been late—everybody seemed to be talking about him all at once. She couldn't think how this began, whether she herself finally brought it all up or whether they had known. One way or the other, they knew—about the engagement, the papers, everything. Their reproaches were veiled, and were the harder to meet for that. Her own position grew unexpectedly hard to defend.

Said Esther:

"But how can you say you love him when you don't even know him? You haven't known him a week. A man with an alias!"

"I know all about that!" she cried. "He told me. He is Henry Calverly."

"Wouldn't it have been just a little fairer to have consulted me before you gave father's most intimate secrets to a stranger?"

This provoked discussion. She remembered Esther saying: "A man's public life is one thing, his private life another. There are some things that can't be shouted to the rabble. Surely other people—nice people—have to be considered. And you'd think the immediate family had a few rights."

All this was trying. They pressed about her. She couldn't escape. Nowhere was there sympathy. She was to all of them no more than a wilful child. When she demanded that they send for

Henry and give him—give them both—a chance to face them all, they tried to soothe her. A sense of hopelessness came over her. She hadn't the strength to assert herself. She had forgotten the strength of the family relationship, as of the group that had surrounded her father. The authority of the older sister, so suddenly revived, had still a strength that was disarming. Of late years she had all but forgotten it; Esther had let her alone so.

One thing she jealously kept from them—that she had tried to walk. Esther would at once lay her present condition to that indiscretion. Justly, perhaps. She didn't care. But she wouldn't tell them. All this argument was too distressing.

Once Esther stood over the bed.

"You are making it very hard for us, Miriam," she said. "You have been a foolish girl. We are going to save you from yourself, whether you like it or not. We have no choice. We aren't doing this for ourselves. Certainly I'm not dropping everything overnight and leaving for a long journey to indulge myself. You'll never know what a sacrifice I'm making for you. It doesn't matter, of course. I want to ask you this: You say this man told you everything. Did he tell you that he has been a convict?"

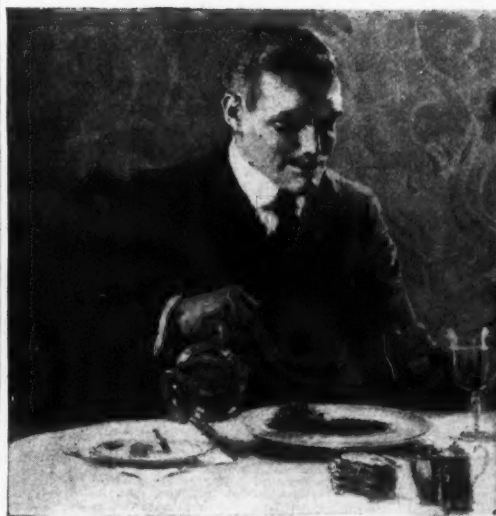
That was what finally broke Miriam's will. She couldn't answer it. For that matter, she hadn't even known that he was a widower. And they saw that she hadn't. There was no possible explanation of his failure to tell the whole truth. Esther brought Will in at this point, and called Doctor Martin up-stairs, even dragged in prim little Mr. Amme. They all gravely confirmed these stories.

It was all really unanswerable. Miriam was alone among them. She felt as if her mind were going. All the years of her life—girlhood associations, memories of her mother, the years with her father—seemed to rise upon her and overwhelm these few amazing days. She couldn't, by any mental effort, make them or Henry come real again, even with her hand under the pillow clutching his notes. Her heart ached for him. He must have suffered during these heavily shadowed years beyond anything in her own experience. But he should have told her everything. It was the only possible basis. When Esther asked her bluntly if she were actually willing to wreck her own and her father's name by plunging on into this ill-considered, almost unconsidered love-affair just to gratify a sudden quite wild impulse—just heedless self-indulgence, when you came right down to it—she couldn't reply. There were moments when it might be thought to look like that. It was bewildering. Oh, why hadn't he told her?

She remembered storming at them all—and sensing the futility of it while she stormed.

She remembered, still later, being alone with Miss Russell and storming at her. One thought obsessed her now: She must not leave all her father's papers, even in the safe. Those men were strong, determined, ruthless. At least she could take the strong box.

She promised Esther at last that she would wait a few months, give herself a reasonable chance to think. Esther had said that she couldn't do less. And they had utterly beaten her down.



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Esther herself slept that night on the second floor. It seemed wise not to let herself slacken in this great responsibility. She was doing her duty. She was going through with it relentlessly. For Esther, too, had much of Jim Cantey in her, and a humorless touch of iron from the Puritans back of her mother. Jim Cantey's forebears had been other stock, from the South. His grandfather had come over the Blue Ridge into the Mid-Western wilderness nearly a century earlier.

Will was right about Calverly. He came before eight. Naturally, they didn't tell Miriam.

He proved somewhat difficult to handle. For a few moments, he quite insisted on going up to the study. He said he had work to do there.

Will found him rather interesting. He was, when all was said and done, one of those literary chaps, but, apart from that, didn't make such a bad impression. He was obviously down on his luck, but it would be like Miriam not to mind that—even to find it romantically pleasing. It wasn't hard to see how he had captured the heart of a lonely, imaginative girl, walking in on her unexpectedly like that. After insisting for a little while, he evidently made up his mind to yield. Will took it that he didn't want to risk saying too much. Which might have indicated either a decent desire to let Miriam do her own telling or, on the other hand, the mental obliquity of the fellow. Finally, he went away.

There was an element of excitement in standing there, talking with him and blocking off the doorway. He had been, after all, a really conspicuous public figure. Everybody had heard of him. Why, they—Esther and himself—had belonged to a reading circle, some years back, where "Satraps of the Simple" was discussed as a masterpiece. Phrases from that one great book had crept into his own speech. All that, of course, was when the young fellow was on the crest of his wave, before people found out what he really was. Even at that, Will was a little awed. For the fellow was, after all, Henry Calverly. The more impossible, the more dangerous, of course, for that fact; but none the less Henry Calverly.

The subject of this reverie walked the streets for a time, trying to puzzle out this unexpected circumstance. He had never before seen the man in the doorway. So Miriam was ill, and the house must be kept quiet. That seemed odd. She hadn't been so ill as that. Her notes filled one of his coat pockets; he slipped his hand in round them. He sensed it rather as the hostility she had dreaded. Very likely the man was her brother-in-law. Perhaps they had found out. It was alarming. He ought to see her, but he couldn't very well break in. They couldn't stop her getting word to him. She would do that, surely. But it was none the less difficult to calm himself. He found a florist's shop and sent a huge bunch of sweet peas, writing his initials on one of the florist's cards. She was not to see these flowers. Esther, acting on the smooth plane of self-evident duty, gave them to Mrs. Bentley, who said she loved sweet peas.

He had never before in his life felt the want of money as he felt it now. Hitherto, money had seemed desirable only as it was

OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

(Continued from page 10)

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needed to meet casual expenses; only, really, because people pressed for it. But now he desired the freedom of action that it brings, the power to do. He wanted to lavish gifts on her, and to plan for her without considering the wealth on her side that depressed him so whenever he permitted himself to think of it. That was why they surrounded her, of course. Nobody bothered much about poor girls.

He could write to her. In some way, the fire within him had to blaze out. He had to find expression.

He turned back to the boarding-house. It stood on a pleasant, quiet street. The maples arched over the pavement. The houses were set back on green lawns. Here and there were masses of flowering shrubs. A few of the older places still had their fences of pickets, or iron piping, or sanded timbers. Girls in white sat on front porches or lounged in hammocks. There was the intermittent chatter of fresh young voices.

A slim youth of eighteen or twenty, in clean white flannels, came by, lugging a canvas guitar-case. Only seven or eight years back, in Sunbury, Henry Calverly might have been seen, at just this time of a summer evening, when the first dusk came down, going, with a guitar, to the house of this or that girl. And it would have been on just such a street as this, with lawns and shrubs and arching maples and girls on porches. It was a poignant memory.

Even the boarding-house had been somebody's old homestead—a square old mansion of wood, surmounted by a square cupola and with a porch across the entire front. A path had been worn from the corner of the property across the rather casually kept lawn to the front steps.

He took this path.

The usual summer-evening groups were out on the porch. He had barely met these people. He had caught none of the names. There were several elderly ladies, a few colorless couples in later middle life, one very young and very anxious couple with a baby that cried a good deal, some maiden ladies, and an assortment of young people, most of whom seemed to work in the business district. They all made a point of bowing to him.

Another group—all men and all strangers—were sitting now on the steps—five or six of them. They wore their hats at odd angles, and their pockets bulged with papers. A wide belt of what appeared to be cigarette stubs lay across the front walk near the bottom step. The youngest, a youth with blond curls and a curiously seamed face, was violently chewing gum. He had a hazily familiar look. Calverly had known him or seen him somewhere. Could it have been in the *News* office?

His steps faltered. The whole group was hazily familiar now—not the individuals, but the kind.

The gum-chewer got up languidly.

"How d'do, Mr. Calverly?" he said.

"I don't know's you remember me. I saw you some up in the old annex. Name of Hadley. This is Mr. Watson, of the *Globe*, and Mr.——"

The offhand introductions went on.

Calverly stood, his underlip between his teeth, looking guardedly from one to another. Something had happened, and he didn't know what. He couldn't make up his mind whether or not to answer to the name. And what did they mean by

using it so baldly? To trap him, perhaps. He simply stood there, looking.

"Perhaps you haven't heard the news, Mr. Calverly?"

It was the one called Hadley.

Calverly bent a blank face on him.

"Mrs. Watt died this afternoon. Just too late for the afternoon papers."

The phrase, "Mrs. Watt," had a curiously incongruous sound. They had invariably spoken of her, back in Sunbury, as "*Madame*."

The voice was going on. And the others were putting in questions.

More intensely than at any other time during the past twenty-four hours, he had the feeling of being dragged along. In his mind he couldn't keep up. He knew, of course, on the surface of his mind, that of all the blows that had lately fallen on him, this—it would certainly appear later on—was the hardest. Still, he couldn't feel it, grasp it, believe it. It might almost have been falling on somebody else.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked a sallow and cynical young man, after a scrutiny that took in his hat, clothes, shoes.

He managed to reply with a "What money?"—hopelessly trying to gain a little time in which to think the situation out and shape a course. But all he could think, with the little time gained, was that he had had to knot one of his shoe-strings that morning. He wished the man would stop looking at it. He knew well enough that he looked seedy.

"She left it all to you, you know. About two millions."

"Sounds pretty good," put in the gum-chewer.

Calverly could only throw out his hand in ineffectual protest.

"Are you going out there?" asked another.

Calverly shook his head. He collected himself now enough to frame a negative attitude.

"I can't talk to you," he said.

"Not even about your experiences living under the other name?"

This was a sharp shot, from one who hadn't spoken before. Calverly turned a troubled gaze on him, but made no reply.

"Did Mrs. Watt know that you called yourself Stafford?" asked Mr. Watson.

Again he merely shook his head.

"Did this Chicago lawyer know—what's his name—Parker?"

"I simply can't talk to you," he said.

"Nothing to say," remarked Hadley lightly, but with a touch of passing friendliness. For, after all, Calverly had worked, however briefly, on his paper, and the protective clan-instinct was at work within him.

The others kept up their questions for a time, but finally they were gone.

He went up toward his room. If he could only think! Some sort of position he must take. Probably he would have to step out now under his own name. It would be a relief, if only it didn't call for too much explaining. A good deal depended on the morning papers. He indulged himself in the weak hope that they would be easy on him.

But his inner self knew only too well how weak the hope was. It strung him that night on a rack of nightmares.

In the morning, when he walked into the dining-room, the whole room stiffened



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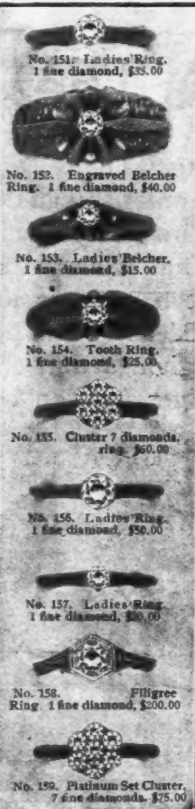
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"I took Annabell home, on May 19, 1916, with two straight and useful feet. Today she runs and plays at any child. We can't say enough for the McLain Sanitarium and will gladly answer all letters of inquiry."

Mrs. Morgan Williams, Higbee, Mo. This deformity was corrected without plaster paris or general anaesthesia.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN
This private institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Our valuable book, "Deformities and Paralysis," with Book of References, free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
936 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

against him. He felt it. A few spoke coldly. One or two stared. Others looked down at their newspapers.

He sat patiently through the ordeal of breakfast.

Then he went out to the corner and bought all the papers. Not wishing to be seen bringing them back into the boarding-house, he walked over to a small park and sat there on a bench, now trying to read the bewildering "story," now watching the squirrels that played about the bench.

Still he couldn't grasp it.

He left the papers there half read and walked the streets.

One marked change had taken place in his spirit which he was in no condition to note. He took it for granted that he would stay here in the city. It didn't even occur to him to leave the boarding-house where he must now be addressed by a new name.

They had known all this, obviously, at the Canteys', the evening before. They had undertaken to protect Miriam from him. The notoriety would be hard for her. He had tried to let her see the great difficulty in the course of that feverish note-writing, but she had lightly dismissed it.

It seemed to him now that the direct blow might easily prove a good thing. It cleared the air, put him in a position to begin the long fight standing squarely on his two feet. The thing to do was to insist on releasing her. She would perhaps, in her turn, insist on waiting for him. He loved her. She loved him. But he had a fight to win before he could permit her to accept him. He must tell her that. No man at the door would stop him this morning. Anyway, it was high time to begin the day's work. And no love-letters to-day!

"I've been weak about this"—so ran his thoughts—"but that's all done with. Thank God, I'm shaken out of that now! I've got a battle to win. We must make that book the absolute condition. If I can do it as it should be done, then perhaps we may talk. Not before. It's got to be so good that it can't be resisted. One thing on our side: Guard'll know if it's good. He'll be interested in the real thing. And if it is real, he'll help us fight for it."

The trouble, clearly, was the old difficulty of Henry Calverly's life. He was plunged again, willy-nilly, into the rough-and-tumble of the actual world, in which he had never found a place. He was no more fitted to understand Esther Appleby than he had been fitted to understand that irate judge in Chicago. In all this groping, he was missing the point.

He walked with a good deal of determination to the Canteys' home.

The man servant blocked the door as effectually as had Will Appleby, merely handing him a long, softly thick envelop.

He opened it, standing in the vestibule.

Within were a number of bank-notes, and a curt business letter from a minor officer of the trust company with an indecipherable signature. The letter informed him that his services in the matter of the biography of the late James H. Canteys were no longer required and that salary for two weeks was enclosed in lieu of any other notice.

He read it a number of times.

"Oh," he exclaimed then, "I can't take this!"

The doorman stood motionless.



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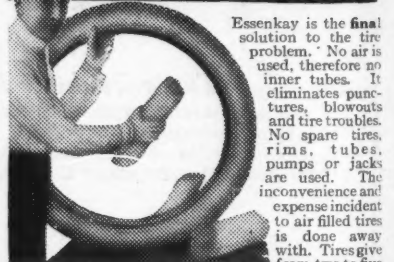
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Oct. 13, 1917

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Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the *proper care*. Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid.

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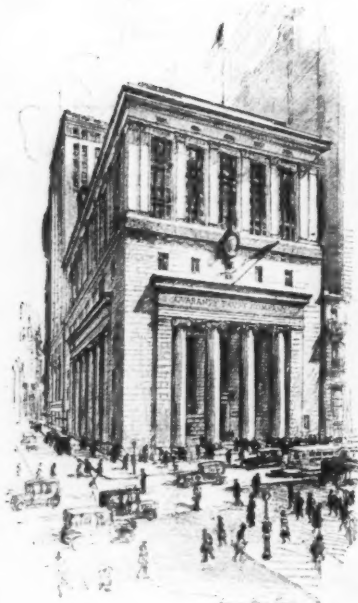
I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

(142)

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Cosmopolitan for April, 1919

"Here! Take it!" He thrust the money into the servant's hand. "I must see Miss Cantey at once."

"Miss Cantey left this morning for California. That is all, I think, sir."

And then he closed the door.

XXVI

THE INTERVENTION OF MR. HITT, MR. HOLMES HITT, AND PERFECT PORCELAIN

THE fact that, in this crisis, he didn't think seriously of self-destruction—and at all only at moments in the night—is not uninteresting. The forces of reconstruction appeared now to be at work within him. They took the form, in his thoughts, of an unreasoned, unguided flutter of energy. It seemed that he must be starting something. He sat, in the old alpaca work coat, at the marble-topped table in his bedroom, staring at a pad of white paper, blindly moved to write he knew not what, get it started to-day. On the money side, it was immediately necessary to do something or other. He knew that. It was a grim fact. During the moments when his thoughts got away from his will and wandered off into the sort of reverie that had, it now seemed, been the curse of his life (he couldn't see now that it had, at times, been, and might again be, the blessing of it); the bare notion of such an unfortunate being as himself aspiring to the hand of Miriam Cantey appeared to border on the grotesque. He was, in these moments, humble about it. At other moments, however, his spirit tortured him by soaring. The difficulty was, perhaps, that the wonderful experience had come and gone so quickly. He should, perhaps, fight his way to her and protect her from the hostile folk about her. But these folk were her own kin and kind. They were her own family, her father's friends, and the trustees of his estate. They were the dominant folk of the city, and he was an impoverished, ineffectual nobody. It was like a mad dream. He was still in the grip of a paralysis of the spirit. He had nothing, could cling to nothing but the spark of vitality that, in a sense, seemed to have nothing to do with him, to come from without, but that, none the less, was burning, if faintly, within him. It seemed to have a direct bearing on the fact that a week's board would have to be paid in a few days. So he stared at the white paper. And at intervals, in an effort to reorientate himself, read random paragraphs in his Montaigne.

He was staring—it was about noon now—when Mrs. Clark, the landlady, thinly anxious, knocked at his door.

"It's a man to see you," she said, extending a card, "Mr.— Mr.— I hardly know what we're to call you now."

"It may as well be 'Calverly,' I suppose."

"Mr. Calverly. Shall I tell him to come up?"

The card read, "Mr. Hazlitt R. Hitt." No address, no business.

"Oh, yes," said Calverly; "I'll see him." It didn't seem to matter, one way or the other.

The caller came slowly up the second flight of stairs, and paused at the top for a breath.

Calverly, waiting, finally came to the door.

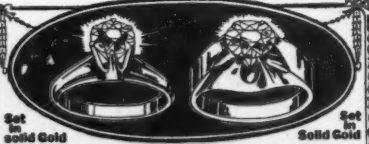
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Choose it for yourself, or as a charming gift appropriate to any occasion. In the Necklace La Tausca are combined the lustrous tints and perfect form of Nature's own sea-born gems, of eternal loveliness and possessing a fascination no woman can resist; the favorite adornment of well-dressed American women.



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Lovely crème-rosée tinted indestructible pearls of superb beauty, in 15½ inch length. Solid gold spring-ring clasp. Like all La Tausca Necklaces, these are positively guaranteed not to peel or in any way suffer from the effects of perspiration, and their lustre and coloring is permanent. In selected cabinet of grey velvet, white lined. **Eighteen Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**



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Radiant necklace of finest Roman Pearls, glowing with elusive sunset hues. 18 inches long, pearls graduated in size. Enriched by exquisite solid white-gold clasp set with a genuine diamond. Encased in grey velvet cabinet, white lined. **Forty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

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Beautiful Roman Pearls in iridescent hues, faithfully reproducing the genuine oriental tints found only in pearls from far eastern seas. Mounted with solid gold clasp. Daintily encased in grey velvet cabinet. Necklace is 15½ inches long. (Shown below.) **Nine Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

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Marquette Pearls

Indestructible Pearls, oriental Roman quality, extra heavy, possessing a soft crème tint which distinguishes some of the most costly necklaces of natural pearls. Clasp of solid white gold set with two genuine diamonds. Grey velvet cabinet, white lined. Length of necklace, 24 inches. **Sixty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

Diamond Opera Pearls

Satiny pearls, Roman quality, with beautiful iridescent tints. This necklace is appropriate for any costume and is made up in the popular graduation of pearl sizes equivalent to 3 to 20 grains in genuine pearls. Mounted with fancy white-gold clasp set with small genuine diamond and encased in grey velvet white-lined cabinet. (Shown below.) **Twenty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

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Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3034)

Mr. Hitt proved to be a patient-looking man with gold-rimmed spectacles, a bald head, and a cropped white mustache.

"I've seen you at the *News* office," remarked Mr. Hitt, with a good deal of quiet dignity. "I am librarian there."

And now, after, with an effort, focusing his tired eyes, Calverly recognized him.

"I called on a rather personal matter, Mr. Calverly. First, let me say that, for some years, I've kept your 'Satraps' on my desk to read now and then, when I need freshening up—as you, perhaps, read your"—his eyes were roving over the table—"your Montaigne. I love that book. And I have long wanted to tell you so." Calverly guardedly bowed. This sort of talk always confused him. "My business touches on the matter of the Cantey biography. Let me ask—have you given up that work?"

Calverly drew forth the crumpled note of the morning, smoothed it out, and handed it to his caller.

"That's how it stands," he said simply.

"Rather cavalier treatment, Mr. Calverly."

"It seemed so to me, but—oh, well!"

"You have no idea of reopening it?"

Calverly threw out his hands.

"No."

"I had to ask you this. The trustees have offered the work to me. I couldn't consider it while you planned to do it."

"I don't. You are quite free. I—I appreciate your calling."

"There's another matter. It may seem a bit delicate, but—Mr. Calverly, I'm a much older man than you—more than twice your age. I know something of what you've been through. I don't imagine that you've been able to put much by. I know from experience that a small legacy is anything but ready money, and I imagine a large one is even more deliberate."

Calverly looked puzzled, then annoyed.

"Oh, that money!" he exclaimed. "I can't touch that!"

"Not at once, certainly."

"Never!"

Mr. Hitt considered this.

"Well," he said, after a little, "if you'd take another job for the present, by way of picking up a livelihood, I think I can be of use."

Calverly was touched. The man seemed like a father. But he threw out his hands again.

"Who'd want me?" he replied.

"I've considered that. Of course, this notoriety must be very unpleasant for you. For a little while now you're bound to be conspicuous. But there's one line of business in which almost any sort of notoriety is welcomed—the advertising business. I have a nephew who is at the head of an agency here. He's very enterprising. He told me just now that he'd be glad to give you some work. And, after all, we do have to keep alive."

"I wonder if I could be of the slightest use to him."

"He and I both think you could. Would you care to lunch with us at the Rivoli?"

It was the only positive thought that had entered Calverly's stunned mind that day. He fell in with it.

Walking over-town, Mr. Hitt remarked:

"Mr. Calverly, I've taken the liberty of keeping copies of the two pieces of work you did for the *News*, the one play-review—'The Isle of Delight'—and the interview



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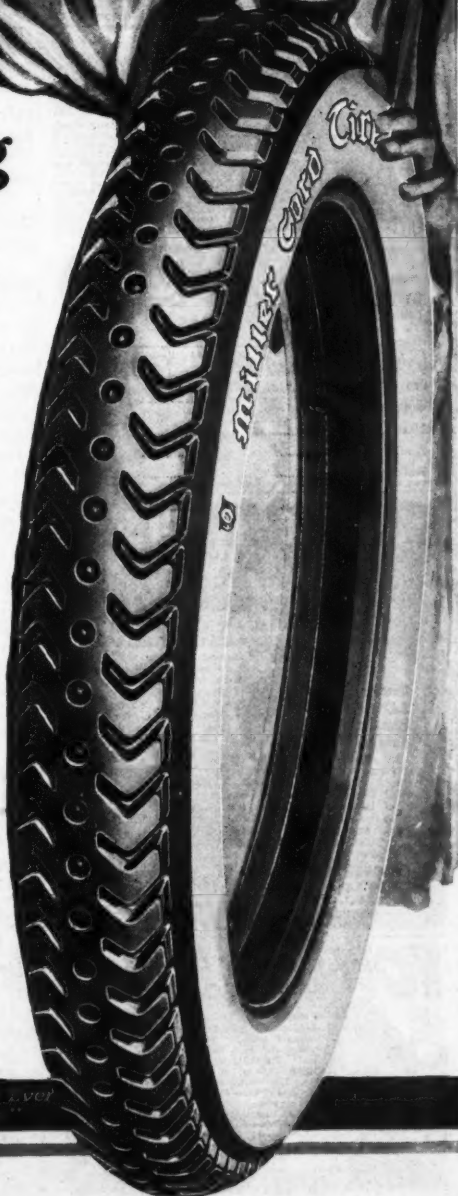
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Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

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N. Y. City

with our beloved mayor. My nephew agrees with me about them. As he put it, there aren't ten living Americans who could have written the review, and only one who could have pictured the mayor as you did. It's a fact, of course, that in New York or Chicago that interview would have been a journalistic sensation. Here, it merely brought our local grand dukes down on you and cost Frank Winterbeck his job. That's the disadvantage we work under in a smaller city."

Nothing could have been said that would have been more soundly stimulating to Henry Calverly on this day. The startling new thought stirred in his mind that perhaps Mayor Tim and Mr. Amme and Harvey O'Rell and Mr. Listerly and the Applebys weren't, after all, the world. For a few moments he almost saw through his present confining walls of thought into the freedom beyond.

Then that remark about Frank Winterbeck claimed his attention.

"I didn't know Mr. Winterbeck lost his job, Mr. Hitt."

"He did. He's filling in now on a Cincinnati paper. In my more optimistic moments, I indulge the hope that some brighter day will see Frank installed as managing editor of the *News*, or even as publisher. This city needs a clean young Hercules with a newspaper in his hand if a city ever did. And I believe Frank would be equal to it."

They moved in among the mirrors and sparkling silver and crowded tables of the restaurant.

In a rear corner, a man rose to greet them.

Calverly found himself clasping the firmly cordial hand of Holmes Hitt, the most extraordinarily calm young man he had ever seen. Holmes Hitt couldn't have been thirty then: He wore a perfectly tailored suit of very light colored imported homespun. His ruddy brown necktie toned in subtly with complexion and hair, which just bordered on red. From his nose-glasses hung a doubled silken ribbon, of a deeper brown, that was fully half an inch in width. The figure was slimly athletic; the features were regular. There was not a line or wrinkle in the face, not a hint of care; the skin was smooth as a child's. And he fairly radiated calm. The very poise of his body, the way he moved, the set of his head on his neck, the pleasantly alert expression that yet was not a smile—all spoke of perfect inner balance, or of an amazing counterfeit. His voice was low, even almost without emphasis; that lay altogether in his choice of words and in the daring ideas that seemed to lie back of the words. It was clear that he never laughed, never was surprised or depressed. His whole outer being was a calculated effect successfully worked out.

They sat about the table. Holmes Hitt had already ordered luncheon. An extremely deferential head waiter hovered near, occasionally speaking to this young Mr. Hitt by name. The older Mr. Hitt he quite ignored. Holmes Hitt was clearly a person at the Rivoli.

Over the grapefruit, the elder remarked, "Keeping busy, as usual, Holmes?"

"Moderately. I leased the best cigar factory in Cuba this morning by wire. Tied up their entire product for three years."

"Going into the cigar business, then?"

The next instalment of *The Passionate Pilgrim* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

"Somewhat. I've grown a little tired of trying to buy a really well-made cigar. I'm going to have some made to suit me. There was room, too, for a modern touch in distributing high-grade cigars to clubs and good hotels. So I've just put the two ideas together. It's really simple enough. I sha'n't waste any time on the cheap trade. On September first, the Hitt Special will be on sale in every club and hotel that matters in America. The Hitt Panatela, twenty cents; Hitt Perfecto, twenty-five cents; Hitt Corona, thirty cents. And that's all. Wait a moment—I have an idea!"

He drew out a fountain pen and wrote on the menu-card in a small round hand, clear as print:

If a better cigar than the Hitt Special could be made, I would be making it. At your club and mine.
 HOLMES HITT.

When each had read it and expressed a satisfactory degree of wondering approval, he folded the card, cut it with a butter-knife, and placed it in an inner pocket.

"So much for that!" he said. "I like to clean up a job while I'm at it. Mr. Calverly, you are the greatest living writer of English." This simply couldn't be answered. Calverly bent over his plate. "That is why," the remarkable young man continued, "I believe you can write advertising copy. You understand—it is very exacting work. Or an exacting part of the work. It is only a part, of course. Planning out a campaign, coordinating publicity with distribution, soundly estimating the character and extent of the market—there's a man's job! But the writing, in itself, is a beautiful problem. In fiction, every word ought to count. In advertising, it *must* count. It must be aimed at and achieve a positive result—sell the goods. It puts a real responsibility on the writing man."

Over the coffee and cigars—Hitt Perfectos—he came to the point.

"The Milhenning Porcelain Company have appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for a campaign. I suggested it, and shall direct it. They've been running along for a few years, using amateur advertising—their own, of course—and getting nowhere in particular. Their slogan was 'The White Bathroom.' It was valueless, because all their competitors offer bathroom fixtures as white as theirs. And, at that, they weren't even making tile; though they have, I think, the best process for porcelain and the best plant. At my suggestion, they are going to call their product, 'Perfect Porcelain.' It's really very good—Perfect Porcelain. I was able to point out to them, too, how they could make and ship high-grade bathroom tiling more efficiently and even a little more cheaply than any other concern in America. So they are now building a new factory. To-morrow, at two, I shall shut myself up to work out the campaign. I would like you there—on the other side of a door. I shall expect you to write copy that will, within two years, put Perfect Porcelain into six thousand American homes. You'll find it absorbing as a problem. Will you try it?"

Helpless before him, aware every moment that one did have to keep alive, but with profound misgivings, Henry assented.

All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed . . . the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco. Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—*chocolate*! That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—"Your Nose Knows."

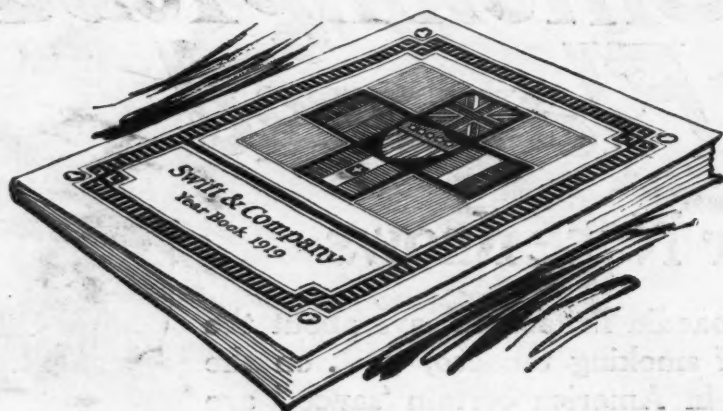
Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—"Your Nose Knows."



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